

THE  
EPISTLES  
AND  
ART OF POETRY  
OF  
HORACE.

IN LATIN and ENGLISH.

WITH

CRITICAL NOTES collected from his best  
LATIN and FRENCH COMMENTATORS.

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*Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse poetis,  
Excerptam numero; neque enim concludere versum  
Dixeris esse satis—* SAT. 4. L. 1.

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By PHILIP FRANCIS, D.D.

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VOL. IV.

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THE SEVENTH EDITION,  
*Revised and Corrected.*

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LONDON:

Printed for A. MILLAR, in the Strand.

M,DCC,LXV.



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AND  
ART OF POETRY  
OF  
HORACE

in Latin and English  
WITH  
Critical Notes from the  
Latin and English Manuscripts



Translated by the Rev. John D. Dore,  
B.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge.  
Dedicated to the Rev. John D. Dore, B.A.,  
of St. John's College, Cambridge.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS DORE,  
VOL. IV.

THE SEVENTH EDITION,  
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*Q. Horatii Flacci*  
EPISTOLÆ.

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EPISTLES  
OF  
*HORACE.*

VOL. IV.

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Q HORATII FLACCI  
EPISTOLARUM  
LIBER PRIMUS.

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EPISTOLA I. *Ad MÆCENATEM.*

**P**RIMA dicte mihi, summâ dicende Camenâ,  
Spectatum satis, & donatum jam rude, quæris,  
Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.

Non

It may be worth observing, that the Disquietude of Mankind in their several Conditions of Life, and their Inconstancy of Temper, is the Subject of our Author's first Ode, Satire, and Epistle, as if all our Errours, and all his Philosophy, rose from the same Principle. He now declares, that the gay Amusements of Pleasure and Poetry, which entertained his Youth, shall give place to Cares more useful; that he has no other Passion, but for Philosophy, which alone can form our Manners, and instruct us how to find out Truth; that this only can make us happy, by making us virtuous; that all other Studies are an idle Speculation, or a barren Curiosity, and that whatever hinders his Progress in a Science so necessary to all Mankind, is become insupportable to him. In this Epistle he would convince us, that Happiness does not arise from our Possession of large Fortunes, and considerable Employments; but that the Levity of our Hearts, which hurries us from one Object to another, hinders us from perceiving, that it consists in Virtue only.

Verf. 1. *Primâ dicte mihi.*] The Poet, says Torrentius, opens his Epistles with an Address to Mæcenas in Imitation of the Invocations to Jupiter and other Gods. Thus Theocritus, Ἐν Διὶ ἀρχόμεθα καὶ σὶ; Δία λέγετε Μῦσαι, and Virgil, *A te principium, tibi desinet:*

And

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THE FIRST  
B O O K  
OF THE  
EPISTLES of HORACE.

---

EPISTLE I. To MÆCENAS.

O Thou, to whom the Muse first tun'd her Lyre,  
Whose Friendship shall her latest Song inspire,  
Wherefore, Mæcenas, would You thus engage  
Your Bard, dismiss with Honour from the Stage,  
Again to venture in the Lists of Fame,  
His Youth, his Genius, now no more the same?

Secure

And in a late Parody by Mr. Pope, *With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end.*

2. *Donatum rude.*] The Gladiators, in learning their Exercises, played with wooden Swords, called *rudes*, as we use Foils in Fencing-Schools. When they had served three Years, they received their Dismission; or for any uncommon Proof of Courage and Dexterity they were sometimes immediately dismissed by the People, and afterwards wore the *Rudis*, as a Mark of their Freedom. They could not again be compelled to fight, but were usually purchased at a large Expence, if ever they appeared on the Stage. TORR.

3. *Antiquo includere ludo.*] Horace began to write about four and twenty Years of Age, and he is now past fifty, which he expresses by *antiquo ludo*, in Allusion to the Schools, where the Gladiators performed their Exercises. *Mens* may be understood either for a poetical Genius, or an Inclination to Poetry. SAN. DAC.



4 Q. HORATII FLACCI EPISTOLARUM. L. 1.

Non eadem est ætas, non mens. Veianius, armis  
 Herculis ad postem fixis, latet abditus agro; 5  
 Ne populum extremâ toties exoret arenâ.  
 Est mihi, purgatam crebrò qui perfonet aurem :  
 Solve senescentem maturè sanus equum, ne  
 Peccet ad extremum ridendus, & ilia ducat.  
 Nunc itaque & versus & cætera ludicra pono : 10  
 Quid verum atque decens, curo & rogo, & omnis in hoc  
 sum :  
 Condo & compono, quæ mox depromere possim.  
 Ac ne forte roges, quo me duce, quo Lare tuter ;  
 Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri,  
 Quo me cunque rapit tempestatas, deferor hospes. 15  
 Nunc

5. *Armis Herculis ad postem fixis.*] After Hercules had wandered through the World destroying Monsters, he was received by Greece and Italy among the Gods, who presided over athletic Exercises. There was generally a Temple of this God near their Amphitheatres, in which the Ceremonies of receiving a new Gladiator into the Company were performed. From hence the Custom of consecrating their Arms to Hercules.

6. *Extremâ toties exoret arenâ.*] Horace would authorise his Resolution of not writing any more, by the Example of Vejanus, who having often fought with Success, was now retired into the Country, determined never to expose himself on the Stage again. If a Gladiator, who had obtained his Discharge, ever engaged a second Time, he was obliged to have a second Dismission, and going to the End of the Stage, *extrema arena*, implored the People to give him his Freedom.

CRUQ.

10. *Nunc itaque & versus.*] A prompt and chearful Obedience is an Effect of the *purgata auris*, an Ear, which hears distinctly. When the Soul is pure and disengaged from Passion, it hears with Ease the Voice of Reason, and with Cheerfulness obeys its Commands.

DAC.

Our Poet is writing Verses to declare his Resolution of never writing any more. He had more than once made this Resolution, and broken it as often. Almost all Rhimers do the same, and these poetical Oaths are a Kind of Language, which always supposes a Right of being perjured.

SAN.

11. *Verum*

Secure in his Retreat Vejanus lies,  
Hangs up his Arms, nor courts the doubtful Prize;  
Wisely resolv'd to tempt his Fate no more,  
Or the light Crowd for his Discharge implore.

The Voice of Reason cries with piercing Force,  
Loose from the rapid Car your aged Horse,  
Left in the Race derided, left behind,  
Jaded he drag his Limbs, and burst his Wind.

Then here farewell th' Amusements of my Youth;  
Farewel to Verses, for the Search of Truth,  
And moral Decency hath fill'd my Breast,  
Hath every Thought and Faculty possess'd;  
And I now form my Philosophic Lore,  
For all my future Life a treasur'd Store.

You ask, perhaps, what Sect, what Chief I own;  
I'm of all Sects, but blindly sworn to none;  
For as the Tempest drives I shape my Way,  
Now active plunge into the World's wide Sea:

Now

11. *Verum atque decens.*] To unite these two Parts is the Perfection of Philosophy. The first, when alone, fills the Mind with a barren, abstracted Knowledge. The second renders us Men, by teaching us to regulate our Actions, and preserve whatever are call'd Decencies in Life.

SAN.

14. *Nullius addictus, &c.*] *Addicti* were properly those Debtors, whom the Prætor adjudged to their Creditors, who might dispose of them as they pleas'd. But here the Poet alludes to Soldiers, who took the military Oath at the Time they were enlisted. We have a pleasant Use of the Word in Shakespeare. *Leave off all thin Potations, says Falstaffe, and addict thyself unto Sack.*

15. *Tempestas, deferor hospes.*] A Philosopher is a Citizen of the World, and should be prepared, like a Mariner in a Tempest, to live in every Country, to which the Storm shall drive him, as if he were naturalized there. Horace had, perhaps, in his View a Passage of Cicero, who tells us, the Philosophers stuck to the Sect into which they were driven, as it were by Violence of a Tempest, as shipwrecked.

Nunc agilis fio, & merfor civilibus undis ;  
 Nunc mihi res, non me rebus subjungere conor,  
 Virtutis veræ custos, rigidusque satelles ;  
 Nunc in Aristippi furtim præcepta relabor.  
 Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica, diesque 20  
 Lenta videtur opus debentibus ; ut piger annus  
 Pupillis, quos dura premit custodia matrum ;  
 Sic mihi tarda fluunt ingrataque tempora, quæ spem  
 Consiliumque morantur agendi gnaviter id, quod  
 Æquè pauperibus prodest, locupletibus æquè ; 25  
 Æquè neglectum pueris senibusque nocebit.

Restat,

wrecked Mariners do to a Rock on which they are thrown. But indeed almost all People, who are enlisted in a Profession or a Party, are equally tenacious of their Principles. Mr. Sanadon understands by *Tempestas* the Opportunities, Hazards, and Consequences of our Actions.

16. *Nunc agilis fio, &c.*] In the common Arrangement of these Lines, the third but ill agrees with the first, or the second with the fourth. How shall we reconcile that Flexibility of Spirit necessary for dexterously managing our Affairs, with the Stiffness of a rude and austere Virtue? What can be more opposite to the Character of Aristippus, pliant and supple even to Meanness, than a Stoical Independence of Mind, which masters and subdues the Business of the World? By this new Arrangement the Difficulties, which perplexed the Commentators disappear. There is no longer any Obscurity in the Thoughts, or Confusion in the Characters. SAN.

18. *Virtutis veræ custos.*] The Virtue of the Stoics, whom our Author here means, was real; nor did any other School give more excellent Lessons, but, in Practice, they mixed such an unreasonable Severity of Manners, as made them unfit for the common Affairs of Life, that frequently require a certain Temper and Address, of which they were incapable. In general, we shall better succeed by an easy Compliance with any uncommon Occurrences, than by a rigid Opposition to them. SAN.

19. *Nunc in Aristippi.*] This naturally follows the three preceding Lines. Horace could not long be reconciled to the two former Systems; one required too much Action; the other too much Severity; and neither of them was agreeable to his Inclination. The  
 Morals

Now Virtue's Precepts rigidly defend,  
 Nor to the World—the World to me shall bend :  
 Then make some looser Moralist my Guide,  
 And to a School less rigid smoothly glide.

As Night seems tedious to th' expecting Youth,  
 Whose Fair-one breaks her Assignment-Truth ;  
 As to a Slave appears the lengthen'd Day,  
 Who owes his Task—for he receiv'd his Pay ;  
 As, when the Guardian-Mother's too severe,  
 Impatient Minors waste their last, long Year ;  
 So sadly flow the Time ungrateful flows,  
 Which breaks th' important Systems I propose ;  
 Systems, whose useful Precepts might engage  
 Both rich and poor ; both Infancy and Age ;

But

Morals of Aristippus, who founded the Epicurean Sect, were more to his Taste ; but as this Philosophy was very severely treated by the Stoics, and Cynics, the Poet pleasantly says, he was obliged, with Privacy, *furtim*, to follow its Doctrines. SAN.

Horace by the Word, *furtim*, might probably mean, that he did not pass, at once, from the Sentiments of Zeno to those of Aristippus, as it were from one Extreme to another, but by Degrees, and insensibly. DAC.

20. *Ut nox longa, &c.*] Nothing can give us an higher Idea of that Ardour, which our Author felt for Philosophy, than by comparing it to an Impatience, with which a Lover expects his Mistress at her midnight Assignment: An Impatience which he himself had experienced. Besides, the Comparison appears more strong, and is an higher Honour to Philosophy, thus drawn from Vice, and employed in the Cause of Virtue. DAC.

21. *Diesque lenta videtur.*] The common Editions by reading *longa*, have lost that beautiful Variety of Epithets, with which Horace hath enlivened his Language. *Nox longa, dies lenta, annus piger, tarda tempora.* *Lenta* was found in an old Manuscript by Barthius, and has been received into the Text by Dr. Bentley, Mr. Cuningham and Sanadon.

*Opus debentibus.*] Not only Hirelings, but Persons, who work for Wages which they have already received. We call this, in an homely Proverb, *working for a dead Horse.*



Q. HORATII FLACCI EPISTOLARUM. L. I.

Restat, ut his ego me ipse regam solerque elementis.

Non possis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus,

Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi :

Neu, quia desperes invicti membra Glyconis,

Nodosâ corpus nolis prohibere chiragrâ.

Est quadam prodire tenus, si non datur ultra.

Fervet avaritiâ, miseroque cupidine pectus ?

Sunt verba ac voces, quibus hunc lenire laborem

Possis, & magnam morbi deponere partem.

Laudis amore tumes ? sunt certa piacula, quæ te

Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinosus, amator ;

Nemo adeo ferus est, ut non mitescere possit,

Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.

Virtus

27. *Elementis.*] The Remainder of this Epistle contains what the Poet calls the first Principles and Elements of Wisdom, by which he designs to regulate his future Life, and comfort himself for not having had Leisure to form a more complete and perfect System of Morality. Such are, *You cannot see like Lynceus : You have not the Limbs of Glycon : Yet every Step to Virtue, &c.* DAC.

30. *Invicti membra Glyconis.*] The Commentators tell us, from Diogenes Laertius, that Glycon was a Philosopher, who had made himself famous by his Dexterity and Skill in athletic Exercises. But more probably the Poet alluded to a Statue, which is still preserved in Rome, and of which Montfaucon speaks thus. Hercules of Farnese, the finest of all, is a Master-piece of Art. It is the Performance of Glycon the Athenian, who hath immortalized his Name, by putting it at the Bottom of this admirable Statue.

33. *Fervet avaritiâ.*] The Difference between Avarice, and a Desire of increasing our Wealth, is here strongly marked. *Avaritia, miseroque cupidine.* The former dares not enjoy what it possesses : the latter ardently wishes for whatever seems to gratify its Desires. SAN.

37. *Ter pure lecto.*] Although the Numbers ten and seven had a serious Reverence paid to them by the Ancients, yet the Number Three



But meaner Precepts now my Life must rule,  
 These, the first Rudiments of Wisdom's School.  
 You cannot hope for Lynceus' piercing Eyes :  
 But will you then a strengthening Salve despise ?  
 You wish for matchless Glycon's Limbs, in vain,  
 Yet why not cure the Gout's decrepid Pain ?  
 Though of exact Perfection you despair,  
 Yet every Step to Virtue's worth your Care.

Even while You fear to use your present Store,  
 Yet glows your Bosom with a Lust of more ?  
 The Power of Words, and soothing Sounds can ease  
 The raging Pain, and lessen the Disease.  
 Is Fame your Passion ? Wisdom's powerful Charm,  
 If thrice read over, shall its Force disarm.  
 The Slave to Envy, Anger, Wine or Love,  
 The Wretch of Sloth, its Excellence shall prove :  
 Fierceness itself shall hear its Rage away,  
 When listening calmly to th' instructive Lay.

Even:

Three seems to have been of more solemn Superstition: Heaven, Earth and Hell; the Mysteries of Religion; the Affairs of Politics; and the Actions of Morality, were governed by it. Instead of a thousand Proofs let this one be sufficient. *Ejusdem causa ludi magni voti trecentis triginta tribus millibus trescentis triginta tribus triente.* For the same Reason they vowed the great Games to Jupiter; in which was to be expended a Sum of three hundred thirty-three thousand three hundred thirty-three pieces, and one third of Brass.

*Pure.] With Purity of Mind.* Books of Morality are Works consecrated to Virtue, and ought not to be touched by profane Hands. This Idea furnished Horace with the Terms *piacula* and *pure*, which are taken from Religion. Before they approach these Mysteries, they should be obliged to purify themselves. Thus the Word *recreate* is borrowed from Magic and Medicine (which were usually practised by the same Professors) and properly signifies; *to restore to Life, ἀναψύχω.*

SAN. DAC.

40. *Culture.]* Philosophy, saith Cicero, is the Culture of the Mind; it tears up our Vices by the Roots; it prepares the Soul to receive the Seed of Virtue, and sows whatever will produce the most plentiful Harvest.

Virtus est, vitium fugere; & sapientia prima,  
Stultitiâ caruisse. Vides, quæ maxima credis  
Esse mala, exiguum censum, turpemque repulsam,  
Quanto devites animi capitisque labore?

Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos, 45

Per mare pauperiem fugiens, per saxa, per ignes;

Ne cures ea, quæ stultè miraris & optas,

Discere, & audire, & meliori credere non vis?

Quis circum pagos & circum compita pugnax

Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui spes, 50

Cui sit conditio dulcis sine pulvere palmæ?

Vilius est argentum auro, virtutibus aurum.

O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum;

Virtus

41. *Virtus est, vitium fugere.*] This Definition is a little softened in the Translation, for indeed our Flight from Vice is only a negative Virtue; yet, with Regard to the World in general, we should be contented to esteem Mankind as virtuous, if they be not really vicious. In the same Manner we may compute in our Accounts of Wisdom and Folly.

45. *Curris mercator ad Indos.*] Before the Reduction of Ægypt, and Arabia, the Passage to India was unknown to the Romans. Strabo tells us, that while Ælius Gallus governed Ægypt, in the Year 727, a Fleet of twenty-six Merchantmen set sail from the Red Sea, for India. The Romans, attentive to their Interests; flattered by an immense Profit arising from this Trade, and allured by the rich and beautiful Merchandise, which it brought home, applied themselves earnestly to this Commerce, from whence the Poet reproaches them with excessive Covetousness. SAN.

47. *Ne cures ea, &c.*] The Construction, which hath some Difficulty, should be formed in this Manner: *Non vis discere & audire, & meliori credere, ne cures, id est, contemnas ea, quæ stulte miraris & optas.* BOND.

49. *Quis circum pagos.*] The Man, who for trivial and uncertain Profit, exposes himself to great and real Dangers, is here compared to a Gladiator, who desperately hazards his Life on a Country-stage for worthless Applause, and an inconsiderable Prize. But his Folly appears in a stronger Light, if he might have Hopes, *cui spes*, and even an Assurance, *conditio*, of gaining the Crown at the Olympic

Even in our Flight from Vice some Virtue lies ;  
And free from Folly, we to Wisdom rise.

A little Fortune, and the foul Disgrace,  
To urge in vain your Interest for a Place ;  
These are the Ills you shun with deepest Dread ;  
With how much Labour both of Heart and Head ?  
That worst of Evils Poverty to shun  
Dauntless through Seas, and Rocks, and Fires you run  
To furthest Ind, yet heedless to attend  
To the calm Lectures of some wiser Friend,  
Who bids you scorn, what now you most desire,  
And with an Idiot's Ignorance admire.

What strolling Gladiator would engage  
For vile Applause to mount a Country-Stage,  
Who at th' Olympic Games could gain Renown,  
And without Danger bear away the Crown ?

Silver to Gold, we own, should yield the Prize,  
And Gold to Virtue ; louder Folly cries,  
Ye Sons of Rome, let Money first be fought ;  
Virtue is only worth a second Thought.

This

pic Games, without Danger or Labour, *sine pulvere*. This last is a figurative Expression taken from the Sand, with which the Stage was covered. Thus, in the moral World, we pursue, with Difficulty and Danger, the Crown, which Wisdom offers to us without Hazard or Expence.

50. *Magna coronari Olympia*.] Horace, in Imitation of Pindar, calls the Olympic Games, *magna*, great, because they were the most famous of all that were celebrated in Greece. *Coronari Olympia* may be considered, as a Greek Phrase, or we may understand *inter*, or *ad*. *Vincere Olympia* is found in Ennius, and *Qui Pythia, Isthmia, Nemea, Olympia viit*, in Festus. TORR.

53. *O cives, querenda pecunia*.] The Poet supposes Wisdom, in Person, crying out, that Virtue is preferable to Money ; but Folly, and her Crowd of Votaries, are better heard, when they declare, that when we have made our Fortune, we may then endeavour to be virtuous.

DAC.

54. *Janus*

Virtus post hummos : hæc Janus summus ab imo  
 Prodocet ; hæc recinunt juvenes dictata senesque. 55  
 Est animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua fidesque ;  
 Sed quadringentis sex septem millia desunt,  
 Plebs eris. At pueri ludentes : Rex eris, aiunt,  
 Si recte facies. Hic murus æneus esto,  
 Nil conscire sibi, nullâ pallescere culpâ. 60  
 Roscia, dic sodes, melior lex, an puerorum  
 Nænia, quæ regnum rectè facientibus offert,  
 Et maribus Curiis, & decantata Camillis ?  
 Isne tibi melius suadet, qui, rem facias ; rem  
 Si possis rectè ; si non, quocunque modo rem ; 65  
 Ut

54. *Janus summus ab imo.*] The Latins sometimes gave the Name of *Janus* to those grand Arcades, which crossed their Streets, like triumphal Arches, and under which they walked. They had many of this Kind in the different Streets of Rome, but we are expressly told by Livy, that there were three in the Forum. *Forum porticibus tabernisque claudendum, & Janos tres faciendos locaverunt.* Here the Bankers, Merchants, and Usurers, had their Shops. SAN.

55. *Prodocet.*] We do not find this Word in any other Author. Some Editions read *perdocet*.

56. *Est animus tibi.*] The Line, *Lævo suspensi loculos, tabularumque laerto*, which in the common Editions appears next to—*Juvenes dictata senesque*, is justly suspected by Mr. Cuninghame, and thrown out of the Text by Mr. Sanadon. Horace hath already used it, and with much Propriety, in the sixth Satire of the first Book. It is there spoken of Schoolboys, who carry their Satchels on their Arms to School ; but cannot justly be applied to Bankers, or Merchants in their Shops. The Word *dictata* probably occasioned the Mistake, which does not necessarily signify the Precepts dictated by Masters to their Scholars. The Poet would only say, that old People received from their Fathers these Maxims, which are repeated by them to their Children. There is another Alteration, in the Transposition of the Lines in this Sentence, by putting *Est animus tibi* before *sed quadringentis*. They are here restored to their proper Place, according to the necessary Sense of the Passage, on the Authority of four Manuscripts and two late Editions. *Sed, desunt*, and *est*, instead of *si, desunt*, and *et*, are all equally well supported.



This Maxim echoes through the Banker's Street,  
 While young and old the pleasing Strain repeat :  
 For though you boast a larger Fund of Sense,  
 Untainted Morals, Honour, Eloquence,  
 Yet want a little of the Sum, that buys  
 The titled Honour, and you ne'er shall rise,  
 Yet if you want the qualifying Right  
 Of such a Fortune to be made a Knight,  
 You're a Plebeian still. Yet Children sing,  
 Amid their Sports, " Do right, and be a King."

Be this thy brazen Bulwark of Defence,  
 Still to preserve thy conscious Innocence,  
 Nor e'er turn pale with Guilt. But, prithee, tell,  
 Shall Otho's Law the Children's Song excel ?  
 The Sons of ancient Rome first sung the Strain,  
 That bids the Wise, the Brave, the Virtuous reign.

My Friend, get Money ; get a large Estate,  
 By honest Means ; but get, at any Rate,

That

58. *Plebs eris.*] Horace here speaks according to the Law of Roscius Otho, by which a Roman Knight was to be possessed of four hundred thousand Sesterces (about 3125l. of our Money) and a Senator, of eight hundred thousand. Augustus afterwards raised the Sum to twelve hundred thousand. A Sesterce is here computed at one Penny, Half-penny, Farthing, Half-farthing of our Money.

*At Pueri ludentes.*] We cannot justly say what this Game was. Torrentius, with much Probability, conjectures, that it was the Urania of the Greeks, in which a Ball was thrown into the Air, and the Boy, who struck it ofteneft before it fell to the Ground, was called King of the Game.

Nothing is more proper, says Mr. Dacier, to confound the Politics of Men, than the reasoning of Children in their Sports. It hath been used by Socrates with much Address ; but to shew the Force and Wisdom of this kind of Reasoning in its strongest Light, our Saviour hath not disdained to use it in that beautiful Passage in the eleventh Chapter of St. *Matthew*, where he rebukes the Perverseness of the Jews by a Comparison taken from Children, sitting in the Market, and calling unto their Fellows, saying, *We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced ; We have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented.*

Ut propius spectes lacrymosa poemata Pupî:  
 An qui fortunæ te responsare superbæ  
 Liberum & erectum præsens hortatur & aptat?  
 Quod si me populus Romanus fortè roget, cur  
 Non, ut porticibus, sic judiciis fruar isdem, 70  
 Nec sequar aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipse vel odit:  
 Olim quod vulpes ægroto cauta leoni  
 Respondit, referam: Quia me vestigia terrent  
 Omnia te adversum spectantia, nulla retrorsum.  
 Bellua multorum est capitum; nam quid sequar, aut  
 quem? 75  
 Pars hominum gestit conducere publica: sunt qui  
 Cruſtis ac pomis viduas venantur avaras,  
 Excipiantque senes, quos in vivaria mittant.

Multis

66. *Lacrymosa poemata Pupî.*] Mr. Dacier understands this Epithet in a satirical, ironical Sense; *piteous, lamentable Tragedies.* But an Epitaph, written by Pupius himself, will vindicate the Character of his Plays.

*Flebunt amici & bene noti mortem meam  
 Nam populus, me vivo, lacrymatus est satis.*

68. *Præsens hortatur & aptat.*] *Aptat te responsare fortunæ; aptat te certamini cum fortuna.* This Reading appears in more than ten Manuscripts. A wise and faithful Friend is not contented to exhort us to Virtue, *hortatur*, but forms and fashions us to the Practice of it, *aptat*. The Word *præsens*, marks the Vigilance and Affiduity of a Friend, who never leaves us, and is always ready to assist us.

CRUQ. SAN.

70. *Non, ut porticibus, &c.*] A wise Man, in whatever Country, is a good Citizen and a good Subject: He observes the Laws and Duties of Society, which Reason prescribes; but his Manner of Thinking depends not on the Air he breathes; the Persons, with whom he converses, or the Usages established in any particular Country. Horace, among the Crowds of Rome, like Reynard among the Beasts of the Forest, observes the different Roads, that are taken by Mankind in their Pursuit of Riches and Employments, to which they sacrifice their Repose, their Honour, and their Conscience; Then wisely concludes, in Opposition to the vulgar Opinion, that Virtue alone can render us truly happy.

SAN.

75. *Bellua*

That you with Knights and Senators may sit,  
And view the weeping Scenes that Pupius writ.  
But is he not a Friend of nobler Kind,  
Who wisely fashions, and informs thy Mind,  
To answer, with a Soul erect and brave,  
To Fortune's Pride, and scorn to be her Slave?

But should the People ask me, while I chuse  
The public Converse, wherefore I refuse  
To join the public Judgement, and approve,  
Or fly whatever they dislike, or love;  
Mine be the Answer prudent Reynard made  
'To the sick Lion—Truly I'm afraid,  
When I behold the Steps, that to thy Den  
Look forward all, but none return again.

But what a many-headed Beast is Rome?  
For what Opinion shall I chuse, or whom?  
Some joy the public Revenues to farm;  
By Presents some our greedy Widows charm;  
Others their Nets for dying Dotards lay,  
And make the childless Batchelor their Prey;

By

75. *Bellua multorum est capitum.*] The Poet hath already shewn the Danger of imitating the People. He now asserts, that it is equal Folly, because their Inconstancy perpetually hurries them from the Pursuit of one Object to another. He no longer addresses himself to the People, yet, through a Carelessness of Attention, the common Editions read *Bellua es.* BENT. CUN.

76. *Conducere publica.*] We must understand *vestigalia* or *tributa*. It is amazing to examine the public Revenues of the Roman Empire; we are soon lost in the Account, and know not what to believe. They who have made the most exact Computations, shew, that the Capitation of the Gauls alone, supposing them fifteen Millions of Men, amounted to an immense Sum. Then how can we conceive the Total produced by Rome, Italy, and all the Provinces of her Empire? The Receipt of these Revenues was farmed to Persons called *publicani*.

Multis occulto crescit res sc̄enore. Verũm  
 Esto, aliis alios rebus studiisque teneri : 80  
 Iidem eadem possunt horam durare probantes ?  
 Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis præluet amœnis,  
 Si dixit dives ; lacus & mare sentit amorem  
 Festinantis heri : cui si vitiosa libido  
 Fecerit auspiciũ ; cras ferramenta Teanum 85  
 Tolletis, fabri. Læctus genialis in aulâ est ?  
 Nisi ait esse prius, melius nil cœlibe vitâ :  
 Si non est, jurat bene solis esse maritis.  
 Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo ?  
 Quid pauper ? ride. Mutat cœnacula, læctos, 90  
 Balnea, tonfores ? conducto navigio æquẽ  
 Naufeat ac locuples, ducit quem priva triremis.  
 Si

80. *Esto aliis alios, &c.*] It were of little Consequence, that Mankind differed from each other, if they could agree with themselves. We might believe they had found the Way to Happiness, if they would always continue in it. But how can they direct us with Certainty, who are not determined themselves?

84. *Vitiosa libido fecerit auspiciũ.*] The vicious and corrupted Passions of his Heart are of sacred, religious Authority to this Man of Wealth. He hath founded a magnificent Palace on the Baian Shore ; his Fancy changes, and he orders the Builders to Teanum, a large and populous City of Campania. The Commentators have neglected to remark, that Teanum, in Opposition to his first Situation, is an inland Town ; yet in this Sense alone the Force and Spirit of the Passage appear.

86. *Læctus genialis in aulâ.*] The nuptial Bed was consecrated to Genius, the God of Nature, who presided over the Birth of human Kind. It was placed in the *Aula*, or *Atrium*, the Hall, where the Statues of the Ancestors of the Family were ranged, and where the Women generally sat to let the Public be Witnesses of their domestic Industry. *Matres-familias vestrae in atrii operantur domorum, industrias testificantes suas.* ARNOBIUS.

90. *Quid pauper ?*] It might well seem, that this Inconsistency, this wandering of Spirit, might be the peculiar Folly of the Rich.  
 But



By dark Extortion some their Fortunes raise ;  
 Thus every Man some different Passion sways :  
 For where is He, who can with steady View  
 Even for an Hour his favourite Scheme pursue ?

If a rich Lord, in wanton Rapture, cries,  
 What Place on Earth with charming Baiæ vies !  
 Soon the broad Lake and spreading Sea shall prove  
 Th' impatient Whims of his impetuous Love ;  
 But if his Fancy point some other Way  
 (Which like a Sign from Heaven he must obey)  
 Instant, ye Builders, to Teanum haste,  
 An inland Country is his Lordship's Taste.  
 Knows he the genial Bed, and fruitful Wife ?  
 " Oh ! then the Blifs of an unmarried Life ! "

Is he a Batchelor ? the only blest,  
 He swears, are of the bridal Joy possest.  
 Say, while he changes thus, what Chains can bind  
 These various Forms ; this Proteus of the Mind ?

But now to lower Objects turn your Eyes,  
 And lo ! what Scenes of Ridicule arise.  
 The Poor, in mimicry of Heart, presumes  
 To change his Barbers, Baths, and Beds and Rooms,  
 And, since the Rich in their own Barges ride,  
 He hires a Boat and pukes in mimic Pride.

IF

But it is the Folly of human Nature, to which the Poor are equally liable, although they are guilty of it only in Miniature. The wealthier People of Rome indulged to such excessive Luxury, that they had Apartments, not only for every Season, but for every Month, in the Year; and in Juvenal's Time they had lighter or heavier Rings for Summer and Winter.

The French Commentators, perhaps, with too much Refinement, imagine, that Horace speaks of himself in the Person of the Poor, though it must be confessed, that this kind of Inconstancy was Part of his Character.

Si curatus inæquali tonsore capillos  
 Occurro, rides : si fortè subucula pexæ  
 Trita subest tunicæ, vel si toga diffidet impar ; 95  
 Rides. Quid ? mea quùm pugnat sententia secum ;  
 Quod petiit, spernit ; repetit quod nuper omisit ;  
 Æstuat, ac vitæ disconvenit ordine toto ;  
 Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis ?  
 Insanire putas solemnia me, neque rides, 100  
 Nec medici credis, neque curatoris egere  
 A prætore dati : rerum tutela mearum  
 Quùm sis, & pravè sectum stomacheris ob unguem  
 De te pendentis, te respicientis amici.  
 Ad summam, sapiens uno minor est Jove, dives, 105  
 Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum ;  
 Præcipuè sanus, nisi quùm pituita molesta est.

EPIST.

93. *Curatus.*] This is the Reading of all the Manuscripts. The Romans used *curare capillos* for *tondere, secare* ; *Cura* and *curatio capillorum* for *capillorum sectio* and *tonsura*. *Curatus*, which hath been received by very many Editors, is entirely useless, and can by no means agree with the Poet's Thought. He is not ridiculous because the Barber hath cut his Hair too short, but because he hath cut it unequally, *inæqualis tonsor*. BENT. CUN. SAN.

96. *Mea quùm pugnat sententia secum.*] Horace with equal Address and Pleasantry, by supposing himself guilty of all these Extravagancies, reproaches Mæcenas for carelessly suffering his Vices, though he be offended with inconsiderable Faults. Thus he teaches us an important Point of Morals, that we should bear the Frailties of our Friends, but oppose their Vices. These Reproaches are softened by the utmost Tendernefs, while he represents Mæcenas, as his Guardian and Protector, on whom his Fortune and Happiness depend ; on whom he looks with Awe and Reverence, as the Eyes of a Servant wait upon his Master, whose Orders he is always ready to obey : Such is the Force of *respicientis amici*. DAC. SAN.

105. *Ad summam.*] Our Poet here returns to his Subject, and undeceives his Readers, who by so many Stoical Precepts might well believe him a perfect Stoic. He turns their wisest Maxims into Ridicule, and manages his Raillery with so much Art, as that it does not appear until the last Line. SAN.

107. *Quùm*

If some unlucky Barber notch my Hair,  
 Or if my Robes of different Length I wear ;  
 If my new Vest a tatter'd Shirt confess,  
 You laugh to see such Quarrels in my Dress :  
 But if my Judgement, with itself at Strife,  
 Should contradict my general Course of Life ;  
 Should now despise, what it with Warmth pursu'd,  
 And earnest wish for what with Scorn it view'd ;  
 Float like the Tide ; now high the Building raise ;  
 Now pull it down ; nor round, nor square can please ;  
 You call it Madness of the usual Kind,  
 Nor laugh, nor think Trustees should be assign'd  
 To manage my Estate ; nor seem afraid,  
 That I shall want the kind Physician's Aid.  
 While yet, my great Protector and my Friend,  
 On whom my Fortune, and my Hopes depend,  
 An ill-par'd Nail you with Resentment see  
 In one, who loves and honours you like me.

In short, the Wise is only less than Jove,  
 Rich, free, and handsome ; nay a King above  
 All earthly Kings ; with Health supremely blest——  
 Except when driveling Phlegm disturbs his Rest.

EPIST.

107. *Quàm pituita.*] This Ridicule will appear in a stronger Light by reading a Passage of Epictetus, which hath been preserved to us by Arrian. *Can there be a Providence, cries an Epicurean, or could it suffer this continual Defluxion to torment me thus ? Slave as thou art, says Epicurus, why are you formed with Hands ? Were they not given you to wipe your Nose ? Yes ; but were it not better, answers the Disciple, that there was no such Thing as Phlegm in the World ? And is it not better, replies Epicurus, to wipe your Nose, than deny the Being of Providence ?*

Translated

EPIST. II. *Ad LOLLIVM.*

**T**ROJANI belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli,  
 Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relegi:  
 Qui, quid sit pulchrum, quid turpe; quid utile, quid non,  
 Planius ac melius Chrysippo & Crantore dicit.  
 Cur ita crediderim (nisi quid te detinet) audi. 5  
 Fabula, quâ Paridis propter narratur amorem  
 Græcia Barbariæ lento collisa duello,  
 Stultorum regum ac populorum continet æstus.  
 Antenor censet belli præcidere causam:  
 Quid Paris? ut salvus regnet vivatque beatus, 10  
 Cogi

Translated by Dr. DUNKIN.

Lollius, who was Consul in the Year 733, had two Sons, one of whom was the Father of the Empress Lollia Paulina. Horace writes this Epistle to the elder Brother, *Maxime Lolli*; and while he directs him in what manner to read Homer, he gives him some excellent Precepts, to guard him against Envy, Avarice, Debauchery, and Anger. We are obliged to Cardinal Norris for this Explanation of the Epistle, and we shall in the Remarks find it well supported against the general Opinion of the Commentators, and particularly Mr. Dacier.

Verse 2. *Dum tu declamas Romæ.*] Young People of Distinction at Rome, used to improve and exercise their Genius for Eloquence, by public Declamations upon feigned Subjects, before they ventured to appear at the Bar. But at what Time of Life can we suppose Lollius the Father, if we believe this Epistle was written to him, amusing himself in this Manner? After the Battle of Actium we find him honoured with the Confidence of Augustus, and employed in the most important Negotiations. Before the Battle he was indeed young, but Horace was not older; nor could he justly treat him as a Boy, *puer*, or pretend to give him Instructions for his Conduct. He was really a bad Man; but was he debauched, envious, avaricious and passionate in his Youth, or could Horace alone discern these Vices, which Lollius had Art enough to conceal for thirty Years from the piercing Eyes of Augustus and his Court? The Reader may find his Character in the Notes on the ninth Ode of the fourth Book.

SAN.

3. *Pulchrum,*



## EPIST. II. To LOLLIVS.

WHILE You, my Lollius, on some chosen Theme,  
 With youthful Eloquence at Rome declaim,  
 I read the Grecian Poet o'er again,  
 Whose Works the Beautiful and Base contain ;  
 Of Vice and Virtue more instructive Rules,  
 Than all the sober Sages of the Schools.  
 Why thus I think, if not engag'd, attend,  
 And, Lollius, hear the Reasons of your Friend.

The well-wrought Fable, that sublimely shows  
 The Loves of Paris, and the lengthen'd Woes  
 Of Greece in Arms, presents, as on a Stage,  
 The giddy Tumults, and the foolish Rage  
 Of Kings and People. Hear Antenor's Scheme ;  
 " Cut off the Cause of War ; restore the Dame :"  
 But Paris treats this Counsel with Disdain,  
 Nor will be forc'd in Happiness to reign.

While

3. *Pulchrum, &c.*] By putting a stronger Stop after *turpe*, we set *pulchrum* & *turpe*, *quid utile* and *quid non* in their natural Opposition to each other, where they give more Strength to the Poet's Expression.

4. *Planus.*] This is the Reading of the Scholiast ; of almost half the Manuscripts, and of all the best Editions ancient and modern. The Poet speaks here of Examples, which clear and render plain the Difficulties, that occur in our Observation of Precepts. *Melius* is for Persuasion, and this is another Advantage arising from Examples. Precepts indeed instruct, yet, properly speaking, have but little Persuasion.

10. *Quid Paris ?*] This Passage hath much perplexed the Commentators. Some correct the Text, and others alter the Punctuation.

Cogi posse negat. Nestor componere lites

Inter Peliden festinat & inter Atriden.

Hunc Amor, ira quidem communiter urit utrumque.

Quidquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.

Seditione, dolis, scelere, atque libidine, & irâ,

15

Iliacos intra muros peccatur & extra.

Rursum quid virtus, & quid sapientia possit,

Utile proposuit nobis exemplar Ulyssen :

Qui domitor Trojæ, multorum providus urbes

Et mores hominum inspexit, latumque per æquor,

20

Dum sibi, dum sociis reditum parat, aspera multa

Pertulit, adversis rerum immerfabilis undis.

Sirenum voces, & Circæ pocula nosti ;

Quæ si cum sociis stultus cupidusque bibisset,

Sub

tion. Dr. Bentley, Mr. Cuningham, and Sanadon, read *Quod Paris* ; *ad quod Paris, scilicet, belli præcidere causam, negat se posse cogi, etiam ut saluus regnet.* An unusual Hardness of Expression to say, *quod cogor*, for *ad quod cogor*, and without Example. Others read the Line thus, *Quid Paris, ut saluus regnet, vivatque beatus ?*

13. *Hunc Amor.*] Mr. Sanadon here enters into an important Debate with the Commentators, who assert that Achilles never was in Love: that this Quarrel with Agamemnon arose from a Resentment of his injured Honour, not from his Passion for Briseis ; and that when Horace says,

A Slave could fierce Achilles move,

And bend his haughty Soul to Love,

he only speaks in a Tone of Gallantry and Gaiety. On the contrary, Achilles himself declares, in the ninth Iliad, 342 Line,

Love is the Passion of the Wise and Brave,

And though the bright Briseis be a Slave,

With Tenderness I lov'd——

Sophocles, Ovid, Propertius, and Plutarch, are quoted to prove

How much he suffer'd for the beauteous Dame,

And for his ravish'd Fair what Griefs enflame

The Hero's Breast.

*Omnia formosam propter Briseïda passus ;*

*Tantus in erepto sævit amore dolor !*

14. *Quidquid*

While hoary Nestor, by Experience wise,  
 To reconcile the angry Monarchs tries.  
 His injur'd Love the Son of Peleus fires,  
 And equal Passion, equal Rage inspires  
 The Breasts of both. When doating Monarchs urge  
 Unsound Resolves, their Subjects feel the Scourge.  
 Trojans and Greeks, seditious, base, unjust,  
 Offend alike in Violence and Lust.

To shew what Wisdom, and what Sense can do,  
 The Poet sets Ulysses in our View,  
 Who conquer'd Troy, and with sagacious Ken  
 Saw various Towns and Politics of Men ;  
 While for himself, and for his native Train,  
 He seeks a Passage through the boundless Main,  
 In Perils plung'd, the patient Hero braves  
 His adverse Fate, and buoys above the Waves.

You know the Siren's Songs, and Circe's Draught,  
 Which had he, senseless and intemperate, quaff'd,  
 With

14. *Quidquid delirant reges, &c.*] The People, says Hesiod, pay for the Follies of their Kings ; and Achilles in Homer begs, the Greeks may be driven with Slaughter to their Ships, *that they may enjoy their Monarch.*

— ἵνα πάντες ἐπαύρωνται βασιλῆος.

19. *Domitor Trojæ.*] It is remarkable, that Homer calls Ulysses, *The Conqueror of Troy* ; a Character, which he never gives to Achilles, Agamemnon, Diomed or Ajax : as if he would insinuate, that Conduct gains more Conquests, than Courage.

23. *Sirenum voces.*] Cicero was so charmed with this Passage, that he translated it. He bids us observe the Poet's Art, when justly apprehensive, that his Fiction would be but ill received by the World, if he made so wise a Man as Ulysses delay his Voyage for the Amusement of a Song, he tells us, that they promised to teach him Wisdom : A Promise, which, without a Miracle, might make Ulysses forget the Love of his Country.

24. *Stultus cupidusque.*] *Like a Fool, and a Man enslaved to his Passions.* Ulysses did not drink this Beverage, until he had made use of the Plant given him by Mercury, as of sovereign Power against Enchantments. No other Pleasures are forbidden, says Mr. Dacier to a wife Woman, but those, which hurt the Soul ; and Socrates justly

Sub dominâ meretrice fuisset turpis & excors ; 25  
 Vixisset canis immundus, vel amica luto sus.  
 Nos numerus sumus, & fruges consumere nati,  
 Sponsi Penelopæ, nebulones, Alcinoique  
 In cute curandâ plus æquo operata juventus ;  
 Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, & 30  
 Ad strepitum citharæ cessatum ducere curam.  
 Ut jugulent hominem, surgunt de nocte latrones :  
 Ut teipsum serves, non expergisceris ? Atqui  
 Si nolis sanus, cures hydropicus : & nî  
 Posces ante diem librum cum lumine ; si non 35  
 Intendes animum studiis ac rebus honestis,  
 Invidia vel amore vigil torquebere. Nam cur  
 Quæ lædunt oculum festinas demere ; si quid  
 Est animum, differs curandi tempus in annum ?  
 Dimidium facti, qui cœpit, habet. Sapere aude : 40  
 Incipe.

justly proves, that Wisdom itself could not be well esteemed the supreme Good, if it were not accompanied with Pleasure. Such Reasoning is, in this Place, a little unguarded, considering in what kind of Pleasures the Poet here indulges his Hero.

27. *Nos numerus sumus.*] A proverbial Manner of Expression, *One of the many.* Horace, to shew what a Fund of Instruction may be found in the Works of Homer, begins to apply to common Life those Examples, which the Poet proposes. From thence he takes Occasion to enter into a Detail of Morals equally useful and instructive. SAN.

31. *Cessatum ducere curam.*] Dr. Bentley reads *cessantem ducere somnum*, which Mr. Sanadon has received into the Text. They surely did not reflect, that if the Pheacian Youth slept till Mid-day, in *medios dormire dies*, they could hardly wish to invite a longer Sleep by the Power of Music. It is confessed, there is some Obscurity in the present Reading, but the Correction is open to many Objections. *Cessatum est infinitivus a futuro.* Vet. Schol. *Et scite cessatum tanquam feriatum.*

34. *Si nolis sanus, cures hydropicus.*] This Reading appears in all Dr. Bentley's Manuscripts, except one or two, and those less ancient. *Si nolis sanus expergisci, cures expergisci hydropicus*, which has a natural Connection with the Line preceding and the Verse following. The Dropsy may here signify all Diseases in general, and in a metaphorical



With his Companions, he, like them, had been  
the brutal Vassal of an harlot Queen ;  
had liv'd a Dog, debas'd to vile Desire,  
or loathsome Swine, and grovel'd in the Mire.  
But we, mere Numbers in the Book of Life,  
like those, who boldly woo'd our Hero's Wife,  
born to consume the Fruits of Earth ; in truth,  
as vain and idle, as Phæacia's Youth ;  
Here Outside all, to fill the mighty Void  
of Life, in Dress and Equipage employ'd,  
Who sleep till Mid-day, and with melting Airs  
of empty Music sooth away our Cares.  
Rogues nightly rise to murder Men for Pelf,  
Will you not rouse you to preserve yourself ?  
But though in Health you doze away your Days,  
You run, when puff'd with dropfical Disease.  
Unless you light your early Lamp, to find  
A moral Book ; unless you form your Mind  
To nobler Studies, you shall forfeit Rest,  
And Love or Envy shall distract your Breast.  
For the hurt Eye an instant Cure you find ;  
Then why neglect, for Years, the sickening Mind ?  
Dare to be wise ; begin ; for once begun,  
Your Task is easy ; half the Work is done :

And

historical Sense, all the Softnesses and Vices, which our Author afterwards mentions. The usual Reading, *curres*, although less supported by Manuscripts, and hardly to be connected with the rest of the Passage, (*a re prorsus aliena*, says Dr. Bentley) yet hath its Value. It was received by the Scholiast Porphyrio, with this Remark, that People in the Dropsy were ordered by their Physicians to *run*, and the same Cure for that Distemper is prescribed by Celsus. However, Watchfulness and Waking were equally recommended to cure the Dropsy, and have been approved of by the Experience of all Ages.

Incipe. Vivendi rectè qui prorogat horam,  
Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis: at ille  
Labitur, & labetur in omne volubilis ævum.

Quæritur argentum, puerisque beata creandis  
Uxor, & incultæ pacantur vomere sylvæ.

45

Quod fatis est, cui contingit, nihil ampliùs optet.

Non domus & fundus, non æris acervus & auri

Ægroto domini deduxit corpore febres,

Non animo curas. Valeat possessor oportet,

Si comportatis rebus bene cogitat uti.

50

Qui cupit aut metuit, juvat illum sic domus ac res,

Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ, fomenta podagrum,

Aurículas citharæ collectâ forde dolentes.

Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis, acescit.

Sperne voluptates; nocet emta dolore voluptas.

55

Semper avarus eget; certum voto pete finem.

Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis:

Invidiâ Siculi non invenêre tyranni

Majus tormentum. Qui non moderabitur iræ,

In-

52. *Ut lippum pictæ tabulæ.*] That Strength of colouring, which gives greater Pleasure to a good Eye, affects a weak, sore Eye, with greater Pain.

*Fomenta podagrum.*] The Gout proceeds from such an inward Sharpness of Humours, as no outward Remedies can correct. We must regulate our whole Course of Life in Hopes of a Cure. Thus, in the Disorders of the Soul, all outward Application of Wealth and Power are useless, and as Anacreon says of his Combat with Love,

Outward Arms in vain he tries,  
When the Foe within him lies.

56. *Certum voto pete finem.*] Since Avarice is neither enlarged by Abundance, nor contracted by Want, the wise Man alone can mark, for his own Happiness, the proper Bounds, to which it should extend,

CRUQ.

60. *Dolor*

And sure the Man, who has it in his Power  
To practise Virtue, and protracts the Hour,  
Waits, like the Rustic, till the River dried :  
till glides the River, and will ever glide.

For Wealth, and Wives of Fruitfulness we toil ;  
We stub the Forest, and reclaim the Soil.

Bless'd with a Competence, why wish for more ?  
Nor House, nor Lands, nor Heaps of labour'd Ore  
Can give their feverish Lord one Moment's Rest,  
Or drive one Sorrow from his anxious Breast ;

The fond Possessor must be bless'd with Health  
Who rightly means to use his hoarded Wealth.

Houses and Riches gratify the Breast,  
Nor Lucre lusting, or with Fear deprest,  
As Pictures, glowing with a vivid Light,  
With painful Pleasure charm a blemish'd Sight ;  
As chafing sooths the Gout, or Music cheers  
The tingling Organs of imposthum'd Ears.

Your Wine grows acid, when the Cask is foul.  
Learn the strong Sense of Pleasure to controul ;  
With virtuous Pride it's Blandishments disdain ;  
Hurtful is Pleasure, when it's bought with Pain.  
He wants for ever, who would more acquire,  
Yet certain Limits to your wild Desire.

The Man, who envies, must behold with Pain  
Another's Joys, and sicken at his Gain :  
Nor could Sicilia's Tyrants ever find  
A greater Torment, than an envious Mind.

The Man, unable to controll his Ire,  
Shall wish undone, what Hate and Wrath inspire :

Infectum volet esse, dolor quod suaserit ac mens, 60

Dum pœnas odio per vim festinat inulto.

Ira furor brevis est. Animum rege; qui, nisi paret,

Imperat; hunc frænis, hunc tu compesce catenâ.

Fingit equum tenerâ docilem cervice magister

Ire viam, quâ monstret eques: venaticus, ex quo 65

Tempore cervinam pellem latravit in aulâ,

Militat in sylvis catulus. Nunc adbibe puro

Pectore verba, puer; nunc te melioribus offer.

Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem

Testa diu. Quòd si cessas, aut strenuus anteis; 70

Nec tardum opperior, nec præcedentibus inсто.

60. *Dolor ac mens.*] For *dolor mentis*, That Grief, which rises from Repentments of an Injury received. TORR.

61. *Dum pœnas odio, &c.*] He, who will not moderate his Anger, shall certainly repent of having attempted to satisfy an Hatred, which never thinks itself sufficiently revenged.

67. *Adbibe puro pectore verba, puer.*] These Expressions of *sanus, puro pectore* and *puer*, can be justly applied only to a Youth. The younger Lollius went with Augustus to the War of Spain, when he was about sixteen Years of Age, as we shall find in the eighteenth Epistle, which is addressed to him. SAN.

70. *Quòd si cessas.*] If you will run the Race of Wisdom with me, let us run together; for if You either stop, or endeavour to get before me, I shall neither wait for You, nor strive to overtake You. When we enter the Lists of Virtue, to wait for those behind us is Indolence; too earnestly to pursue those before us, is Envy.

TORR. DAC.



To fate his Rage precipitate he flies,  
Yet in his Breast his Rage unfated lies.  
Anger's a shorter Madness of the Mind;  
Subdue the Tyrant, and in Fetters bind.  
The docile Colt is form'd with gentle Skill  
To move obedient to his Rider's Will.  
In the loud Hall the Hound is taught to bay  
The Buck-skin trail'd, then challenges his Prey  
Through the wild Woods. Thus in your Hour of Youth  
From pure Instruction quaff the Words of Truth.  
The Odours of the Wine, that first shall stain  
The virgin Vessel, it shall long retain.  
Whether you prove a Lagger in the Race,  
Or with a vigorous Ardour urge your Pace,  
I shall maintain my usual Rate; no more;  
Nor wait for those behind, nor press on those before.

EPIST. III. *Ad JULIUM FLORUM.*

**J**ULI Flore, quibus terrarum militet oris  
 Claudius, Augusti privignus, scire laboro.  
 Thracane vos, Hebrusque nivali compede vinctus,  
 An freta vicinas inter currentia turres,  
 An pingues Asiæ campi collesque morantur ? 5  
 Quid studiosa cohors operum struit ? Hoc quoque curo,  
 Quis sibi res gestas Augusti scribere sumit ?  
 Bella quis & paces longum diffundit in ævum ?  
 Quid Titius, Romana brevi venturus in ora ?  
 Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus, 10  
 Fastidire lacus, & rivos ausus apertos ;  
 Ut valet ? ut meminit nostri ? fidibusne Latinis  
 Thebanos aptare modos studet, auspice Musâ ?

An

Florus attended Tiberius in his Dalmatian Expedition. This Prince continued some Years visiting and regulating the Eastern Provinces, until he had Orders to lead his Troops into Armenia, while Augustus proposed to march against the Parthians through Syria. Our Poet here marks the Route of Tiberius through Thrace, the Hellespont and Asia Minor, and thus makes his Epistle a kind of public, historical Monument. To consider this Piece in its Epistolary Character, it presents, in one short View, whatever is pleasing, natural, critical and moral. Florus had reproached our Poet for never writing to Him, and Horace, in a pleasant kind of Revenge, reckons a large Number of Particulars of public and private News, which he expects in Answer to his Letter. We may fix the Date of this Epistle in the Year 733.

SAN.

Verse 4. *Vicinas inter currentia turres.*] Musæus names two Cities, Sestos and Abydos, on the opposite Shores of Europe and Asia, but because he does not mention the Tower of Abydos, our later Editors read *terras*. The Word appears in some valuable Manuscripts, but seems to be too loose and undetermined, to mark the particular Place, which the Poet had in his View.

6. *Quid*

## EPIST. III. To JULIUS FLORUS.

**F**LORUS, I long to know where Claudius leads  
 The distant Rage of War; whether he spreads  
 His conquering Banners o'er the Thracian Plains,  
 Or near the Heber, bound in snowy Chains.  
 Or does the Hellespont's high-tower'd Sea,  
 Or Asia's fertile Soil his Course delay?  
 What Works of Genius do the Youth prepare,  
 Who guard his sacred Person? Who shall dare  
 To sing great Cæsar's Wars, immortal Theme!  
 And give his peaceful Honours down to Fame?  
 How fares my Titius? Say, when he intends  
 To publish? Does he not forget his Friends?  
 He, who disdains the Springs of common Fame,  
 And dauntless quaffs the deep Pindaric Stream.  
 But will the Muse her favourite Bard inspire,  
 To tune to Theban Sounds the Roman Lyre?

Or

6. *Quid studiosa cohors.*] The young Gentlemen, who attended Tiberius in this Expedition, at once to form his Court and to guard his Person, were Men of Letters and Genius, from whence they are called *studiosa cohors*.

9. *Quid Titius?*] We cannot say, with Certainty, who this Titius was, who proposed in a short Time to publish his Works, *Romana brevi venturus in ora*.

10. *Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit hirsutus.*] This Expression is of a Pindaric Boldness, beyond what the Translator dare attempt, or perhaps, our Language can bear. Other Authors are compared to Lakes and Rivulets, whose Waters are open to the World; but Pindar is an impetuous River, and a Man must be bold indeed, who does not turn pale, when he ventures to quench his Thirst in a Current of

An tragicâ defævit & ampullatur in arte ?

Quid mihi Celsus agit ? monitus multûmque monendus, 15

Privatas ut quærat opes, ac tangere vitet

Scripta, Palatinus quæcunque recepit Apollo :

Ne si fortè suū repetitum venerit olim

Grex avium plumas, moveat cornicula risum

Furtivis nudata coloribus. Ipse quid audès ? 20

Quæ circumvolitas agilis thyma ? Non tibi parvum

Ingenium, non incultum est ac turpiter hirtum.

Seu linguam causis acuis, seu civica jura

Respondere paras ; seu condis amabile carmen ;

Prima feres ederæ victricis præmia. Quòd si 25

Frigida curarum fomenta relinquere posses ;

Quòd te cœlestis sapientia duceret, ires.

Hoc opus, hoc studium parvi properemus & ampli,

Si

such Rapidity. Thus our Poet describes the River Aufidus in the first Satire —————

With its torn Banks the Torrent bears away  
Th' intemperate Wretch—————

14. *Defævit & ampullatur.*] The first of these Words marks the Passions, which animate Tragedy ; the second, that Majesty of Style, which is proper to express them.

16. *Privatas ut quærat opes.*] This Advice is of Importance, and if it were better followed, we should not have so many of those literary Thefts, with which Horace reproaches Albinovanus. We cannot too often read the Authors, who are universally esteemed ; we cannot study them with too much Attention. We may form our Taste, and improve our Understanding, by their Genius and Manner ; by the Justness of their Sentiments ; their Art of Composition ; the Beauty of their Style, and the Purity of their Elocution. But our Productions ought to be at our own Expence, and from our own proper Funds we ought to draw whatever we present to the Public.

SAN.

17. *Palatinus quæcunque recepit Apollo.*] We have already mentioned, in the Notes on the thirty-first Ode of the first Book, the Temple



Or with the Transports of Theatric Rage,  
And its sonorous Language, shake the Stage?

Let Celsus be admonish'd, o'er and o'er,  
To search the Treasures of his native Store,  
Nor touch what Phœbus consecrates to Fame,  
Lest, when the Birds their various Plumage claim,  
Stripp'd of his stolen Pride, the Crow forlorn  
Should stand the Laughter of the public Scorn.

What do You dare, who float with active Wing  
Around the thymy Fragrance of the Spring?  
Not yours the Genius of a lowly Strain,  
Nor of uncultur'd, or unpolish'd Vein,  
Whether You plead with Eloquence his Cause;  
Or to your Client clear the doubtful Laws;  
And sure to gain, for amatorious Lays,  
The Wreaths of Ivy, with unenvied Praise.

Could You the Passions, in their Rage, controul,  
That damp the nobler Purpose of the Soul;  
Could you these soothing Discontents allay,  
Soon should You rise where Wisdom points the Way;  
Wisdom heaven-born, at which we all should aim,  
The little Vulgar, and the known to Fame,

B 5

Who

Temple and Library, which Augustus dedicated to Apollo upon Mount Palatine, from whence the God is here called Palatinus.

23. *Linguam causis acuis.*] Whether You form your Eloquence for the public Pleadings at the Bar; or give Advice and Counsel to your Clients. *Civica jura respondere paras*, which our Poet in another Place expresses *clienti promere jura*.  
Torr.

26. *Frigida curarum fomenta.*] The Commentators think, Ambition, Riches, Power, were those cold Remedies, that Horace means, and which only sooth, not allay the Distemper. But since he has not mentioned what they were, we can only say, that Florus could not mistake them, and consequently must have felt the Moral, which the Poet draws from them.

30. Si

Si patriæ volumus, si nobis vivere cari.

Debes hoc etiam rescribere; si tibi curæ est,

30

Quantæ conveniat, Munatius; an malè facta  
Gratia nequicquam coit ac rescinditur; & vos  
Seu calidus sanguis, seu rerum inscitia vexat  
Indomita cervice feros? Ubicunque locorum  
Vivitis, indigni fraternum rumpere fœdus,  
Pascitur in vestrum reditum votiva juvenca.

35

30. *Si tibi curæ est.*] Misunderstandings are inevitable between the best Friends, but how shameful is it to lose a Man, whom we have long loved and esteemed, for a ridiculous Point of Honour, a careless Expression, which hath escaped in the Gaiety of his Heart, an idle Story, or perhaps something yet more worthless? What was the Cause of Quarrel between Florus and Plancus, we know not; but it seems to have been pursued by both of them with too much Warmth. They were reconciled by their common Friends, but such forced Reconciliations are generally as little durable, as they are sincere. SAN.

33. *Seu rerum inscitia vexat.*] *Rerum humanarum & communis vitæ inscitia.* We have in Terence, *Adolescentulos imperitos rerum*; and in Cicero, *Homo & humanitatis expers, & vitæ communis ignarus.*

35. *Fraternum rumpere fœdus.*] This does not say, as it is generally understood, that they were really Brothers, but that they lived in an Union, such as ought to be preserved between Brothers. There was not at this Time any Person at Rome, who bore the Name of Julius, except Augustus, whose Family was greatly distinguished from that of Munatius; nor does it appear, that Munatius ever took the Surname of Florus. Mr. Dacier imagines with Reason, that Florus was of some provincial Family, whom Julius Cæsar permitted to take his Name, when he made them Citizens of Rome. Tacitus speaks of three Julii in Gallia Belgica in the Time of Tiberius, one of whom was called Florus. From whence it is not improbable, that the Person, to whom this Letter is written, was of that Nation.

RODELLIUS. SAN.

Who mean to live, within our proper Sphere,  
Dear to ourselves, and to our Country dear.

Now tell me, whether Plancus holds a Part  
(For sure he well deserves it) in your Heart?  
Or was the Reconciliation made in vain,  
And like an ill-cur'd Wound breaks forth again,  
While inexperience'd Youth, and Blood inflam'd,  
Drive Ye, like Coursers to the Yoke untam'd?  
Where-e'er Ye are, too excellent to prove  
The broken Union of fraternal Love,  
A votive Heifer gratefully I feed,  
For your Return, in Sacrifice to bleed.

EPIST. IV. *Ad ALBIUM TIBULLUM.*

**A**LBI, nostrorum sermonum candide iudex,  
 Quid nunc te dicam facere in regione Pedanâ?  
 Scribere quod Cassi Parmensis opuscula vincat?  
 An tacitum sylvas inter reptare salubres,  
 Curantem quidquid dignum sapiente bonoque est?  
 Non tu corpus eras sine pectore. Dî tibi formam,  
 Dî tibi divitias dederunt, artemque fruendi.\*  
 Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,

Qui

This Letter is written in the true Epistolary Taste; with an easy Chearfulness and Vivacity, such as Friendship permits between Persons of the same Age, or rather demands. Our Poet here distributes his Praises, Morality and Raillery with a delicate Hand, nor have we any thing to regret but the Shortness of his Letter. We may fix the Date of it in 720, when Tibullus was about thirty Years of Age, and Horace one Year older.

SAN.

Verse 1. *Albi.*] The Reader may find the Character of this Poet in the Notes on the three and thirtieth Ode of the first Book.

3. *Cassi opuscula vincat.*] Tibullus too well knew the Value of Poetry, not to understand the Raillery of Horace, when he proposes Cassius as an Example for his Imitation. This Cassius was a Versificator, rather than a Poet. Persuaded, that a great Number of Verses made a good Poem, he abandoned himself to this miserable Facility, and deluged the Public with his Writings.

SAN.

4. *Sylvas inter reptare salubres.*] Mr. Dacier thinks, that this Expression is to be figuratively understood, for the Study of Philosophy, and the Authors of the Academic Sect.

The Word *reptare*, which signifies to walk slowly and with Difficulty, and which consequently cannot be applied to an agreeable, easy sauntering in a Wood, seems in Mr. Sanadon's Judgement to support this Opinion. If this be the Sense of the Passage, Tibullus is represented,



## EPIST. IV. To ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

ALBIUS, in whom my Satires find  
 A candid Critic, and a kind,  
 Do you, while at your Country-Seat,  
 Some rhiming Labours meditate,  
 That shall in volum'd Bulk arise,  
 And even from Cassius bear the Prize;  
 Or faunter through the silent Wood,  
 Musing on what befits the wise and good?

Thou art not form'd of lifeless Mould,  
 With Breast, inanimate and cold;  
 To thee the Gods a Form complete,  
 To thee the Gods a fair Estate  
 In Bounty gave, with Art to know  
 How to enjoy what they bestow.

Can a fond Nurse one Blessing more  
 Even for her favourite Boy implore,

With

presented, advancing in his philosophical Meditations, as it were Step by Step, from one Proposition to another.

7. *Divitias dederunt.*] Mr. Dacier tells us, that Tibullus was an Extravagant, who had reduced himself to the last Distresses, and had now retired to the Country to repair his broken Fortune. It is not unpleasant to see the Critic labouring through the Difficulties himself hath raised; painfully accounting for the Riches, here given to Tibullus, and awkwardly explaining away the Compliment of that Art, which the Gods had given him of enjoying them. Let it however be some Honour to Mr. Dacier, that nothing less than his critical Sagacity could have found such Absurdities; nothing less than his great Learning could have supported them; and nothing less than his own Art could have palliated them in such a Manner as to impose on his own Judgement.

9. *Qui*

Qui sapere, & fari possit quæ sentiat, & cui  
 Gratia, fama, valetudo contingat abunde, 10  
 Et mundus victus, non deficiente Camenâ ?  
 Inter spem curamque, timores inter & iras,  
 Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum.  
 Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur, hora.  
 Me pinguem ac nitidum bene curatâ cute vises, 15  
 Quum ridere voles Epicuri de grege porcum.

EPIST.

9. *Qui sapere.*] They, who read *quam sapere & fari*, have thrown a Perplexity into the Text, which they can never explain but by substituting their own Meaning to that of the Poet, and adding *ut*, which neither appears in the Copies, nor ancient Impressions.

11. *Non deficiente Camenâ.*] This Correction is of Claudius Boivinus. To see the Necessity of it, let us consider the whole Sentence. A Man, says Horace, who hath good Sense, Reputation, Health, and an elegant Table, what can he wish for more? According to the common Editions, he wishes that his Wealth may never fail. But can it fail, while we suppose it affords him an elegant Table? Besides, *Victus* may signify all the Conveniences of Life, which Money can purchase. Or does Horace, like a Nurse, childishly repeat this list of Wishes, *Wealth*, for his favourite Boy? But this was a Blessing Tibullus already possessed, although in less Abundance, than before he suffered for the Cause of Liberty. Could we expect, that Horace, while he wrote to one of the best Poets of his Time, would have forgotten this Part of his Character, when he had so easy, and obliging an Opportunity of remembering it? Poets usually better understand the Value of their poetical Talents. Indeed, this was the only Happiness, that could be added to his Circumstances, and is Part of our Author's own Prayer to Apollo.

Give me to strike the tuneful Lyre,  
 And Thou my latest Song inspire.

12. *Inter spem curamque.*] We may only read Tibullus his Elegies to be convinced, that Horace here means those Passions of Hope and Fear, which successively actuated his Breast in the Course of his Amours. Our Poet proposes to him as a Remedy, the grand Maxim, with which he used to regulate his own Passions, and prevent the Disorders, to which we are exposed by our Pursuit of Pleasure. An Epicurean, who considers every Day as his last, will enjoy the Pleasure, that last Day brings. He bounds all his Hopes, Fears, Cares and Projects in this little Compass, without disquieting himself for what

With Sense and clear Expression blest,  
Of Friendship, Honour, Health possess,  
A Table, elegantly plain,  
And a poetic, easy Vein?

By Hope inspir'd, depress'd with Fear,  
By Passion warm'd, perplex'd with Care,  
Believe, that every Morning's Ray,  
Hath lighted up thy latest Day;  
Then, if To-morrow's Sun be thine,  
With double Lustre shall it shine.

Such are the Maxims I embrace,  
And here, in sleek and joyous Case,  
You'll find, for Laughter fitly bred,  
An Hog by Epicurus fed.

what may happen To-morrow, which neither depends upon him, nor he upon it. Such is the Doctrine to which Horace attributes his own joyous Plight of Body, his Good-humour, and easy Carelessness of Life.

SAR.

14. *Grata superveniet.*] Hope sometimes takes from us more Pleasure, than it gives us. An unexpected Blessing is always best received, because the Heart, not having wasted itself in desiring, seizes its Pleasure with its whole Force. Even the Surprise is a new Pleasure.

SAR.

EPIST. V. *Ad TORQUATUM.*

**S**I potes Archiacis conviva recumbere lectis,  
 Nec modicâ cœnare times olus omne patellâ,  
 Supremo te sole domi, Torquate, manebo.  
 Vina bibes iterum Tauro diffusa palustres  
 Inter Minturnas Sinuessanumque Petrinum.  
 Si melius quid habes, arcesse; vel imperium fer.  
 Jamdudum splendet focus, & tibi munda supellex.  
 Mitte leves spes, & certamina divitiarum,  
 Et Moschi causam. Cras, nato Cæsare, festus

5

Dat

We have in this Epistle some Strokes of Morality, for which Torquatus might possibly have occasion. They are enlivened by a Panegyric upon Wine, short, but spirited, as if it were a Declaration of the good-humour, with which he proposed to receive his illustrious Guest.

SAN.

Verse 1. *Archiacis lectis.*] Is the Reading of all the Manuscripts; *priscorum quantum ubique est codicum*, says Dr. Bentley, and both the Scholiasts tell us, that Archius was a Person, who made Beds of a lower, shorter Kind. Besides, *Archaicis* has the second Syllable long, nor is it indeed a Latin Word.

2. *Olus omne.*] The Commentators make Horace invite his Guest to more than a frugal Entertainment, when he promises him nothing but Herbs, and that there shall even be so little a Quantity of them, that he shall eat them all. Let us learn better to understand our Author, and with Mr. Sanadon, construe *olus omne*, all Kinds of Herbs, *ex omni genere olerum*. This was not a contemptible Entertainment, for Cicero tells us, they dressed Herbs in such a Manner, that nothing could be more delicious.

4. *Iterum Tauro diffusa.*] The second Consulship of Taurus was in the Year 728, so that this Wine must have been only four or five Years old.

SAN.

6. *Ar. esse;*



## EPIST. V. To TORQUATUS.

IF, my Torquatus, you can kindly deign  
 To lie on Beds, of simple Form and plain,  
 And sup on Herbs alone, but richly drest,  
 At Evening I expect you for my Guest.  
 Nor old, I own, nor excellent, my Wine,  
 Of five Years Vintage, and a marshy Vine;  
 If you have better, bring th' enlivening Cheer,  
 Or, from an humble Friend, this Summons bear.  
 In hopes my honour'd Guest to entertain,  
 My Fires are lighted, my Apartments clean;  
 Then leave the Hope, that, wing'd with Folly, flies;  
 Leave the mean Quarrels, that from Wealth arise;

Leave

6. *Arceffe; vel imperium fer.*] If you have better, bring it with you; if not, be sure to come on the Conditions I propose. CRUQ.

Mr. Dacier understands the Monarchy and Empire of the Bottle, when a King of the Entertainment was made; but this Royalty was determined by Lot, nor was it the Property of the Host or any particular Guest.

9. *Et Moschi causam.*] The Scholiasts inform us, that Moschus was a Rhetorician of Pergamus, whose Defence Torquatus undertook, when he was accused of poisoning.

*Gras, nato Cæsare.*] Mr. Dacier and Mr. Maffon are here, in Dr. Bentley's Language, upon another Occasion, at Daggers-drawing, *Digladiantur*, in Defence of Julius Cæsar and Augustus. The latter was born the twenty-third of September, which could not be justly called a Summer's Night, *æstivam noctem*. The other on the twelfth of July. Two Years after his Death the Triumvirs ordered, that his Birth-day should be celebrated by the People crowned with Laurel, and that whoever neglected it should be devoted to the Vengeance of Jupiter, and the deceased God himself. But as the Apollinarian Games

42 Q. HORATII FLACCI EPISTOLARUM. L. I.  
 Dat veniam somnumque dies. Impune licebit 10  
 Æstivam fermone benigno tendere noctem.  
 Quo mihi fortunas, si non conceditur uti ?  
 Parcus ob heredis curam nimiumque severus  
 Affidet infano. Potare & spargere flores  
 Incipiam, patiarque vel inconsultus haberi. 15  
 Quid non ebrietas designat ; operta recludit ;  
 Spes jubet esse ratas ; ad prælia trudit inertem ;  
 Solicitis animis onus eximit ; addocet artes.  
 Fecundi calices quem non fecere disertum ?  
 Contractâ quem non in paupertate solutum ? 20  
 Hæc ego procurare & idoneus imperor, & non  
 Invitus ; ne turpe toral, ne fordida mappa  
 Corruget nares ; ne non & cantharus & lanx  
 Ostendat tibi te ; ne fidos inter amicos  
 Sit, qui dicta foras eliminat ; ut coëat par, 25  
 Jungaturque

Games were annually celebrated, and as it was forbidden to mix the Festivals of any other God with those of Apollo, Cæsar's Birthday was ordered to be solemnized on the eleventh. Thus we have not only the Year and Month, but the very Day when this Letter was written, the tenth of July.

This Opinion is at least as old as Porphyryon, who says, *Divi Cæsaris natalem significat*. Torrentius thinks Horace means the Birth of some young Prince, Grandson of Augustus, which the Words will indeed very well bear. *Nato Cæsare*, for *ob Cæsarem recens natum*. To give this Conjecture a kind of Certainty, Rodellius and Mr. Sanadon proclaim this Festival in Honour of Caius Cæsar, eldest Son of Agrippa and Julia. But Caius was born in the Beginning of September, and the Critics probably forgot the Circumstance of lengthening out the Summer-Night.

14. *Affidet infano.*] This Expression is beautiful, but of a Peculiarity, like that in the last Epistle, *non tu corpus eras sine pectore*, not to be attempted in English. Such is the Genius, or rather such is the Humour of Languages.

23. *Corruget nares.*] *Wrinkle the Nose.* Quintilian tells us, that Horace was the first, who ventured this Word.

25. *Eliminat.*]

Leave the litigious Bar, for Cæsar's Birth  
 Proclaims the festal Hour of Ease and Mirth,  
 While social Converse, till the rising Light,  
 Shall stretch, beyond its Length, the Summer's Night.  
 Say, what are Fortune's Gifts, if I'm denied  
 Their cheerful Use? for nearly are allied  
 The Madman, and the Fool, whose sordid Care  
 Makes himself poor, to enrich a worthless Heir.  
 Give me to drink, and, crown'd with Flowers, despise  
 The grave Disgrace of being thought unwise.

What cannot Wine perform? It brings to light  
 The secret Soul; it bids the Coward fight;  
 Gives Being to our Hopes, and from our Hearts  
 Drives the dull Sorrow, and inspires new Arts.  
 Is there a Wretch, whom Bumpers have not taught  
 A Flow of Words, and Loftiness of Thought?  
 Even in th' oppressive Grasp of Poverty  
 It can enlarge, and bid the Soul be free.

Cheerful my usual Task I undertake  
 (And no mean Figure in my Office make)  
 That no foul Linen wrinkle up the Nose;  
 That every Plate with bright Reflection shows  
 My Guest his Face; that none, when Life grows gay,  
 The sacred Hour of Confidence betray.

That

25. *Eliminet.*] An old Man at the Lacedemonian Entertainments pointed to the Door, as the Guests entered, and solemnly repeated, *Let nothing, said in this Company, pass through that Door.* From hence the Grecian Proverb, *I hate a Drinker with a Memory.*

Perhaps we ought to be more careful, than the Romans, in our midnight Conversations. Friendship had among them something sacred, which is now lost in Professions, and become a meer companionable Language. Fidelity and Secrecy appeared so necessary at these unguarded Hours, that Forgetfulness was consecrated to Bacchus. Yet since there is but little of this kind of Religion among  
 our

Jungaturque pari. Butram tibi Septiciumque,  
 Et, nî cœna prior potiorque puella, Sabinum,  
 Detinet, assumam. Locus est & pluribus umbris :  
 Sed nimis arcta premunt olidæ convivia capræ.  
 Tu, quotus esse velis, rescribe; & rebus omiſſis  
 Atria servantem postico falle clientem.

30

our boon Companions, let us remember that the Heart opens and expands itself in Wine, and all its Secrets are loose about it. The Ancients attributed two Effects to Wine; Sincerity, to speak what they thought, and Forgetfulness, to conceal what they heard.

[26. *Butram tibi Septiciumque.*] Away with this Brutus and Septimius, *Brutum Septimumque*, who have forced into the Room without an Invitation. If we believe the Manuscripts, and surely we ought to believe them, Horace invited other Guests. Such is the spirited Language of Dr. Bentley, for the Honour of Manuscripts. However, the Matter is not great, since we know none of the Company; yet the Persons, now introduced into the Text, are received by Mr. Sanadon, and Mr. Cuningham, who is not extremely apt to be civil to any of the Doctor's Acquaintance, if they have not some other Merit.

[28. *Locus est & pluribus umbris.*] It was a Civility paid to an invited Guest among the Ancients, to let him know, whatever Stranger came with him should be welcome. This was done, says Plutarch, in Imitation of those, who sacrificing to some God, sacrificed at the same time to all the Gods, that inhabited the Temple in which he was worshipped, although they did not call any of them by their Names.



That all in equal Friendship may unite,  
Your Butra and Septicius I'll invite,  
And, if he's not engag'd to better Cheer,  
Or a kind Girl, Sabinus shall be here.

Still there is Room, and yet the Summer's Heat  
May prove offensive, if the Crowd be great :  
But write me word, how many you desire,  
Then instant from the busy World retire ;  
And while your tedious Clients fill the Hall,  
Slip out at the Back-door, and bilk them all.

EPIST. VI. *Ad NUMICIUM.*

**N**IL admirari, prope res est una, Numici,  
 Solaque, quæ possit facere & servare beatum.  
 Hunc solem, & stellas, & decedentia certis  
 Tempora momentis, sunt qui formidine nullâ  
 Imbuti spectant. Quid censes, munera terræ ?  
 Quid, maris extremos Arabas ditantis & Indos ?  
 Ludicra, quid, plausus & amici dona Quiritis ?  
 Quo spectanda modo, quo sensu credis & ore ?  
 Qui timet his adversa, ferè miratur eodem

Quo

Admiration is one of the principal Sources of all our Follies, since it is almost the first Mover of the Passions. Some of the Philosophers, as they declared for an Apathy, or Insensibility of the Miseries of Life, so they asserted, that an Inadmiration, if the Word may be allowed, was the highest Proof of human Wisdom. They considered Admiration as a Passion, and then we may be bold to say, that an Excess or mistaken Application of it can alone prove criminal; for all our Passions, when preserved in their original Purity, lead us to Virtue, and consequently to Happiness. Admiration, says Plato, is the Mother of Wisdom, but when it is placed upon improper Objects, it loses that amiable Title; and, when indulged to Excess, becomes vicious, and consequently miserable. Not to admire is above the Wisdom of an human Creature, but not to place our Esteem upon what the Generality of Mankind admire, is the wise Man's highest Character. Such are the pleasing and important Truths, which our Poet endeavours to prove in this Epistle.

Verse 2. *Facere & servare beatum.*] All momentary Pleasures are a kind of false Reasoning arising from false Principles. Man was created for Happiness; but Wisdom alone can put him into Possession, and Virtue insure the Continuance of it.

4. *Sunt qui.*] Pythagoras, Democritus and Epicurus contemplated the Structure of the World without Admiration, because they regarded

## EPIST. VI. To NUMICIUS.

NOT to admire, is of all Means the best,  
 The only Means, to make, and keep us blest.  
 There are, untainted with the Thoughts of Fear,  
 Who see the various Changes of the Year  
 Unerring roll; who see the glorious Sun,  
 And the fix'd Stars, their annual Progress run:  
 But with what different Eye do they behold  
 The Gifts of Earth; or Diamonds or Gold;  
 Old Ocean's Treasures, and the pearly Stores,  
 Wafted to farthest India's wealthy Shores?  
 Or with what Sense, what Language, should we gaze  
 On Shows, Employments, or the People's Praise?  
 Whoever dreads the opposite Extreme  
 Of Disappointment, Poverty, or Shame,

Is

regarded it as a Work of Chance. But were it not a Subject of Ad-  
 miration, that Chance had produced such a Work? SAN.

7. *Ludicra.*] If it is beneath the Dignity of a wise Man to ad-  
 mire the Works of Nature, he must surely look with Contempt  
 upon those of human Art. Yet it was a Stoical Maxim, *Μὴ θαυ-*  
*μάζειν τὴν θεῶν*, Not to admire the public Shows. DAC.

9. *Qui timet his adversa.*] Wealth, Power, and Popularity, have  
 a kind of imaginary Value arising from the Opinions of Mankind;  
 but as we do not all view them in the same Point of Light, we are  
 not equally charmed with them. Riches preserve us from the Dis-  
 tresses of Poverty; public Entertainments are valued as Amusements;  
 and Employments raise us above Contempt and Obscurity. Such is  
 the Language of the World. But our Poet would convince us, that  
 our Desires and our Fears arise from the same Principle, and are there-  
 fore equally vicious.

SAN.

16. *Ukr*

Quo cupiens pacto. Pavor est utrobique molestus, 10  
 Improvisa simul species exteret utrumque ;  
 Gaudeat, an doleat, cupiat, metuatne ; quid ad rem,  
 Si quidquid vidit melius pejusse suâ spe,  
 Defixis oculis, animoque & corpore torpet ?  
 Infani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui ; 15  
 Ultra quàm satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.  
 I nunc, argentum & marmor vetus, æraque & artes  
 Suspice ; cum gemmis Tyrios mirare colores ;  
 Gaude, quòd spectant oculi te mille loquentem ;  
 Gnavus manè forum, & vespertinus pete tectum ; 20  
 Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris  
 Mutus, & (indignum quod sit) pejoribus ortus  
 Hic tibi sit potiùs, quàm tu mirabilis illi.  
 Quidquid sub terrâ est, in apricum proferet ætas ;  
 Defodiet, condetque nitentia. Quum bene notum 25  
 Porticus Agrippæ, & via te conspexerit Appi ;  
 Ire tamen restat, Numa quò devenit & Ancus.  
 Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,  
 Quære fugam morbi. Vis rectè vivere ? quis non ?

Si

16. *Ultra quàm satis est.*] All Excesses, even of Virtue itself, are vicious. Our best Studies ought, says Cicero, to be extremely temperate; and if the Desires, which Virtue excites in our Hearts, be too violent, we should employ all our Wisdom to moderate them.

24. *Quidquid sub terrâ est.*] This Admirer would excuse his Ambition and Avarice, by saying, that he values Riches and Employments only because they support the Dignity of his Family, and preserve him from the Pain of seeing some low-born Scoundrel raised above him. But Jealousy and Envy are always vicious. They oppose the Course of Nature, and the Laws of Time, which hide some illustrious Families in Obscurity, and raise others, as it were, out of the Earth, upon the Ruins of the former. DAC.

26. *Porticus Agrippæ.*] It was called the Arcade of good Luck, *Porticus boni eventus*, and situated near the Pantheon, at the Entrance

es



Is raptur'd with almost the same Desires,  
 As he, who doats on what the World admires;  
 Equal their Terrors, equal their Surprise,  
 When accidental Dangers round them rise.  
 Nor matters it, what Passion fills his Breast,  
 With Joy or Grief, Desire or Fear oppress'd,  
 Who views, with down-fix'd Eyes, Life's varying Scene,  
 Whose Soul grows stiff, and stupified his Brain.  
 Even Virtue, when pursu'd with Warmth extreme,  
 Turns into Vice, and fools the Sage's Fame.

Go now, with Taste improv'd, and higher Gust  
 Admire the rich Buffet, the Marble Bust,  
 The bronze Antique, the Purple's glowing Die,  
 The Gem, whose Radiance trembles on the Eye;  
 Let gazing Crowds your Eloquence admire,  
 At early Morn to Court, at Night retire,  
 Lest Mutus wed a Wife of large Estate,  
 While, deeper your Dishonour to compleat,  
 The low-born Wretch to You no Honour pays,  
 Though You on Him with Admiration gaze.

But Time shall bring the latent Birth to Light,  
 And hide the present glorious Race in Night;  
 For though Agrippa's awful Collonade,  
 Or Appian Way, thy passing Pomp survey'd,  
 It yet remains to tread the drear Descent,  
 Where good Pompilius, and great Ancus went.

Would You not wish to cure th' acuter Pains,  
 That rack your tortur'd Side, or vex your Reins?  
 Would You, and who would not, with Pleasure live?  
 If Virtue can alone the Blessing give,

With

of the Campus Martius. This Epistle must have been written after  
 the Year 729, when the Arcade was finished,

Si virtus hoc una potest dare ; fortis omiſſis  
 Hoc age deliciis. Virtutem verba putas, &  
 Lucum ligna. ? cave ne portus occupet alter,  
 Ne Cibyrica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.  
 Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro &  
 Tertia ſuccedant, & quæ pars quadret acervum.  
 Scilicet uxorem cum dote, fidemque, & amicos,  
 Et genus, & formam regina Pecunia donat ;  
 Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela Venusque.  
 Mancipiis locuples eget æris Cappadocum rex :  
 Ne fueris hic tu. Chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,  
 Si poſſet centum ſcenæ præbere rogatus :  
 Quî poſſum tot ? ait : tamen & quæram, & quot habebo,  
 Mittam. Poſt paulò ſcribit, ſibi millia quinque  
 Eſſe domi chlamydum, partem vel tolleret omnes.

Exili

30. *Si virtus hoc una poteſt.*] If Riches and Honours cannot cure the Body, much leſs can they cure the Diſorders of the Soul. But if You think, that Religion and Virtue are meer Creatures of our Imagination, then purſue the Pleaſures of Life ; give a looſe to the Paſſions, and enter into Trade, that You may get Wealth to ſupport them.

34. *Rotundentur.*] *Rotundare* and *quadrare* were Terms of the Treafury to ſignify a complete Sum. Cicero ſays, *quadrare ſeſtertia*. The Tranſlator hath taken the Liberty of uſing a modern mercantile Term of Art, a *Plumb*, an hundred thouſand Pounds.

39. *Mancipiis locuples eget æris.*] It is not eaſy, ſays our Poet to be rich. The Deſign is of vaſt Extent. Conſequently, whoever places his Happineſs in Riches, will for ever want ſome little Addition to make it complete.

Dac

*Cappadocum.*] Theſe People were ſo born for Slavery, that when the Romans offered them Freedom, they reſuſed it, and ſaid, They were not able to ſupport Liberty. They were ſo poor, that in the Time of Lucullus, an Ox was ſold for four-pence, and a Man for about ſixteen-pence. But they loved their Slavery and Poverty with the ſame Ardour, with which others purſue Liberty and Riches. All things conſidered, ſays Mr. Sanadon, they were perhaps more happy. A Remark well worthy of a Cappadocian or a Frenchman.

41.

With ardent Spirit Her alone pursue,  
 And with Contempt all other Pleasures view.  
 Yet if you think, that Virtue's but a Name;  
 That Groves are Groves, nor from Religion claim  
 A sacred Awe; sail to the distant Coast,  
 Nor let the rich Bithynian Trade be lost.  
 A thousand Talents be the rounded Sum,  
 You first design'd; then raise a second Plumb;  
 A third successive be your earnest Care,  
 And add a fourth to make the Mass a Square;  
 For Gold the sovereign Queen of all below,  
 Friends, Honour, Birth and Beauty can bestow;  
 The Goddess of Persuasion forms his Train,  
 And Venus decks the well-bemoney'd Swain.

The Cappadocian King, though rich in Slaves,  
 Yet wanting Money, was but rich by Halves.  
 Be not like him. Lucullus, as they say,  
 Once being ask'd to furnish for a Play  
 An hundred martial Vests, astonish'd cried,  
 Whence can so vast a Number be supplied?  
 But yet, whate'er my Wardrobe can afford,  
 You shall command. Soon after writes them word,  
 Five thousand Vests were ready at a Call,  
 They might have Part, or, if they pleas'd, take all.

Poor

41. *Si posset centum scenæ præbere.*] These Robes were probably wanted for some such Entertainment, as we find in the first Epistle of the second Book; though Plutarch tells us, Horace calls them five thousand, that he may enliven his Tale by such an Exaggeration, for the real Number was two hundred. The Point and Moral of the Story would convince us, that the Necessaries and Conveniences of Life are not sufficient to make us happy. There must be some superfluous Wealth, beyond what the Possessor enjoys; yet if he knows but half his Wealth, he consequently can enjoy but half of it.

Exilis domus est, ubi non & multa supersunt, 45  
 Et dominum fallunt, & prosunt furibus. Ergo,  
 Si res sola potest facere & servare beatum;  
 Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc postremus omittas.  
 Si fortunatum species, & gratia præstat;  
 Mercemur servum, qui dicet nomina, lævum 50  
 Qui fodicet latus, & cogat trans pondera dextram  
 Porrigere: Hic multùm in Fabiâ valet, ille Velinâ:  
 Cui libet, is fasces dabit; eripietque curule,  
 Cui volet, importunus ebur. Frater, pater, adde,  
 Ut cuique est ætas; ita quemque facetus adopta. 55  
 Si bene qui cœnat, bene vivit; lucet, camus  
 Quò ducit gula: piscemur, venemur, ut olim  
 Gargilius, qui mane plagas, venabula, servos,  
 Differtum transire forum campumque jubebat:

Unus

49. *Si fortunatum.*] After having spoken of Riches in general, he now speaks of the different Use we make of them; either to support a Magnificence of Equipage, a Luxury of eating, or the Pleasures of Love and Mirth. But if all together cannot make us happy, (and certainly they cannot) it were ridiculous to expect our Happiness from any one of them. DAC.

*Species.*] Magnificence in Dress, Equipage, &c. *Gratia*, public Authority, Popularity.

51. *Trans pondera dextram porrigere.*] The Streets of Rome were crowded with Coaches and Waggon. The Nomenclator, *qui dicet nomina*, directs his Master to turn these Impediments to his Advantage by making an Acquaintance with those, who are stopped with him, or by crossing to them, who are on the other Side of the Way. But perhaps our Poet by a Kind of pleasant Hyperbole of stretching the Hand across the Street, when crowded with Carts or Waggon, *trans pondera*, only means, that the Candidate throws out his Hand to his Voter, in somewhat the modern Manner of Salutation.

53. *Is fasces dabit.*] *Is* marks a third Person, and regularly follows *hic* and *ille*: By reading *hic* we seem to return to Him, who hath so much Interest in the Fabian and Velinian Tribes. The present Reading is of four Manuscripts.

56. *Si bene qui cœnat, bene vivit.*] A luxurious Table is the second Use of Riches, by which we hope for Happiness. DAC.

59. *Forum campumque.*] The Manuscripts and old Editions read  
*forum*



Poor House ! where no superfluous Wealth's unknown  
To its rich Lord, that Thieves may make their own.

Well then, if Wealth alone our Bliss insure,  
Our first, our latest Toil, should Wealth secure :  
If Popularity the Blessing claims,  
Let's buy a Slave to tell our Voters' Names,  
And give the Hint, when through the crowded Street  
To stretch the civil Hand to all we meet.

" The Fabian Tribe his Interest largely sways ;  
" This the Velinian ; there a third, with Ease,  
" Can give or take the Honours of the State,  
" The Consul's Fasces, and the Prætor's Seat.  
" According to their Age adopt them all,  
" And Brother, Father, most facetious call."

If he lives well, who revels out the Night,  
Be Gluttony our Guide ; away ; 'tis Light.  
Let's fish, or hunt, and then, at early Day,  
Across the crowded Forum take our Way,  
Or to the Campus Martius change the Scene,  
And let our Slaves display our hunting Train,  
That gazing Crowds by one poor Mule be taught,  
At what a Price the mighty Boar was bought.  
Then let us bathe, while th' indigested Food  
Lies in the swelling Stomach raw and crude,

Forgetting

*forum populumque.* But *populum* and *populo* in two Lines have a very bad Effect. *Differtum forum populumque* is unintelligible, and the Adjective can agree with only the first of these two Substantives. We cannot say *differtus populus*. Horace is not speaking of a Street, but of some open Place, where the People used to meet, such as the Forum or the Campus Martius. The Distance between these two Places makes the ridiculous Parade of Gargilius more probable.

BENT. SAN.  
61. Crudi

Unus ut è multis, populo spectante, referret 60  
 Emtum mulus aprum. Crudi tumidique lavemur,  
 Quid deceat, quid non, obliti; Cærite cerâ  
 Digni, remigium vitiosum Ithacensis Ulyssæi;  
 Cui potior patriâ fuit interdicta voluptas.  
 Si, Mimnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque 65  
 Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.  
 Vive, vale. Si quid novisti rectius istis,  
 Candidus imperti: si non, his utere mecum.

61. *Crudi tumidique lavemur.*] The ancient Epicureans in good eating used to bathe after Dinner, that they might hasten the natural Digestion, and prepare themselves for another Entertainment. SAN.

62. *Cærite cerâ digni.*] The Cærites having received the Vestal Virgins, and tutelary Gods of Rome, when it was sacked by the Gauls, the Romans in Gratitude gave them the Privileges of Citizens. But having some Years afterwards revolted to the Tarquins, they were deprived of the Right of voting at Elections, and a particular Roll was made for their Names, to which those of other infamous Citizens were afterwards added. From thence came a Manner of Speaking, *dignus Cæritum tabulis*; *Cærite cerâ digni.* TORR.

Mr. Hardouin, the Jesuit, hath a Remark on this Passage, of much Sagacity. He would understand, *Cærite cerâ digni*, as if it were

## EPIST. VII. *Ad MÆCENATEM.*

QUINQUE dies tibi pollicitus me rure futurum,  
 Sextilem totum mendax desideror: atqui

Si

Liberty is the greatest of all Blessings. It gives a Relish to all other Enjoyments. Mankind are prepossessed in Favour of these Sentiments, and tell us, that they are born for Freedom, and consider it as the most glorious Privilege of their Nature. Yet there is nothing, which they so carelessly resign. Among all the Slaves in Life, they, who have engaged themselves in the Service of the Great, are most to be lamented. Their whole Being is one continual Servitude, and he, whom they call their Patron, is properly their Tyrant. Our Poet was not of a Temper to sacrifice his Liberty to his Interest. However obliged by Mæcenas, he knew how to distinguish Gratitude

Forgetting all of Decency and Shame,  
 From the fair Book of Freedom strike our Name,  
 And like th' abandon'd Ulyssæan Crew,  
 Our Ithaca forgot, forbidden Joys pursue.

If Life's insipid without Mirth and Love,  
 Let Love and Mirth insipid Life improve.  
 Farewell, and if a better System's thine,  
 Impart it frankly, or make use of mine.

were applied to *remigium vitiosum*, and signified Men so brutal and stupid, that they ought to have their Ears stopp'd with Wax, like the Companions of Ulysses, that they might not be seduced by the Songs of the Sirens. But this Gentleman is not a little famous for his critical Refinements.

65. *Mimnermus*] was an Ionian Poet, who lived about six hundred Years before the Christian Æra. He had a peculiar Happiness in Descriptions of Tendernefs, Pleasure and Love. His Style was easy, rich and florid.

67. *Si quid novisti rectius istis.*] The Poet ends his Epistle with an easy Politenefs. Numicius could not find, in the Morals of Heathenism, any System of sounder, wiser Precepts, than what Horace proposes. They inspire an Esteem for Virtue, and a Contempt of Vice. Yet some too sagacious Critics have imagined, that he designed a Piece without Principles or Morals, and intended to establish a criminal and senseless Indifference for Vice and Virtue. SAN.

## EPIST. VII. To MÆCENAS.

I Promis'd at my Country Farm to stay  
 But a few Days; yet August roll'd away,

And

tude from Slavery, and happily for him, that great Minister allowed the Distinction. The natural easy Manner, with which Horace excuses his not complying with all the Humours of his illustrious Friend, may well instruct us, that it is not impossible to enjoy the good Graces of the Great without Meanness or Baseness.

This Epistle was probably written in 731, when our Author was in his forty second Year.

SAN.

Verse 2. *Sextilem.*] The Romans began their Year at March, from whence the sixth Month was called Sextilis, even after January

and

Si me vivere vis sanum rectèque valentem ;  
 Quam mihi das ægro, dabis ægrotare timenti,  
 Mæcenas, veniam ; dum ficus prima calorque 5  
 Designatorem decorat listoribus atris :  
 Dum pueris omnis pater, & matercula pallet ;  
 Officiosaque sedulitas, & opella forensis  
 Adducit febres, ac testamenta resignat.  
 Quòd si bruma nives Albanis illinet agris ; 10  
 Ad mare descendet vates tuus, & sibi parcet,  
 Contractusque leget ; te, dulcis amice, reviset  
 Cum Zephyris, si concedes, & hirundine primâ.  
 Non, quo more pyris vesci Calaber jubet hospes,  
 Tu me fecisti locupletem. Vescere fodes. 15  
 Jam satis est. At tu quantum vis tolle. Benignè.  
 Non invisa feres pueris munuscula parvis.  
 Tam teneor dono, quàm si dimittar onustus.  
 Ut libet : hæc porcis hodie comedenda relinquis.

Prodigus

and February were added to the Calendar of Romulus. It afterwards took the Name of Augustus, *mensis Augustus*, as the Month before it was called *Mensis Julius* from Julius Cæsar.

8. *Officiosa sedulitas.*] The Earnestness and Assiduity of making our court to the Great. *Opella forensis*, the Pleadings, and Business of the Courts. DAC.

9. *Testamenta resignat.*] Puts us to death ; for Wills were never opened until the Death of the Testator.

12. *Contractusque leget.*] These Words have been very differently explained by different Commentators, and the Translator confesses he does not understand them. Some think it a metaphorical Expression taken from a Mariner's furling the Sails in a Tempest. The Poet must then mean, that he will read with less Application and Earnestness, *et sibi parcet*. Others believe, that he would image to us a Man chilled with Cold, who collects and brings himself into less Compass, *frigore duplicatus*. Mr. Sanadon translates it, *shut up, and warmly clothed*, against the Severity of the Weather. Yet in his

Notes



And left your Loiterer here. But kind forgive  
 (In cheerful Health if you would have me live)  
 And to my Fears the same Indulgence show,  
 As to my real Illness You bestow ;  
 While the first Fig now paints the sickly Year,  
 And bids the black funereal Pomp appear ;  
 The Father, and, with softer Passions warm'd,  
 The tender Mother for her Son's alarm'd ;  
 The crowded Levee with a Fever kills,  
 And the long Lawyer's Plea unseals our Wills ;  
 But when the Snows on Alba Plains shall lie,  
 To some warm Sea-port Town your Bard shall fly,  
 There o'er a Book, not too severely, bend,  
 Resolv'd to visit his illustrious Friend,  
 When western Winds, and the first Swallows bring  
 The welcome Tidings of returning Spring.

In other Taste to me your Bounty flow'd,  
 Than to his Guest the rough Calabrian show'd—  
 “ These Pears are excellent, then prithee feed.”—  
 I've eaten quite enough—“ Well. You indeed  
 “ Shall take some home—as many as you please,  
 “ For Children love such little Gifts as these.”  
 I thank You, Sir, as if they all were mine—  
 “ Well, if You leave, You leave them for the Swine.”

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Notes he thinks *contractus* may signify *contracto in loco*; in *angusto conclave*, because small Apartments are less cold, and consequently more proper for Winter. The Translator hath honestly set the Difficulty before his Reader, and wishes, although unsatisfied with them, himself, that he may find any thing in these Remarks to explain it.

16. *Benignè*.] *Benè* and *benignè* were Words of Politeness and Modesty among the Romans as *καλῶς* and *ἐπαινῶ* among the Greeks, when they refused any thing offered to them. DACC.

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DAC.

Prodigus ac stultus donat quæ spernit & odit :  
 Hæc seges ingratos tulit, ac feret omnibus annis.  
 Vir bonus & sapiens dignis ait esse paratus :  
 Nec tamen ignorat, quid distent æra lupinis.  
 Dignum præstabo me, etiam pro laude merentis.  
 Quod si me noles usquam discedere ; reddes  
 Forte latus, nigros angustâ fronte capillos ;  
 Reddes dulce loqui : reddes ridere decorum, &  
 Inter vina fugam Cinare mœrere protervæ.  
 Fortè per angustam tenuis nitedula rimam  
 Repferat in cumeram frumenti : pastaque, rursum  
 Ire foras pleno tendebat corpore frustra.  
 Cui mustela procul : Si vis, ait, effugere istinc,  
 Macra cavum repetes arctum, quem macra subisti. Hac

20. *Prodigus ac stultus.*] They, who make Presents of their Superfluities, or of what they despise, may perhaps be called prodigal, but can never be esteemed liberal. Liberality gives with Discernment and Judgement. It knows the Value of what it bestows, and the Merit of the Person, whom it obliges. Indeed, the Manner of giving is often the most engaging Part of an Obligation, and has the best Right to our Gratitude. *Τὰς χάριτας ἀχαρίτως χαρίζεσθαι*, to grant a Favour with so bad a Grace, as not to make it an Obligation.

22. *Dignis ait esse paratus.*] *Vir bonus & sapiens paratus dignis, ait se esse illis paratum.* The Grammarians are grievously scandalized at this kind of Construction, yet it has a peculiar Elegance in Poetry, and the Poets have frequently used it. *Sensit medius delapsus in hostes.* Virgil. *Ait fuisse navium celerrimus.* Catul. And in our own Author, *Patiens vocari Cæsaris ultor. Uxor invicti Jovis esse nescis.*

23. *Quid distent æra lupinis.*] *Lupina* a Sort of Pulse, used for Play-house Money. Plautus in his *Pœnulus*. Act. 3. Scene 2.

AGAM. Agite, inspicite: aurum est. COL. Profecto, spectatores, comicum. Macerato hoc pingues fiunt auro in Barbaria boves.

AGAM. Hold ; see ; it is Gold. COL. Yes, truly, the Gold of Comedy. This is the Gold, with which, when it is well watered, they fatten Oxen in Italy.

24. *Pro laude merentis.*] The Difficulty of this Passage arises from the Poet's dividing *pro* from the Particle *merentis*, *dignum præstabo me etiam laude promerentis*. I will render myself, by my Gratitude, worthy of the Praises of my Benefactor. The same Manner of breaking a Word is in the sixth Ode of the first Book, *Quam rem cunque ferox*, and in Virgil, *inque salutatam linquo*. DAC. SAN.

26. *Tenuis nitedula.*] Reader, erect thine Ears, and be attentive, while we cut this Passage to the quick. All the Manuscripts ;



When Fools and Spendthrifts give what they despise,  
 Thin Crops of Gratitude will always rise.  
 The Wise and Good with better Choice bestow,  
 And real Gold from Play-house Counters know.  
 But thus much Merit let me boldly claim,  
 No base Ingratitude shall stain my Name;  
 And yet if I must never leave you more,  
 Give me my former Vigour, and restore  
 The Hair, that on the youthful Forehead plays;  
 Give me to prate with Joy, to laugh with Ease,  
 And o'er the flowing Bowl, in sighing Strain,  
 To talk of wanton Cinera's Disdain.

Into a wicker Cask where Corn was kept,  
 Perchance of meagre Corps a Field-mouse crept,  
 But when she fill'd her Paunch, and sleek'd her Hide,  
 How to get out again, in vain she tried.  
 A Weeze!, who beheld her thus distressed,  
 In friendly sort the luckless Mouse address'd,  
 "Would you escape, You must be lean and thin;  
 "Then try the Crany, where you first got in."

IF

all Editions read *Vulpecula*, but I appeal to your Honour, ye Hunters, Farmers, and Naturalists, can a Fox eat Corn? Mr. Dacier, who reads *camera*, hath with much good Foresight provided his Granary with Poultry and Pigeons. A pleasant and facetious Conceit truly! A frugal Farmer, to be sure, who lets his Poultry into his Barn, which must certainly be well covered against Rain, if it is open to Pigeons. But it seems, this was a lean Fox, that crept through a little Hole. I should hardly believe it, although he were Skin and Bone. But how many Days and Nights must this wild Creature have lived indulging his Genius, like a tame domestic Animal, in an Enemy's House, amidst the Noise of the Family? O Reader, whosoever thou art, if thou hast ever saluted Horace even at the Threshold, canst thou believe such Absurdities of him?

Such is the spirited and earnest Criticism of Dr. Bentley, when he recommends to us the present Reading *nitedula*, which hath been received by Mr. Cuninghame and Mr. Sanadon.

31. *Pleno corpore.*] These Words are in Opposition, not only to

SCHWIS

Hac ego si compellor imagine, cuncta resigno :  
 Nec somnum plebis laudo satur altitium, nec  
 Otia divitiis Arabum liberrima muto.  
 Sæpe verecundum laudasti : rexque, paterque  
 Audisti coram, neque verbo parcius absens.  
 Inspice, si possum donata reponere lætus.  
 Haud malè Telemachus proles patientis Ulyssæi :  
 Non est aptus equis Ithacæ locus, ut neque planis  
 Porrectus spatiiis, nec multæ prodigus herbæ :  
 Atride, magis apta tibi tua dona relinquam.  
 Parvum parva decent. Mihi jam non regia Roma,  
 Sed vacuum Tibur placet, aut imbellè Tarentum.  
 Strenuus ac fortis, causisque Philippus agendis  
 Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam  
 Dum redit, atque foro nimium distare Carinas  
 Jam grandis natu queritur ; conspexit, ut aiunt,

Adrasum

*tenuis* but *macra*, and signify not only, that our Field-mouse had filled her Belly, which she might have done at a single Meal, but that she stayed long enough to grow fat, and was in good Plight of Body.

BENT. SAN.

35. *Nec somnum plebis laudo, &c.*] Our Author was not one of the many, who, when gorged with Luxury and good Cheer, applauded the frugal Tables, and easy Slumbers of the Poor. His Love of Liberty and Repose was as natural to him in Poverty, as in Riches.

TORR.

37. *Sæpe verecundum laudasti.*] Horace is not afraid to call Mæcenas himself as a Witness of his Disinterestedness and Gratitude. You have often, says he, commended me for a Moderation, which could alone set Bounds to your Liberality. You know, that I ever spoke of You in the Language of Tendernefs and Respect, as my Friend and Benefactor. To receive without Pride, and to resign without Pain, was a Stoical Maxim, which our Poet seems to have practised with much Sincerity.

DAC.

41. *Non est aptus equis Ithacæ locus.*] *Ithacæ non est locus aptus equis.* This Expression is pure Latin, and the Reading is of all the

Manu-

If in this Tale th' unlucky Picture's mine,  
 Cheerful the Gifts of Fortune I resign;  
 Nor, with a Load of Luxury oppress'd,  
 Applaud the Sleep, that purer Meals digest.  
 Nor would exchange, for blest Arabia's Gold,  
 My native Ease, and Freedom uncontroll'd.

You oft have prais'd me, that no bold Request,  
 A modest Poet! on Your Friendship prest;  
 My grateful Language ever was the same,  
 I call'd you every tender, awful Name;  
 However try me, whether I can part  
 From all your Bounty, with a cheerful Heart.

The Youth, whose Sire such various Woes had tried,  
 To Menelaus, not unwise, replied,  
 " Our Island hath no rich and fertile Plain,  
 " No wide-extended Course, in which to train  
 " The generous Horse; then grant me to refuse  
 " A Present, that You better know to use."

For little Folks become their little Fate,  
 And, at my Age, not Rome's imperial Seat,  
 But soft Tarentum's more delicious Ease,  
 Or Tibur's Solitude my Taste can please.

Philip, whose Youth was spent in Feats of War,  
 Now grown a famous Lawyer at the Bar,  
 Returning from the Courts one sultry Day,  
 Complain'd, how tedious was the lengthen'd Way  
 To Folks in Years; then wistfully survey'd  
 A new-trim'd Spark, who, joying in the Shade,

Loll'd

Manuscripts. *Ithacæ* signifies *in Ithacâ*, nor is it governed of *locus*.  
 Thus the Latins use *Cretæ* for *in Cretâ*, *Cypri* for *in Cypri*. SAN.

46. *Strenuus ac fortis Philippus*.] This little Tale is the longest,  
 But not the least agreeable of the three, with which Horace hath  
 enlivened

Adrasum quendam vacuâ tonsoris in umbrâ 50  
 Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.  
 Demetri (puer hic non lævus jussu Philippi  
 Accipiebat) abi, quære, & refer; unde domo, quis,  
 Cujus fortunæ, quo sit patre, quoque patrono.  
 It, redit, enarrat, Vulteium nomine Menam, 55  
 Præconem, tenui censu, sine crimine notum,  
 Et properare loco, & cessare, & quærere, & uti,  
 Gaudentem parvisque sodalibus, & lare certo;  
 Et ludis &, post decisa negotia, campo.  
 Scitari libet ex ipso quodcunque refers. Dic 60  
 Ad cœnam veniat. Non sanè credere Mena:  
 Mirari secum tacitus. Quid multa? Benignè,  
 Respondet. Neget ille mihi? Negat improbus, ac te  
 Negligit, aut horret: Vulteium mane Philippus  
 Vilia vendentem tunicato scruta popello, 65  
 Occupat, ac salvere jubet prior. Ille Philippo  
 Excusare laborem & mercenaria vincla,  
 Quòd non manè domum venisset; denique quòd non

Pro.

enlivened his Letter. It is told with that natural Ease and Vivacity, which can only make these Kinds of Stories pleasing. Lucius Marcus Philippus was equally distinguished by his Birth, Eloquence, and Courage, which raised him to the Censorship and Consulship. SAN.

50. *Vacuâ tonsoris in umbrâ.*] *In umbra* covered from the Heat of the Sun, and *vacua* because it was a Time of Day when all the World were retired to their own Houses; or because these Shops were usually the Haunts of Idlers. *Vacui* and *otiosi*.

55. *Vulteium nomine Menam.*] By these Words Philip might know he was a Stranger; that he had been made free, and that his Patron's Name was Vultei. Slaves had no Surname; but when they were made free they took the Names or Surnames of their Patrons, to which they added those of their Slavery. SAN.

57. *Et properare loco & cessare.*] *Properat ut quærat, & cessat ut quæstis utatur.* *Loco* is equally applied to both Verbs, and signifies *tempestivè, in loco & in tempore*, SAN.

65. *Tunicato*



Ep. 7. THE EPISTLES OF HORACE:

Loll'd in a Barber's Shop, with Ease reclin'd,  
And par'd his Nails, right indolent of Mind.

"Demetrius (so was call'd his favourite Slave,  
For such Commissions a right-trusty Knave)

"Run and inquire of yonder Fellow straight,

"His Name, Friends, Country, Patron and Estate."

He goes, returns, and — "Menas is his Name ;

"Of moderate Fortune, but of honest Fame ;

"A public Crier, who a thousand Ways

"Bustles to get, and then enjoys his Ease.

"A boon Companion 'mongst his Equals known,

"And the small House he lives in is his own.

"His Business over, to the public Shows,

"Or to the Field of Mars he sauntering goes."

Methinks, I long to see this wonderous Wight.

Bid him be sure to sup with me to-night.

Menas, with aukward Wonder, scarce believes

The courteous Invitation he receives :

At last politely begs to be excus'd—

"And am I then with Insolence refus'd ?

"Whether from too much Fear, or too much Pride

"I know not, but he flatly has denied."

Philip next morn our honest Pedlar found,

Dealing his iron Merchandise around

To his small Chaps ;—the first Good-morrow gave ;

Menas confus'd—"Behold a very Slave,

"To Business chain'd, or I should surely wait

"An early Client at your Worship's Gate ;

" Or

65. *Tunicato scruta popello.*] Menas was a public Crier, but exercised besides a little Sort of Traffic ; a kind of small ware Merchandise, in selling old Furniture and Moveables to the lowest of the People. Horace calls the People *tunicato popello*, because they were obliged by their Poverty to go abroad in their Tunics without the upper Garment usually worn over them by the richer Romans.

providisset eum. Sic ignovisse putato  
 Me tibi, si cœnas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo 70  
 Post nonam venies: nunc i, rem strenuus auge.  
 Ut ventum ad cœnam est; dicenda, tacenda locutus,  
 Tandem dormitum dimittitur. Ergo ubi sæpe  
 Occultum visus decurrere piscis ad hamum,  
 Mane cliens, & jam certus conviva; jubetur 75  
 Rura suburbana indiētis comes ire Latinis.  
 Impositus mannis, arvum cœlumque Sabinum  
 Non cessat laudare. Videt, ridetque Philippus:  
 Et sibi dum requiem, dum risus undique quærit,  
 Dum septem donat sestertia, mutua septem 80  
 Promittit; persuadet, uti mercetur agellum.  
 Mercatur. Ne te longis ambagibus, ultra  
 Quàm satis est, morer; ex nitido fit rusticus, atque  
 Sulcos ac vineta crepat mera: præparat ulmos:  
 Immoritur studiis, & amore senescit habendi. 85  
 Verùm ubi oves furto, morbo periere capellæ,  
 Spem mentita seges, bos est enectus arando;  
 Offensus damnis, mediâ de nocte caballum  
 Arripit, iratusque Philippi tendit ad ædes.  
 Quem simul aspexit scabrum intonsumque Philippus, 90  
 Durus

76. *Indiētis Latinis.*] Philip could go to the Country only in the Holidays. They were called *indiētæ* or *conceptivæ*, because they were not celebrated upon any stated Days, *dies statas*, but appointed at the Pleasure of the Consul. They were instituted in Honour of Jupiter, in Memory of a Peace concluded between Tarquinius Superbus, and the People of Latium.

80. *Dum septem donat sestertia.*] About *l. 54. 13. 9.* of our Money.

"Or had I first perceiv'd You—as I live"—  
Well, sup with me To-night, and I forgive  
All past Neglect. Be punctual to your Hour;  
Remember I expect You just at four.

'Till then farewell; your growing Fortunes mend,  
And know me for your Servant, and your Friend.

Behold him now at Supper, where he said,  
Or right or wrong, what came into his Head.  
When Philip saw his eager Gudgeon bite,  
At Morn an early Client, and at Night  
A certain Guest, his Project to compleat,  
He takes him with him to his Country-Seat.  
On Horse-back now he ambles at his Ease,  
The Soil, the Climate, his incessant Praise.

Philip, who well observ'd our simple Guest,  
Laughs in his Sleeve, resolv'd to have his Jest  
At any Rate; then lends him fifty Pound,  
And promis'd fifty more, to buy a Spot of Ground.

But, that our Tale no longer be delay'd,  
Bought is the Ground, and our spruce Merchant made  
A very Rustic: now at endless Rate,  
Vineyards and Furrows are his constant prate.  
He plants his Elms for future Vines to rise,  
Grows old with Care, and on the Prospect dies.  
But when his Goats by Sicknefs, and by Thieves  
His Sheep are lost, his Crop his Hope deceives,  
When his one Ox is kill'd beneath the Yoke,  
Such various Losses his best Spirits broke.

At Midnight dragging out his only Horse,  
He drives to Philip's House his desperate Course;  
Who, when he saw him rough, deform'd with Hair,

"Your ardent Love of Pelf, your too much Care

"Hath

Durus, ait, Vultei, nimis attentusque videris  
 Esse mihi. Pol me miserum, patrone, vocares,  
 Si velles, inquit, verum mihi ponere nomen.  
 Quodd te per Genium dextramque deosque Penates  
 Obsecro, & obtestor; vitæ me redde priori.  
 Qui semel aspexit, quantum dimissa petitis  
 Præstent; maturè redeat, repetatque relicta.  
 Metiri se quemque suo modulo ac pede, verum est.

95

96. *Qui semel aspexit.*] *Ut primum quis aspexit.* They, who read *simul*, if they refer it to Vultei, must be obliged to read *rediit repetiitque* in the following Verse, against the Faith of Manuscripts. Lambinus and Mr. Dacier have given these three Lines to Philip. But Philip was persuaded, from the Beginning, that Menas had better have continued in his first Condition, and only proposed, as a Mat-  
 ter

# EPIST. VIII. Ad CELSUM ALBINOVANUM.

CEL SO gaudere & bene rem gerere Albinovano,  
 Musa rogata, refer, comiti scribæque Neronis.  
 Si quæret, quid agam; dic, multa ac pulchra minantem,  
 Vivere nec rectè, nec suaviter: haud quia grando  
 Contuderit vites, oleamve momorderit æstus;

5  
Nec

If Horace, as our Commentators understand him, intended to draw his own Picture in this Epistle, it must be confessed, it is very little like the joyous Carelessness of his Life in general. In almost perfect Health; possessed of an easy Fortune, and supported by a good Understanding, he makes himself miserable with causeless Disquietudes, and an unaccountable Waywardness of Temper. There are indeed too many Instances of these Weaknesses among Mankind, but our Author's Epicurean Principles were of a more cheerful Kind. The ancient Interpreter thinks, he puts on these Infirmities, that he may with more Politeness reproach Albinovanus,



"Hath surely brought You to this dismal Plight."—  
 Oh! call me Wretch, if You would call me right,  
 But let this Wretch your Clemency implore,  
 By your good Genius;—by each heavenly Power;  
 By that right Hand, sure never pledg'd in vain,  
 Restore to me my former Life again.

To his first State let him return with Speed,  
 Who sees how far the Joys he left exceed  
 His present Choice: for all should be confin'd  
 Within the Bounds, which Nature hath assign'd.

ter of Merriment, to make him change it; *videt ridetque Philippus*.  
 The Sentiment therefore can only belong to the Poet, who draws  
 this Moral from the Tale he had told. The present Reading is sup-  
 ported by two Manuscripts, and seven best Editions. BENT.

### EPIST. VIII. To CELSUS ALBINOVANUS.

**T**O Celsus, Muse, my warmest Wishes bear,  
 And if he kindly ask you how I fare,  
 Say, though I threaten many a fair Design,  
 Nor Happiness, nor Wisdom, yet are mine.  
 Not that the driving Hail my Vineyards beat;  
 Not that my Olives are destroy'd with Heat;

Not

binovanus, who was really subject to them. But surely Tiberius  
 would not employ a Secretary of this whimsical Character. Every  
 Reader must determine for himself, what Degree of Probability  
 there is in these Reasons. The Letter seems to have been written  
 in the Year 734.

Verse 4. *Vivere nec rectè, nec suaviter*.] This Distinction is of  
 pure Epicurean Morality. *Rectè vivere*, to live according to the  
 Rules of Virtue; *Vivere suaviter*, to have no other Guidance for  
 our Actions but Pleasure and our Passions.

10. C.

Nec quia longinquis armentum ægrotet in arvis :  
Sed quia mente minùs validus quàm corpore toto,  
Nìl audire velim, nìl discere, quod levet ægrum :

Fidis offender medicis, irascar amicis,  
Cur me funesto properent arcere veterno. 10

Quæ nocuere sequar, fugiam quæ profore credam :  
Romæ Tibur amem, ventosus, Tibure Romam.

Post hæc, ut valeat ; quo pacto rem gerat, & se ;

Ut placeat juveni, percontare, utque cohorti.

Si dicet, rectè : primùm gaudere ; subinde 15

Præceptum auriculis hoc instillare memento :

Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse, feremus.

10. *Cur me funesto.*] The Poet uses *cur* for *quid*, and it is too remarkable to be passed over. Perhaps there is not another Instance of it in the Latin Tongue.

12. *Romæ Tibur amem, ventosus.*] This Inconstancy of Temper is more deplorable, as it is almost incurable. It puts the whole Mind out of Order, and taints every Object of every Sense.

14. *Ut placeat juveni.*] To enjoy the Confidence of a Prince without disoblighing his Courtiers, is an important Point, and at the same Time extremely difficult. Few People know this Art, without which they bring upon themselves Disgrace on one Side, or Jealousy on the other. The last Line would induce us to believe, that Albinovanus made too much Use of his Interest with Tiberius. SAN.

Not that my Cattle pine in distant Plains—  
 More in my Mind than Body lie my Pains.  
 Reading I hate, and with unwilling Ear  
 The Voice of Comfort, or of Health I hear,  
 Friends or Physicians I with Pain endure,  
 Who strive this Languor of my Soul to cure.  
 Whate'er may hurt me, I with Joy pursue;  
 Whate'er may do me good, with Horror view.  
 Inconstant as the Wind, I various rove;  
 At Tibur, Rome: at Rome, I Tibur love.

Ask how he does; what happy Arts support  
 His Prince's Favour, nor offend the Court;  
 If all be well, say first, that we rejoice,  
 And then, remember, with a gentle Voice  
 Infil this Precept on his list'ning Ear,  
 "As You your Fortune, we shall Celsus bear."

17. *Ut tu fortunam.*] A Stroke of that Frankness and Liberty,  
 with which Horace treated his Friends, nor could Albinovanus be  
 shocked at it, as it is softened by the Line before it. SAN.

EPIST. IX. *Ad* CLAUDIUM TIBERIUM NERONEM.

SEPTIMIUS, *Claudi, nimirum intelligit unus,*  
 Quanti me facias. Nam quum rogat, & prece cogit  
 Scilicet, ut tibi se laudare & tradere coner,  
 Dignum mente domoque legentis honesta Neronis ;  
 Munere quum fungi propioris censet amici,  
 Quid possim videt ac novit me valdius ipso.  
 Multa quidem dixi, cur excusatus abirem :  
 Sed timui, mea ne sinxisse minora putarer,  
 Dissimulator opis propriæ, mihi commodus uni.  
 Sic ego, majoris fugiens opprobria culpæ,

10  
Frontis

Among all the Duties of civil Life, there is not another, which requires more Discretion and Delicacy, than that of recommending a Friend, especially to a Superior. This Letter is a Proof of the Remark. The Poet was compelled to write by a sort of violent Importunity, which yet is not inexcusable in Septimius, persuaded as he was of our Author's Interest with Tiberius. There is through the whole Letter a certain happy Mixture of that manly Zeal, which a Friend has a Right to demand, and that modest Respect due to a great Prince. It may be a Pleasure to the Reader to know, that it had all the Success it deserved, for Septimius was afterwards honoured with the Confidence and Affection both of Tiberius and Augustus. We may date the Letter in 732, for Tiberius was sent the Year before to visit, and regulate the Government of the eastern Provinces. SAN.

Verse 1. *Nimirum intelligit unus.*] Some of our grave Commentators understand this Expression according to the Letter. Horace raillies his Friend upon the strong Persuasion he entertained of our Poet's Interest at Court, as if he were the only one of that Opinion. But this Persuasion is at once an Excuse for Septimius his Importunity, and for our Author's Compliance with it. *Rogat & prece cogit, for ita rogat, ut cogat rogando.*

4. Dignum



## EPIST. IX. To CLAUDIUS NERO.

SEPTIMIUS only knows, at least, would seem  
 To know, the Rank I hold in your Esteem,  
 Then asks, nay more, compels me to present him  
 (Nor will a moderate Share of Praise content him)  
 Worthy of Nero's Family, and Heart,  
 Where only Men of Merit claim a Part.  
 When fondly he persuades himself I hold  
 A Place among your nearer Friends enrol'd,  
 Much better than myself he sees and knows  
 How far my Interest with Tiberius goes.

A thousand Things I urg'd to be excus'd,  
 Though fearful, if too warmly I refus'd,  
 I might, perhaps, a mean Dissembler seem,  
 To make a Property of your Esteem.

Thus

4. *Dignum mente domoque.*] This one Line gives us an amiable and finished Character both of Tiberius and Septimius. One takes the greatest Care not to admit any but Men of Merit into his Confidence and Family; the other was worthy of a Choice so distinguished and honourable. SAN.

5. *Propior amici.*] Mr. Dacier has here found an ancient Custom, instituted by Gracchus, of distinguishing between three Degrees of Persons admitted to an Audience. But, without perceiving his Mistake, he tells us, that it was re-established by Tiberius, and consequently could not have been known in the Time of Augustus, when this Letter was written. *Propior amicus*, is an easy, natural Expression for an intimate Friend.

6. *Quid possim uidet.*] This explains the *nimirum intelligit unus*. Septimius must certainly be the only Person, who knows how much Interest I have with you, since I am ignorant of it myself. This new Stroke of Modesty gives a new Force to the Recommendation, and makes the Success more easy. SAN.

11. *Frontis*

Frontis ad urbanæ descendi præmia. Quòd si  
Depositum laudas ob amici iussa pudorem,  
Scribe tui gregis hunc, & fortem crede bonumque.

II. *Frontis ad urbanæ descendi præmia.*] This Expression, says Mr. Dacier, is uncommon and difficult, nor have we an Instance of it in any other Author. He therefore applies to the Greek Tongue, his usual Recourse in all Difficulties, and understands a certain Buffoonery, which is too often successful among the Great. But even an Infination of this kind would have been gross, and rude to Tibertius. *Ad ea devenire ausus sum, quæ sunt aulicæ urbanitatis præmia,* says Mr. Sanadon. The Verb *descendi* signifies, I have attempted; I have engaged. *Frons urbana* is that Assiduity, *audacia hominis urbani*, which gives a Courtier a Right to the Good Graces of his Prince, and even that Right is a kind of Reward of his Services.

EPIST. X. *Ad ARSITIUM FUSCUM.*

URBIS amatorem Fuscum salvere jubemus  
Ruris amatores; hac in re scilicet unâ  
Multum dissimiles; at cætera penè gemelli,  
Fraternis animis: quidquid negat alter, & alter:  
Annuimus pariter: vetuli notique columbi;  
Tu nidum fervas; ego laudo ruris amœni  
Rivos, & musco circumlita faxa nemusque.  
Quid quæris? Vivo & regno, simul ista reliqui  
Quæ vos ad cælum effertis rumore secundo:  
Utque sacerdotis fugitivus, liba-recuso:  
Pane egeo, jam mellitis potiore placentis.

Vivere

There are few People insensible to the Pleasures of the Country. This Taste was in Horace a kind of Passion, and the Reasons, with which he defends it in this Epistle, are equally pleasing and instructive.

Verse 3. *At cætera.*] Such is the Reading of the best Manuscripts and Editions. *Ad* is unnecessary, for the *Latins* use *cætera* absolutely by understanding *quidam*.

BENT. CUN.

Thus have I with a Friend's Request complied,  
 And on the Confidence of Courts relied :  
 If you forgive me, to your Heart receive  
 The Man I love, and know him good and brave.

12. *Quod si depositum laudas.*] He confesses, that he hath offered Violence to his natural Modesty, by thus transgressing the Bounds of that Respect due to Tiberius. But by the Word *laudas* he engages even Tiberius himself in his Party, and obliges him to approve of his Conduct, instead of being angry with him.

13. *Scribe.*] Let his Name be enrolled among the Officers of your Household, and believe him a Man of Courage and Probity. Dæ.

## EPIST. X. To ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

TO Fuscus, who in City-sports delights,  
 A Country-Bard with gentle Greeting writes ;  
 In this we differ, but in all beside,  
 Like twin-born Brothers, are our Souls allied ;  
 And, as a Pair of fondly-constant Doves,  
 What one dislikes the other disapproves.  
 You keep the Nest, I love the rural Mead,  
 The Brook, the mossy Rock and woody Glade ;  
 In short, I live and reign, whene'er I fly  
 The Joys, You vaunt with Rapture to the Sky,  
 And like a Slave, from the Priest's Service fled,  
 I nauseate honey'd Cakes, and long for Bread.

Would

10. *Uique sacerdotis.*] The Priest's Slave, who is tired of living on the Delicacies offered to his Master's God, runs away from his Service, that he may get a little common Bread. Thus our Poet would retreat from the false Taste and Relish of the Pleasures of the Town to the simple and natural Enjoyments of the Country.

Vivere naturæ si convenienter oportet,  
 Ponendæque domo quærenda est area primùm ;  
 Novistine locum potiore rure beato ?  
 Est, ubi plus tepeant hyemes ? ubi gratior aura 15  
 Leniat & rabiem Canis, & momenta Leonis,  
 Quum semel accepit solem furibundus acutum ?  
 Est, ubi divellat fomnos minùs invida cura ?  
 Deteriùs Lybicus olet aut nitet herba lapillis ?  
 Purior in vicis aqua tendit rumpere plumbum, 20  
 Quàm quæ per pronum trepidat cum murmure rivum ?  
 Nempe inter varias nutritur sylva columnas ;  
 Laudaturque domus, longos quæ prospicit agros.  
 Naturam expelles furcâ, tamen usque recurret,  
 Et mala perrumpet furtim fastidia victrix. 25  
 Non, qui Sidonio contendere callidus ostro  
 Nescit Aquinatem potantia vellera fucum,

Certius

12. *Vivere naturæ.*] The first Reason, for which he prefers the Country to the City, is, that we can there live more conformably to the Laws of Nature, and with greater Ease provide whatever she demands, or disengage ourselves from Desires of what she does not really want.

SAN.

15. *Est, ubi plus tepeant hyemes ?*] That is the pleasantest Country, which hath Shade in Summer, and Sun in Winter, *æstate læbeat umbram, hyeme solem.* A rural Retirement certainly appeared to the Ancients the highest Happiness, of which the human Mind is capable. From whence they assigned to good Men in another State the Pleasures of Woods, Groves, Fields, and Rivers, not of magnificent Dwellings and Palaces,

*Nulli certa domus; lucis habitamus opacis,  
 Riparumque toros, & prata recentia rivis.*

16. *Momenta leonis.*] *Motus.* *Æstus.* The Poet by this Expression represents the Constellation of the Lion, as a furious Beast, agitated with excessive Heat, and spreading Destruction round him. The Latins used the Words *momen* and *momentum* from the Verb *movere.* *Elementorum momenta,* for *elementorum motus.* CIC. SAN.

25. *Et mala perrumpet fastidia.*] Avarice, Ambition, Luxury, which



Would you to Nature's Laws Obedience yield;  
 Would you a House for Health or Pleasure build,  
 Where is there such a Situation found,  
 As where the Country spreads its Blessings round?  
 Where is the intemperate Winter less severe?  
 Or, when the Sun ascending fires the Year,  
 Where breathes a milder Zephyr to assuage  
 The Dog-star's Fury, or the Lion's Rage?  
 Where do less envious Cares disturb our Rest?  
 Or are the Fields, in Nature's Colours drest,  
 Less grateful to the Smell, or to the Sight,  
 Than the rich Floor, with inlaid Marble bright?  
 Is Water purer from the bursting Lead,  
 Than gently murmuring down its native Bed?  
 Among your Columns, rich with various Dies,  
 Unnatural Woods with aukward Art arise:  
 You praise the House, whose Situation yields  
 An open Prospect to the distant Fields;  
 For Nature, driven out with proud Disdain,  
 All-powerful Goddess, will return again;  
 Return in silent Triumph to deride  
 The weak Attempts of Luxury and Pride.

The Man, who cannot with judicious Eye  
 Discern the Fleece, that drinks the Tyrian Die,  
 From the pale Latian; yet shall ne'er sustain  
 A Loss so touching, of such heart-felt Pain,

As

which corrupt the Soul, and give it a Disgust of whatever is natural. Do they not live, says Seneca, against Nature, who plant Orchards on their highest Towers, while the Trees, with a kind of Impiety, fix their Roots where their Branches ought not to have aspired? Yet all these Arts, while they offer Violence to Nature, only prove the Taste for Happiness, which she inspires.

26. *Non, qui Sidonio.*] Horace compares the Taste of Nature to

Certius accipiet damnum, propiusve medullis,  
 Quàm qui non poterit vero distinguere falsum.  
 Quem res plus nimio delectavere secundæ, 30  
 Mutatæ quatient. Si quid mirabere, pones  
 Invitus. Fuge magna: licet sub paupere tecto  
 Reges ac regum vitâ præcurrere amicos.  
 Cervus equum, pugnâ melior, communibus herbis  
 Pellebat; donec minor in certamine longo 35  
 Imploravit opes hominis, frænumque recepit:  
 Sed postquam victor victo discessit ab hoste,  
 Non equitem dorso, non frænum depulit ore.  
 Sic, qui pauperiem veritus, potiore metallis,  
 Libertate caret, dominum vehit improbus; atque 40  
 Serviet æternùm, parvo quia nesciet uti.  
 Cui non conveniet sua res, ut calceus olim  
 Si pede major erit, subvertet; si minor, uret.  
 Lætus forte tuâ vives sapienter, Aristi:  
 Nec me dimittes incastigatum, ubi plura 45  
 Cogere

the true Purple; and that of the Passions to an adulterated, false  
 Purple. *Contendere aliquid alicui*, to compare one Thing with ano-  
 ther, *nam una tendunt pannos qui comparare & internoscere volunt dif-*  
*crimina*. People, who compare Pieces of Stuff together, stretch them  
 out near each other, better to discern the Difference. BAXTER.

30. *Quem res plus nimio.*] They, who bound their Desires within  
 the Wants of Nature, and such is usually the Temper of a Coun-  
 try Life, are independent of Fortune's Favours and Resentments;  
 her Anger and Inconstancy. SAN.

34. *Cervus equum, pugnâ melior.*] If there be more Security,  
 there is likewise more Servitude, in Cities than in the Country.  
 Such is our Author's Application of this Fable, invented by Ste-  
 schorus, when the Hymmerians were forming a Life-guard for Pha-  
 laris, whom they had appointed their General.

37. *Victor victo discessit ab hoste.*] This Reading, which appears  
 in an Edition of the Year 1480, has been received by Mr. Cuning-  
 ham and Sanadon; and Dr. Bentley is persuaded, that it was taken  
 from some ancient Manuscript. We have in different Editions,  
 victor

As he, who can't, with Sense of happier Kind,  
Distinguish Truth from Falsehood in the Mind.

They, who in Fortune's Smiles too much delight,  
Shall tremble when the Goddess takes her Flight,  
For if her Gifts our fonder Passions gain,  
The frail Possession we resign with Pain.

Then fly from Grandeur, and the haughty Great;  
The Cottage offers a secure Retreat,  
Where you may make that heart-felt Bliss your own,  
To Kings, and Favourites of Kings, unknown.

A lordly Stag, arm'd with superior Force,  
Drove from their common Field a vanquish'd Horse,  
Who for Revenge to Man his Strength enslav'd,  
Took up his Rider, and the Bitt receiv'd:  
But, though he conquer'd in the martial Strife,  
He felt his Rider's Weight, and champ'd the Bitt for  
Life.

So he, who Poverty with Horror views,  
Nor frugal Nature's Bounty knows to use;  
Who sells his Freedom in Exchange for Gold,  
(Freedom for Mines of Wealth too cheaply sold)  
Shall make eternal Servitude his Fate,  
And feel a haughty Master's galling Weight.

Our Fortunes and our Shoes are near allied;  
Pinch'd in the strait, we stumble in the wide.  
Cheerful and wise your present Lot enjoy,  
And on my Head your just Rebukes employ,

If

*viſtor violens, violens viſtor, violens viſto*, and this very Difference  
juſtly makes the Text ſuſpected.

40. *Improbuſ.*] For *Improbe*, ſhamefully. The Latins uſed *impro-  
buſ*, for *vilis, ſœdus, turpis*. *Lawit improba teter era cruor.* VIRG.

45. *Nec me dimittes in-aſtigatum.*] The Poet makes uſe of this  
D 3 Corrective

Cogere quàm satis est, ac non cessare videbor.  
 Imperat aut servit collecta pecunia cuique,  
 Tortum digna sequi potiùs quam ducere funem.  
 Hæc tibi dictabam fanum post putre Vacunæ;  
 Excepto, quòd non simul esses, cætera lætus.

50

Corrective to soften that Advice, which he had given to his Friend. He desires to be treated with the same Frankness, whenever he shall seem enslaved to the same Passions. SAN.

48. *Tortum digna sequi.*] A Metaphor taken from Beasts, that are led with a Cord. Persius hath used the same Figure, *funem reduco.* SAN.

49. *Prope fanum putre Vacunæ.*] Vacuna was the Goddess of Vacations, whose Festival was celebrated in December. There are still

## EPIST. XI. Ad BULLATIUM.

QUID tibi visa Chios, Bullati, notaque Lesbos?  
 Quid concinna Samos? quid Cræsi regia Sardis?  
 Smyrna quid, & Colophon? majora minorane famâ?  
 Cunctane præ campo & Tiberino flumine sordent?  
 An venit in votum Attalicis ex urbibus una?  
 An Lebedum laudas, odio maris atque viarum?  
 Scis, Lebedus quid sit? Gabiis desertior, atque  
 Fidenis vicus: tamen illic vivere vellem;  
 Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus & illis,

5

Neptunum

We do not know the Person to whom this Letter was written, but we may believe he had retired into Asia, when the last Quarrel was breaking out between Octavius and Antony, that he might not again behold the Horrors of a civil War. When it was ended, our Poet invites him to return to Rome, and gives him such excellent Maxims, as might be useful to a Person, who by an uncheerful Cast of Mind is apt to despair upon every Accident or Alteration of his Fortune. Such was probably the Disposition of Bullatius. The Letter seems to have been written in 725. SAN.

Verse 7. *Scis, Lebedus quid sit?*] These Words, which the Poet puts into the Mouth of Bullatius, were certainly taken from some



If e'er, forgetful of my former Self,  
I toil to raise unnecessary Pelf.  
Gold is the Slave, or Tyrant of the Soul,  
Unworthy to command, it better brooks Controll.  
These Lines behind Vacuna's Fane I pen'd,  
Sincerely blest, but that I want my Friend.

still some Remains of her Temple on our Poet's Estate. He dates his Letter behind this Temple, to insult Aristius with that Idleness and Liberty, which he enjoyed in the Country, in Opposition to the Business and Confinement of Rome. Torr.

EPIST. XI. To BULLATIUS.

**D**O the fam'd Islands of th' Ionian Seas,  
Chios, or Lesbos, my Bullatius please?  
Or Sardis, where great Cræsus held his Court?  
Say, are they less, or greater than Report?  
Does Samos, Colophon, or Smyrna, yield  
To our own Tiber, or to Mars's Field!  
Would you, fatigu'd with Toils of Lands and Seas,  
In Lebedus, or Asia, spend your Days?

You tell me, Lebedus is now become  
A Desert, like our Villages at home,  
Yet there you gladly fix your future Lot,  
Your Friends forgetting, by your Friends forgot;

Enjoy

of his Letters, in which he excused his not returning to Italy. Such a Manner of Writing is unknown, and would be perhaps unintelligible to an English Reader. The Translator has therefore chosen a Turn of Expression, familiar and usual among modern Letter-Writers. *You tell me, Lebedus, &c.* Mr. Sanadon, in violation of all manuscript Authority, and indeed a little unnaturally, has divided this Epistle, as if it were a Dialogue between Horace and Bullatius.

Since the Time of Lambinus, *quam sit*, which is not even Latin, hath infected all our Editions, but all the Manuscripts read *quid sit*.

Torr.

Neptunum procul è terrâ spectare furem. 10  
 Sed neque qui Capuâ Romam petit, imbre lutoque  
 Aspersus, volet in cauponâ vivere; nec, qui  
 Frigus collegit, furnos & balnea laudat,  
 Ut fortunatam plenè præstantia vitam.  
 Nec si te validus jactaverit Auster in alto, 15  
 Idcirco navim trans Ægeum mare vendas.  
 Incolumi Rhodos & Mitylene pulchra facit, quod  
 Penula solstitio, campestre nivalibus auris,  
 Per brumam Tiberis, Sextili mense caminus.  
 Dum licet, ac servat vultum Fortuna benignum, 20  
 Romæ laudetur Samos, & Chios, & Rhodos absens.  
 Tu, quamcunque Deus tibi fortunaverit horam,  
 Gratâ fume manu; neu dulcia differ in annum:  
 Ut, quocunque loco fueris, vixisse libenter  
 Te dicas. Nam si ratio & prudentia curas, 25  
 Non locus, effusi latè maris arbiter, aufert,  
 Cælum, non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt,  
 Strenua nos exercet inertia: navibus atque  
 Quadrigis petimus bene vivere. Quod petis, hic est;  
 Est Ulubris, animus si te non deficit æquus. 30

EPIST.

10. *Neptunum procul è terra.*] This Image perfectly well represents the Condition of Rome and Italy. A Sea, agitated by Tempests, is a natural Figure of a State, distracted by the Dissensions of an intestine War.

SAN.

17. *Incolumi.*] After that Horace hath turned into Ridicule the Reasons, with which Bullatius defends his living in Asia, he prevents the only thing he could reasonably say in his Justification, that he was not influenced by Uneasiness or Melancholy of Temper, but by the real Beauties and Pleasures of the Country. These to a sound Mind, *incolumi*, which was secure and safe from outward Accidents, were insufficient Reasons to make a Man forget his Friends, and the Place of his Birth.

DAC.

19. *Caminus.*] Was a Room open to the South, and contrived in such a Manner, as to collect the Rays of the Sun in Winter. It was called *Heliocaminus* and *solarium*.

25. S.

Enjoy the calm of Life, and safe on Shore,  
At Distance hear the raging Tempest roar.

A Traveller, though wet with Dirt and Rain,  
Would not for ever at an Inn remain,  
Or chill'd with Cold, and joying in the Heat  
Of a warm Bath, believe his Blifs complete.  
Though by strong Winds your Bark were Tempest-toft,  
Say, would you sell it on a distant Coast?

Believe me, at delicious Rhodes to live  
To a sound Mind no greater Blifs can give,  
Than a thick Coat in Summer's burning Ray,  
Or a light Mantle on a snowy Day,  
Or to a Swimmer Tiber's freezing Stream,  
Or sunny Rooms in August's mid-day Flame.  
While yet 'tis in your Power; while Fortune smiles,  
At Rome with Rapture vaunt those happy Isles,  
Then with a grateful Hand the Blifs receive,  
If Heaven an Hour more fortunate shall give.  
Seize on the present Joy, and thus possess,  
Where-e'er you live, an inward Happiness.

If Reason only can our Cares allay,  
Not the bold Site, that wide commands the Sea;  
If they, who through the venturous Ocean range,  
Not their own Passions, but the Climate change;  
Anxious through Seas and Land to search for Rest  
Is but laborious Idleness at best.  
In desert Ulubrae the Blifs you'll find,  
If you preserve a firm, and equal Mind.

25. *Si ratio & prudentia curas.*] A wise Man is a Citizen of the World, and can secure his own Happiness, in whatever Part of it he lives. The *si*, as Mr. Dacier well observes, is to be understood, and construed with *caelum non animum mutant, strenua nos exercet inertia*.

28. *Strenua inertia.*] This Opposition in the Words is very pretty, and contains much moral, good Sense. All these Pursuits of Happiness are but a laborious Idleness.

EPIST. XII. *Ad ICCIUM.*

**F**RUCTIBUS Agrippæ Siculis, quos colligis, Icci,  
 Si rectè frueris, non est ut copia major  
 Ab Jove donari possit tibi. Tolle querelas :  
 Pauper enim non est, rerum cui suppetit usus.  
 Si ventri bene, si lateri est, pedibusque tuis ; nîl 5  
 Divitiæ poterunt regales addere majus.  
 Si fortè in medio positorum abstemius, herbis  
 Vivis & urticâ ; sic vives protinus, ut te  
 Confestim liquidus Fortunæ rivus inaret :  
 Vel quia naturam mutare pecunia nescit, 10  
 Vel quia cuncta putas unâ virtute minora.

Miramur,

We find, by the twenty ninth Ode of the first Book, that Horace had such a Degree of Intimacy with Iccius as allows of much innocent Raillery. He there represents him as a philosophical Soldier, and here as a philosophical Miser, but equally ridiculous in either Character, while the Poet maintains his own good Humour with equal Spirit. By the last Lines of it, we may date the Letter in Autumn 734.

SAN.

Verse 1. *Fructibus Agrippæ Siculis.*] Augustus was obliged to Agrippa for the Reduction of Sicily, and gave him, in Acknowledgment, an Estate there, to which Iccius was Agent, or Farmer. His Father had been Governor of the Island four and twenty Years before.

*Quos colligis.*] This Expression, and the last Line of the Letter, seem to say, that it was Harvest-Time both in Sicily and Italy, which will more exactly direct us to fix the Date of it.

SAN.

8. *Herbis vivis & urticâ.*] By translating *urtica* Nettles, the Commentators have made Horace speak in a Manner as ridiculous, as



## EPIST. XII. To ICCIUS.

WHILE Iccius farms Agrippa's large Estate,  
 If he with Wisdom can enjoy his Fate,  
 No greater Riches Jove himself can give ;  
 Then cease complaining, Friend, and learn to live.  
 He is not poor to whom kind Fortune grants,  
 Even with a frugal Hand, what Nature wants.

Are you with Food, and Warmth, and Raiment blest ?  
 Not royal Treasures are of more posselt ;  
 And if, for Herbs and Shell-fish at a Feast,  
 You leave the various Luxuries of Taste,  
 Should Fate enrich you with a golden Stream,  
 Your Life and Manners would be still the same ;  
 Whether convinc'd, that Gold can't change the Soul,  
 Or that fair Virtue should its Power controll.

That

a Man, who should invite his Guests to Meat and Mutton; Wild-fowl and Partridge; Fish and Turbot. But the Poet, as if he had foreseen, that he might possibly be misunderstood, hath repeated his Meaning in the twenty-first Verse, and particularly marked the Herbs by the Names of *porrum* and *cape*, and the Fish by *Urtica*. This was a cheap and tasteless Fish, eaten only by the Poor. SAN.

*Sic vivas protinus, ut te.*] *Ut* here signifies *quamvis*, which only can determine the Sense. *Protinus* is for *uno eodemque tenore*, in one continued, unbroken Length. TORR.

10. *Vel quia naturam.*] Horace would seem to believe, that the Contentment, which Iccius finds in his Frugality, proceeds from one of these two Reasons; either because he is persuaded, that Riches cannot make a Man happy against his natural Disposition, or that he was convinced, they are less estimable, than Virtue. DAC.]

Miramur, si Democriti pecus edit agellos  
 Cultaque, dum peregre est animus sine corpore velox ?  
 Quum tu inter scabiem tantam & contagia lucri  
 Nil parvi sapias, & adhuc sublimia cures : 15  
 Quæ mare compeſcant cauſæ : quid temperet annum :  
 Stellæ ſponte ſuâ, juſſuæne vagentur & errent :  
 Quid premat obſcurum Lunæ, quid proferat orbem :  
 Quid velit & poſſit rerum concordia diſcors :  
 Empedocleum, an Stertinium deliret acumen. 20  
 Verùm, ſeu piſces, ſeu porrum & cæpe trucidas,  
 Utere Pompeio Groſpho ; &, ſi quid petet, ultro  
 Defer : nîl Groſphus niſi verum orabit & æquum.  
 Vilis amicorum eſt annona, bonis ubi quid deeſt.  
 Ne tamen ignores quo ſit Romana loco res : 25  
 Cantaber Agrippæ, Claudî virtute Neronis

Arme-

12. *Miramur, ſi Democriti.*] This Compariſon hath much ironical Pleaſantry. Democritus was ſo engaged in his philoſophical Speculations, that he left his Eſtate a Prey to his Neighbours. But the ſevere and frugal Life of Iccius roſe from very different Principles. He denied himſelf only thoſe Pleaſures, which his Avarice would not allow him to purchaſe. But Virtue, ſays our laughing Poet, was a Source of real Wealth to him, and he wanted only thoſe Riches, which his ſtoical Wiſdom had taught him to deſpiſe. SAN.

13. *Dum peregre eſt animus.*] The Platonics, explaining the Powers of the Soul, talk as if they could really, by Strength of Imagination, ſeparate the Soul from the Body, and raiſe it above all earthly Ideas. Ariſtophanes, to ridicule this Language, introduces Socrates, telling his Diſciples, that he could never have penetrated into Things ſublime, but by mixing his moſt refined Ideas with Air moſt like them. He then pleaſantly adviſes them not to reſtrain their Imagination, but let it ſoar like a Butterfly, which Boys tie to a Thread.

15. *Sublimia cures.*] It was now ſeventeen Years ſince Iccius had quitted Philoſophy for the Army, but as his Arabian Expedition had not the Succeſs it promiſed, our new Soldier returned to his firſt Profeſſion. SAN.

20. *Empedocleum.*]

That all his Neighbours' Flocks and Herds should eat  
 The Sage's Harvest, while without its Weight  
 His Spirit rov'd abroad, shall ne'er be told  
 As wonderful ; since, not debas'd by Gold,  
 And its Infection, Iccius, bravely wise,  
 Spurns this vile Earth, and soars into the Skies ;  
 Curious to search, what bounds old Ocean's Tides ;  
 What through the various Year the Seasons guides :  
 Whether the Stars by their own proper Force,  
 Or foreign Power, pursue their wandering Course :  
 Why Shadows darken the pale Queen of Night :  
 Whence she renews her Orb, and spreads her Light :  
 What Nature's jarring Sympathy can mean,  
 And who, among the Wise, their Systems best maintain.

But whether slaughter'd Onions crown your Board,  
 Or murder'd Fish an impious Feast afford,  
 Receive Pompeius Grosphus to your Heart,  
 And, ere he asks, your willing Aid impart ;  
 He ne'er shall make a bold, unjust Request,  
 And Friends are cheap, when good Men are distressed.

Now condescend to hear the public News :  
 Agrippa's War the Sons of Spain subdues.

The

20. *Empedocleum.*] Mr. Cuninghame and Mr. Sanadon are persuaded, that this was the original Reading. It makes the Construction more correct and uniform. Some Abbreviation of the Copists probably produced *Empedocles*.

21. *Seu pisces, seu porrum, &c.*] Entertainments of Fish were most delicate and expensive among the Romans, but Iccius had a Table more frugal. *Trucidas* can be properly applied only to the Murder of Men. But Horace uses it to ridicule the Doctrine of Pythagoras, that the Souls of human Kind passed successively into the Bodies of Men, Animals and Plants.

24. *Vilis amicorum annona.*] Facile parabilis est annona. Plentiful is the Harvest of Friendship, and cheaply gathered, when good Men are in Distress.

25. *Ne tamen ignores.*] Though Iccius is engaged in amassing Money, and in philosophical Inquiries into the Secrets of Nature, yet he should not be insensible to the good News of his Country.

28. *Genikua*

Armenius cecidit; jus imperiumque Phraates  
Cæsaris accepit, genibus minor: aurea fruges  
Italiae pleno defundit Copia cornu.

28. *Genibus minor.*] The Poet only means, that Phraates was reduced to the lowest Submissions to purchase the Protection of Augustus against his own Subjects. Mr. Dacier understands the Words literally, and that *Cæsaris* means Tiberius, from whose Hand the Parthian

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EPIST. XIII. *Ad VINIUM ASELLAM.*

UT proficiscentem docui te sæpe diuque,  
Augusto reddes signata volumina, Vini,  
Si validus, si lætus erit, si denique poscet;  
Ne studio nostri pecces, odiumque libellis  
Sedulus importes, operâ vehemente minister.  
Si te fortè meæ gravis uret sarcina chartæ;  
Abjicito potiùs, quàm, quo perferre juberis,  
Clitellas ferus impingas, Asinæque paternum  
Cognomen vertas in risum, & fabula fias.  
Viribus uteris per clivos, flumina, lamas.  
Victor propositi simul ac perveneris illuc,

5

10

Sic

In the few Lines carelessly thrown together in this Epistle, we perceive the Hand of a great Master, who knows how to trifle with Spirit, and to enliven the most inconsiderable Subjects with something agreeable. The Character of Vinus is drawn with a very pleasing Simplicity, and the Praises of Augustus are delicate, and artful.

SAN.

Verse 2. *Signata volumina.*] Our Poet sent Augustus not only the Letter addressed to him (the first of the second Book) but also the last Odes, and last Epistles he had written. He calls these Pieces *volumina*, because they were separately rolled up, and he desires Vinus to present them sealed, that they might not be exposed to the impertinent Curiosity of the Court.

RODELL.

6. Si



The fierce Armenian Nero's Virtue feels :  
 Short by the Knees the haughty Parthian kneels :  
 Again the Monarch is by Cæsar crown'd,  
 And Plenty pours her golden Harvest round.

Parthian Monarch received his Crown. But is it not astonishing, that Velleius Paterculus, always disposed to flatter Tiberius, hath forgotten a Circumstance so glorious to him, and that we have not the least Marks of it in any other Historian?

SAN.

## EPIST. XIII. To VINIUS ASELLA.

VINIUS, I oft desir'd you, ere you went,  
 Well seal'd my rhiming Volumes to present,  
 When Cæsar's high in Health, in Spirits gay,  
 Or if he ask to read th' unoffer'd Lay,  
 Lest you offend with too officious Zeal,  
 And my poor Works his just Resentment feel.  
 Throw down the Burden, if it gall your Back,  
 Nor at the Palace fiercely break the Pack,  
 Lest my dear As become the laughing Sport,  
 The quibbling Fable of the Wits at Court.  
 Through Rivers, Steeps, and Fens, exert your Force,  
 Nor, when you're Victor of the destin'd Course,

Under

6. *Si te fortè mea.*] Augustus had railled Horace for the Shortness of his Epistles, *vereri mihi videris ne majores libelli tui sint quam ipse es*; You seem afraid, that your Letters should be longer than You are. The Poet therefore sends a Number of them together, that he might make up in Weight, what he wanted in Length.

8. *Asinaque.*] The Pleasantry of the Epistle rises from the Poet's quibbling on the Name of his Messenger, *Asella*, or the *As*. He was probably one of our Author's Neighbours in the Country. The Family became considerable under the following Emperors, for we find the Name in Tacitus, in Suetonius, in Medals and Inscriptions.

Sic positum servabis onus, ne fortè sub alâ  
 Fasciculum portes librorum, ut rusticus agnum;  
 Ut vinosa glomus furtivæ Pyrrhia lanæ;  
 Ut cum pileolo soleas conviva tribulis. 15  
 Neu vulgo narres te sudavisse ferendo  
 Carmina, quæ possint oculos auresque morari  
 Cæsaris. Oratus multâ prece, nitere. Porro  
 Vade, vale; cave ne titubes, mandataque frangas.

12. *Ne fortè sub alâ.*] Mr. Dacier imagines there is much Delicacy in the Poet's desiring Vinus not to carry the Pacquet under his Arm, and that it is not difficult to guess the Reason of it.

14. *Glomus.*] Is of four Manuscripts, and as many of our best Editions.

15. *Conviva tribulis.*] Athenæus tells us, That People of the same Tribe had Entertainments, called *cænæ thiasæ* (probably not unlike our modern Clubs) which were regulated by Laws. The Guests carried their Bonnets, to preserve them from the Weather; and Slippers, to put on when they went into the House of the Master of the Feast.

#### EPIST. XIV. *Ad VILlicum suum.*

VILLICE sylvarum & mihi me reddentis agelli,  
 Quem tu fastidis, habitatum quinque focis, &  
 Quinque bonos solitum Variam dimittere Patres;  
 Certemus, spinas animone ego fortiùs, an tu  
 Evellas agro, & melior sit Horatius, an res. 5

Me

The Subject of this Epistle has nothing considerable, but the Poet has raised it by Reflexions most interesting, and a Variety of Images extremely agreeable. It must have been one of his latest Works, since he boasts of a Constancy, which was by no means the Virtue of his Youth.

SAN.

Verse 3. *Quinque bonos solitum, &c.*] Our Poet's Estate was within the Jurisdiction of Varia, to which the most considerable Commoners

Under your Arm the letter'd Bundle bear,  
 As Rustics do their Lambs, with aukward Air ;  
 Or Pyrrha, reeling from the drunken Bowl,  
 Conveys away the Ball of Wool she stole ;  
 Or in his Pride, a Tribe-invited Guest  
 Carries his Cap and Slippers to a Feast ;  
 Nor loud proclaim, with how much Toil you bear  
 Such Verse, as may detain even Cæsar's Ear.  
 Farewell, make haste ; and special Caution take,  
 Left you should stumble, and my Orders break.

16. *Nec vulgo narres.*] It is dangerous to attempt to prejudice the Public in favour of a Work. If it has Beauties, perhaps the Reader would be better pleased to have had the Liberty of discovering them himself. If it has not, he cannot be long deceived, and we shall only be rewarded with some of the Reproach due to the Author.

SAN.

EPIST. XIV. To HIS STEWARD in the  
 Country.

THOU Steward of the Woods and Country-Seat,  
 That give me to myself: whose small Estate,  
 Which you despise, five worthy Fathers sent,  
 One from each House, to Varia's Parliament:  
 Let us inquire, if You, with happier Toil,  
 Root out the Thorns and Thistles of the Soil,  
 Than Horace tears his Follies from his Breast;  
 Whether my Farm or I be cultivated best.

Though

Commoners of each District, under its Dependance, went at particular Times to deliberate upon public Affairs.

S. Mens

Me quamvis Lamiæ pietas & cura moratur  
 Fratrem mœrentis, rapto de fratre dolentis  
 Insolabiter; tamen istuc mens animusque  
 Fert, & amat spatiis obstantia rumpere claustra.  
 Rure ego viventem, tu dicis in urbe beatum. 10  
 Cui placet alterius sua nimirum est odio fors.  
 Stultus uterque locum immeritum causatur iniquè:  
 In culpâ est animus, qui se non effugit unquam.  
 Tu mediastinus tacitâ prece rura petebas:  
 Nunc urbem & ludos & balnea villicus optas. 15  
 Me constare mihi scis, ac discedere tristem,  
 Quandocunque trahunt invisa negotia Romam.  
 Non eadem miramur: eo disconvenit inter  
 Meque & te: nam quæ deserta & inhospita tesqua  
 Credis, amœna vocat mecum qui sentit; & odit 20  
 Quæ tu pulchra putas. Fornix tibi & uncta popina  
 Incutiunt Urbis desiderium, video; & quòd  
 Angulus iste feret piper ac thus ociùs uvâ;  
 Nec vicina subest vinum præbere taberna  
 Quæ possit tibi; nec meretrix tibicina, cujus 25  
 Ad strepitum salias terræ gravis: & tamen urges  
 Jampridem non tacta ligonibus arva: bovemque  
 Disjunctum curas, & strictis frondibus explēs.  
 Addit opus pigro rivus, si decidit imber,

Multâ

8. *Mens animusque.*] When the Latins use *mens animusque* or *mens animi*, they would express all the Faculties of the Soul. *Mens* regards the superior and intelligent Part; *animus* the sensible and inferior, the Source of the Passions. Dac.

14. *Mediastinus.*] Was a Slave of the lowest Kind, who had no regular Service appointed for him, but waited upon other Slaves in the meanest Employments. Among other Directions given by Cato to his Son, when he went to the Army, *Ille imperator, tu illi ac cæteris Mediastinus.*

26. *Et tamen urges.*] A beautiful Expression, and extremely proper



Though Lamia's pious Tears, that ceaseless mourn  
 His Brother's Death, have hinder'd my Return,  
 Thither my warmest Wishes bend their Force,  
 Start from the Goal, and beat the distant Course.  
 Rome is your Rapture, mine the rural Seat;  
 Pleas'd with each other's Lot, our own we hate;  
 But both are Fools, and Fools in like Extreme;  
 Guiltless the Place, that we unjustly blame,  
 For in the Mind alone our Follies lie,  
 The Mind, that never from itself can fly.

A Slave at Rome, and discontented there,  
 A Country-Life was once your silent Prayer:  
 A Rustic gown, your first Desires return,  
 For Rome, her public Games and Baths, you burn.  
 More constant to myself, I leave with Pain,  
 By hateful Business forc'd, the rural Scene.  
 From different Objects our Desires arise,  
 And thence the Distance, that between us lies;  
 For what you call inhospitably dear  
 To me with Beauty and Delight appear.  
 Full well I know, a Tavern's greasy Steam,  
 And a vile Stew with Joy your Heart enflame,  
 While my small Farm yields rather Herbs, than Vines,  
 Nor there a neighbouring Tavern pours its Wines,  
 Nor Harlot-Minstrel sings, when the rude Sound  
 Tempts you with heavy Heels to thump the Ground.

But you complain, that with unceasing Toil,  
 You break, alas! the long unbroken Soil,  
 Or loose the wearied Oxen from the Plow,  
 And feed with Leaves new-gather'd from the Bough:

Then

proper for Agriculture. Virgil says, *insequi arva, terram insectari*.  
 These Words may be supposed to have been written or spoken by the  
 Steward

Multâ mole docendus aprico parcere prato.  
 Nunc age, quid nostrum concentum dividat, audi.  
 Quem tennes decuere togæ nitidique capilli,  
 Quem scis immunem Cinaræ placuisse rapaci,  
 Quem bibulum liquidi mediâ de luce Falerni,  
 Cœna brevis juvat, & prope rivum somnus in herbâ ; 35  
 Nec luisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum.  
 Non istic obliquo oculo mea commoda quisquam  
 Limat, non odio obscuro morsuque venenat :  
 Rident vicini glebas ac fæxa moventem.  
 Cum servis urbana diaria rodere mavis. 40  
 Horum tu in numerum voto ruis : invidet usum  
 Lignorum & pecoris tibi calo argutus & horti.  
 Optat ephippia bos piger, optat arare caballus.  
 Quam scit, uterque libens, censebo, exerceat artem.

Steward to his Master, commending his own Diligence and complaining of the Fatigue of a Country-Life. CRUQU.

32. *Quem tennes decuere togæ.*] Horace, to render the Comparison between himself and his Slave more just, draws a Picture of the Life they passed in their Youth at Rome. He confesses, that his own Conduct had not been extremely regular, yet that of his Slave, who was probably the Confident of his Pleasures, had not been more wise. But while the Master renounces the Follies of his Youth, though without blushing for them, the Servant would continue in them, as long as he lived. DAC.

38. *Limat.*] *Limis oculis aspicere aliquem*, to look askew, or askance; but the Latins never used *limare* in that Sense. The Scholiast explains the Word *limat* by *deterit*, *imminuit*. It was a Superstition among the Antients, as Mr. Dacier observes, that an envious Eye could lessen what it looked at, and corrupt our Enjoyment of it.

Then feels your Laziness an added Pain,  
 If e'er the Rivulet be swollen with Rain;  
 What mighty Mounds against its Force You rear  
 To teach its Rage the sunny Mead to spare!

Now hear, from whence our Sentiments divide;  
 In Youth, perhaps with not ungraceful Pride,  
 I wore a filken Robe, perfum'd my Hair,  
 And without Presents charm'd the venal Fair:  
 From early Morning quaff'd the flowing Glass;  
 Now a short Supper charms, or on the Grass  
 To lay me down at some fair River's Side,  
 And sweetly slumber as the Waters glide;  
 Nor do I blush to own my Follies past,  
 But own, those Follies should no longer last.

None there with Eye askance my Pleasures views,  
 With Hatred dark, or poison'd Spite pursues;  
 My Neighbours laugh to see with how much Toil  
 I carry Stones, or break the stubborn Soil.  
 You with my City-Slaves would gladly join,  
 And on their daily Pittance hardly dine;  
 While more refin'd they view with envious Eye  
 The Gardens, Horses, Fires, that You enjoy.

Thus the slow Ox would gaudy Trappings claim;  
 The sprightly Horse would plough amidst the Team;  
 By my Advice, let each with cheerful Heart,  
 As best he understands, employ his Art.

42. *Calo argutus.*] Mr. Dacier, supported by Festus and the Scholiasts, derives the Word *calo* from καλέω *voco*, and then it must signify *Nomenclator*. But the first Syllable of *calare*, *calo*, *calator*, is always short. We may therefore better derive it from an old Substantive *cala*, used by Lucretius, and probably taken from κάλον, *Lignum*.

EPIST. XV. *Ad C. NUMONIUM VALAM.*

**Q**UÆ sit hyems Velia, quod cœlum, Vala, Salerni,  
 Quorum hominum regio, & qualis via (nam mi-  
 hi Baias

Musa supervacuas Antonius, & tamen illis  
 Me facit invisum, gelidâ quum perluor undâ  
 Per medium frigus. Sanè myrteta relinqui,  
 Dictaque cessantem nervis elidere morbum

Sulfura

We find in the Beginning of this Epistle an inexcusable Perplexity of Style and Construction. We must read more than twenty Lines before we can range the Thoughts in their natural Order, and two long Parentheses, one of twelve, the other of five Lines, increase the Disorder. The Reader and Translator are equally lost in the Windings of such a Labyrinth. But the latter Part hath none of these Faults. The Story is told with an easy, natural Simplicity, enlivened by the Character of Mænius, and the Application, which the Poet makes of it.

SAN.

Verse 1. *Quæ sit hyems Velia.*] We must begin the Construction with the twenty-fifth Line, *scribere te nobis, tibi nos accredere, par est, quæ sit hyems Velia, &c.* It were to be wished that Horace had avoided this enormous Length of Sentences, through which it is extremely difficult to follow him. We have Examples of the same Fault in his Odes, *Motum ex Metello*, and *Qualem ministrum*, but although Lyric Poety allows more Liberty, than any other Kind of Writing, yet it will be always a Fault, and great Masters deserve less Indulgence, than ordinary Poets. An epistolary Style requires more Ease and Simplicity.

SAN.

3. *Musa supervacuas Antonius.*] Antonius Musa was a Freedman of Augustus, and Brother of Euphorbus, Physician to King Juba. His Memory ought always to be had in Veneration by the Faculty. He had the Happiness of curing Augustus of a Distemper, which his other Physicians thought desperate, and this Cure raised both the Profession and Professors out of Contempt. The Prince and People contended in honouring a Man, who had restored a Life so valuable



## EPIST. XV. To VALA.

**B**Y my Physician's learn'd Advice I fly  
 From Baia's Waters, yet with angry Eye  
 The Village views me, when I mean to bathe  
 The middle Winter's freezing Wave beneath;  
 Loudly complaining, that their Myrtle Groves  
 Are now neglected; their sulfureous Stoves,  
 Of ancient Fame our feeble Nerves to raise,  
 And dissipate the lingering cold Disease,

While

valuable to the State. He was rewarded with a considerable Sum of Money; he was exempted from all public Taxes; he was made free of Rome; allowed to wear a Gold Ring, and his Statue was placed next to that of *Æsculapius*. These glorious Distinctions were not confined to Him alone, but extended to all of the Profession, and the Disciples of Hippocrates were then first allowed the Privileges and Immunities of a Roman Citizen. The cold Bath was now prescribed for all Disorders, but the same Prescription, which had cured Augustus, having unhappily killed Marcellus, the Science of Physic, and the People, who practised it, fell into their original Contempt. After this Example, we may believe, that Horace would not be willing to run the same Hazard, and therefore we may naturally date this Letter in the Beginning of 731, six or seven Months after the Recovery of Augustus, which happened in August.

SAN.

4. *Gelidâ quum perluor undâ.*] This does not suppose, that he had already gone into the cold Bath, but that he proposed it, and was yet undetermined between that of *Salernum* and *Velia*. *Perluor* does not mark a past Action, but the present Disposition, as if he had said *quum in eo sum ut perluar*.

SAN.

6. *Diſtaque ceſſantem, &c.*] This *morbûs ceſſans* is caused by a phlegmatic Humour, which obſtructing the Nerves, produces a languid Heavineſs, and ſometimes deprives the Part affected of all Senſation and Action, as in Palfies and Apoplexies. By *ſulfura* the Poet means the Stoves, where ſulfureous Vapours, exhaling from the

Sulfura contemni, vicus gemit, invidus ægris,  
Qui caput ac stomachum supponere fontibus audent,  
Clusinos Gabiosque petunt & frigida rura.

Mutandus locus est, & diverforia nota 10

Præter agendus equus. Quò tendis? Non mihi Cumas

Est iter aut Baias, lævâ stomachosus habenâ

Dicet eques: sed equis frænato est auris in ore)

Major utrum populum frumenti copia pascat,

Collectosne bibant imbres, puteosne perennes 15

Dulcis aquæ; (nam vina nihil moror illius oræ.

Rure meo possum quodvis perferre patique:

Ad mare quum veni, generosum & lene requiro,

Quod curas abigat, quod cum spe divite manet

In venas animumque meum, quod verba ministret, 20

Quod me Lucanæ juvenem commendet amicæ.)

Tractus uter plures lepores, uter educet apros;

Utra magis pisces, & echinos æquora celent,

Pinguis

the Earth, cause a dry Heat, which provokes Sweat. Celsus describes the Stoves of Baiæ in such a Manner, that the Physician is a Commentator on the Poet. *Siccus calor est, ubi à terrâ profusus calidus vapor ædificio includitur, sicut super Baias in myrtetis habemus. Elidere* signifies *to dissolve, to disperse*. SAN.

10. *Mutandus locus est.*] *We must go no more to Baiæ*, where the Poet had frequently been. Mr. Sanadon blames this Apostrophe; for although a Rider naturally enough may sometimes talk to his Horse, yet an Author can hardly be supposed to sit down to write to him.

12. *Lævâ stomachosus habenâ.*] At the Entrance into Campania the Road divides: the right leads to Cuma and Baiæ; the left, to Capua, Salernum, and Velia. The Horse is going to his usual Stage at Baiæ, but Horace turns him to the Left, to the Lucanian Road. TORR.

13. *Sed equis.*] This Reading, instead of *equi*, is of the best Manuscripts and Editions.

16. *Dulcis aquæ.*] Our Poet was obliged to drink more Water than Wine for fear of enflaming his Eyes, and he was therefore more

While the sick Folks in Clusium's Fountains dare  
Plunge the bold Head, or seek a colder Air.

The Road we now must alter, and engage  
Th' unwilling Horse to pass his usual Stage:  
Ho! whither now? his angry Rider cries,  
And to the left the restive Bridle plies.  
We go no more to Baiæ; prithee hear—  
But in his Bridle lies an Horse's Ear.

Dear Vala, say, how temperate, how severe,  
Are Velia's Winters, and Salernum's Air:  
The Genius of the Folks, the Roads how good:  
Which eats the better Bread, and when a Flood  
Of Rain descends, which quaffs the gather'd Shower,  
Or do their Fountains purer Water pour?  
Their Country-Vintage is not worth my Care,  
For though at home, whatever Wine, I bear,  
At Sea-port Towns I shall expect to find  
My Wines of generous, and of smoother Kind,  
To drive away my Cares, and to the Soul,  
Through the full Veins, with golden Hopes to roll;  
With flowing Language to inspire my Tongue,  
And make the listening Fair-one think me young.

With Hares or Boars which Country's best supplied?  
Which Seas their better Fish luxurious hide?

That

more curious about it. The Soil of Campania being full of Sulphur and Bitumen, the Water must necessarily have had a very bad Taste.

17. *Possū quodvis perferre.*] This conjectural Reading, proposed by Heinſius instead of *quidvis*, hath been received by all the late Editors. The Poet speaks only of Wine in the preceding, and three following Verses, and tells us, that in his Sabine Estate, where the Vines are not of the richest Kind, he is little curious about his Wines: but, when he goes to a Sea-port Town, he shall expect those of foreign Growth, smooth and generous.

Torr.

Pinguis ut inde domum possim Phæaxque reverti ;  
 Scribere te nobis, tibi nos accredere par est. 25  
 Mænius, ut rebus maternis atque paternis  
 Fortiter absumtis, urbanus cœpit haberi ;  
 Scurra vagus, non qui certum præsepe teneret ;  
 Impransus non qui civem dignosceret hoste ;  
 Quælibet in quemvis opprobria fingere sævus, 30  
 Pernicies ac tempestas barathrumque macelli,  
 Quidquid quæsierat, ventri donaret avaro :  
 Hic, ubi nequitix fautoribus ac timidis nil  
 Aut paulum abstulerat, patinas cœnabat omasi  
 Vilis & agninæ, tribus ursis quod satis esset ; 35  
 Scilicet ut ventres lamnâ candente nepotum  
 Diceret urendos, corrector Bestius. Idem  
 Si quid erat nactus prædæ majoris, ubi omne  
 Verterat in fumum & cinerem : Non Hercule miror,  
 Aiebat, si qui comedunt bona, quum sit obeso 40  
 Nil melius turdo, vulvâ nil pulchrius amplâ.  
 Nimirum hic ego sum : tutus nam parvula laudo,  
 Quum res deficiunt ; satis inter vilia fortis :  
 Verum, ubi contingit melius quid & unctius, idem  
 Vos sapere & solos aio bene vivere, quorum 45  
 Conspicitur nitidis fundata pecunia villis.

## EPIST.

26. *Mænius, ut rebus.*] Our Poet assures us, that he knew how to reconcile himself equally to a frugal, or a sumptuous Table, and to justify his Conduct, with a malignant Spirit of Satire makes use of the Example of Mænius, with whose Character he finishes his Letter.

SAN.

36. *Ventres lamnâ candente.*] The Greeks and Romans branded the Belly of a gluttonous Slave ; the Feet of a Fugitive ; the Hands of a Thief, and the Tongue of a Babler.

DAQ.

37. *Corrector Bestius.*] Cruquius happily entered into the Spirit of this Passage, when he understood Bestius as a Person of different Character from that of Mænius. Our Commentators have not only

only  
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 had



That I may home return in luscious Plight——

'Tis ours to credit, as 'tis yours to write.

When Mænius had consum'd, with gallant Heart,

A large Estate, he took the Jester's Art :

A vagrant Zany, of no certain Manger,

Who knew not, ere he din'd, or Friend or Stranger :

Cruel, and scurrilous to all, his Jest ;

The ruin'd Butcher's Gulph, a Storm, a Pest.

Whate'er he got his ravening Guts receive,

And when or Friend or Foe no longer gave,

A Lamb's fat Paunch was a delicious Treat,

As much as three voracious Bears could eat ;

Then, like Reformer Bestius, would he tell ye,

That Gluttons should be branded on the Belly.

But if, perchance, he found some richer Fare,  
Instant it vanish'd into Smoke and Air——

“ By Jove I wonder not, that Folks should eat,

“ At one delicious Meal, a whole Estate,

“ For a fat Thrush is most delightful Food,

“ And a Swine's Paunch superlatively good.”

Thus I, when better Entertainments fail,

Bravely commend a plain and frugal Meal ;

On cheaper Suppers shew myself full wise,

But if some Dainties more luxurious rise——

“ Right sage and happy they alone, whose Fate

“ Gives them a splendid House, and large Estate.”

only mistaken the Sense of their Author, but substituted Mænius, in direct Contradiction to all the Manuscripts, in the Place of Bestius. *Corrector* hath been luckily preserved in a Manuscript extremely ancient, and well agrees with the Character of Cornelius Bestius, whom Persius mentions as remarkable for a Severity of Manners.

39. *Verterat in fumum & cinerem.*] A proverbial Expression, as if Smoke and Ashes were all the Remains of the large Estate he had consumed.

EPIST. XVI. *Ad QUINTIUM.*

**N**E perconteris fundus meus, optime Quinti,  
 Arvo pascat herum, an baccis opulentet olivæ,  
 Pomisne an pratis, an amictâ vitibus ulmo :  
 Scribetur tibi forma loquaciter & situs agri.  
 Continui montes, nisi dissocientur opacâ  
 Valle : sed ut veniens dextrum latus aspiciat sol,  
 Lævum decedens curru fugiente vaporet.  
 Temperiem laudes. Quid ? si rubicunda benigni  
 Corna vepres & pruna ferunt ? si quercus & ilex  
 Multâ fruge pecus, multâ dominum juvat umbrâ ;  
 Dicis adductum propius frondere Tarentum.  
 Fons etiam rivo dare nomen idoneus, ut nec  
 Frigidior Thracam, nec purior ambiat Hebrus,  
 Infirmo capiti fluit utilis, utilis alvo.

Hæ

We may suppose, that Quintius had often rallied our Poet on the Situation, Extent and Revenues of his Estate. After having satisfied all his Questions in very few Words, he throws himself into the Moral, and touches upon certain Points, probably, of much Importance to Quintius; but all is pleasing, interesting, and instructive. The Name of Augustus in the twenty-ninth Line is a Proof, that the Letter was written after the Year 726.

SAN.

Verse 2. *Opulentet.*] Is purely a Country-word derived from *ops, terra*. It is not easy to say, whether Horace invented the Word, but at least he gave it Credit, and it was afterwards used by Columella.

SAN.

4. *Loquaciter.*] Horace was apprehensive, that a Description of ten Lines might be tedious; an Apprehension, says Mr. Dacier, which ought to be an Instruction to many of our modern Poets. Pindar boasts of having taught his cotemporary Bards to shorten their Descriptions.

9. *Corna*

EPIST. XVI. To QUINTIUS.

ASK not, good Quintius, if my Farm maintain  
Its wealthy Master with abundant Grain,  
With Fruits or Pastures; ask not, if the Vine  
Around its Bride-groom-Elm luxuriant twine,  
For I'll describe, and in loquacious Strain,  
The Site and Figure of the pleasing Scene.

A Chain of Mountains with a Vale divide,  
That opens to the Sun on either Side:  
The right wide spreading to the rising Day,  
The left is warm'd beneath his setting Ray.  
How mild the Clime, where Sloes luxurious grow,  
And blushing Cornels on the Hawthorn glow!  
My Cattle are with plenteous Acorns fed,  
Whose various Oaks around their Master spread;  
Well might you swear, that here Tarentum waves  
Its dusky Shade, and pours forth all its Leaves.  
A Fountain to a Rivulet gives its Name,  
Cooler and purer, than a Thracian Stream;  
Useful to ease an aching Head it flows,  
Or when with burning Pains the Stomach glows.

This

9. *Corna vepres & pruna ferunt.*] Our Poet shews the whole Value of his Farm. Sloes and Cornels were its best Revenue, for these are rural Wealth, although they are mentioned here rather for Beauty and Ornament. Yet, as Mr. Dacier well observes, they were not barren Ornaments, for Columella tells us, Cornels were pickled, and then served for Olives in the Country. SAN.

Hæ latebræ dulces, etiam (si credis) amœnæ,  
Incolumem tibi me præstent Septembribus horis.

15

Tu rectè vivis, si curas esse quod audis.

Jactamus jam pridem omnis te Roma beatum :  
Sed vereor ne cui de te plus quàm tibi credas :

Neve putes alium sapiente bonoque beatum ;

20

Neu, si te populus sanum rectèque valentem

Diçtiter, occultam febrem sub tempus edendi

Diffimules ; donec manibus tremor incidat unctis.

Stultorum incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.

Si quis bella tibi terrâ pugnata marique

25

Dicat : & his verbis vacuas permulceat aures :

Tene magis saluum populus velit, an populum tu,

Servet in ambiguo, qui consulit & tibi & urbi,

Jupiter ; Augusti laudes agnoscere possis.

Quum pateris sapiens emendatusque vocari,

30

Respondestne tuo, dic fodes, nomine ? Nempè

Vir bonus ac prudens dici delector ego, ac tu.

Qui

15. *Hæ latebræ dulces.*] *Latebræ* might have been a Word of Pleasantry used by Quintius in talking of our Poet's Estate; or the Poet himself might have considered it as a little Retreat from the Business and Impertinence of Rome.

17. *Tu rectè vivis.*] Horace is here very careless of the Connection. After having described his Farm, he would insinuate to Quintius, that the tranquil, innocent Pleasures he found there, were infinitely preferable to the dangerous and tumultuous Pursuits of Ambition. He would inform him, that Happiness, founded upon the Opinion of others, is weak and uncertain; that the Praises which we receive from a mistaken Applause, are really paid to Virtue, not to us; and that while we are outwardly honoured, esteemed, applauded, we are inwardly contemptible, and miserable. Such was, probably, the then Situation of Quintius, who disguised, under a seeming Severity of Manners, the most irregular Indulgencies of Ambition and Sensuality. *Singularem nequitiam supercilio truci protegens.* Some Years afterwards he broke through all Restraint, and his Incontinence plunged him into the last Distresses.

20. *Neve putes alium, &c.*] *Alium* for *diversum*. *Diversum ab eo, qui sapiens bonusque sit.* Thus, in the Epistle to Augustus, *Alius* Lyfippo.

SAN.

21. NEN



This pleasing, this delicious soft Retreat  
 In Safety guards me from September's Heat.  
 Would you be happy, be the Thing you seem,  
 And sure you now possess the World's Esteem;  
 Nor yet to others too much Credit give,  
 But in your own Opinion learn to live;  
 For know the Bliss in our own Judgement lies,  
 And none are happy, but the Good and Wise.  
 Nor, though the Crowd pronounce your Health is good,  
 Disguise the Fever lurking in your Blood,  
 'Till trembling seize you at th' unfinish'd Meal--  
 Idiots alone their ulcer'd Ills conceal.

Should some bold Flatterer sooth your listening Ears,  
 "The conquer'd World, dread Sir, thy Name reveres,  
 "And Jove, our Guardian God, with Power divine,  
 "Who watches o'er Rome's Happiness and thine,  
 "Yet holds it doubtful, whether Rome or You,  
 "With greater Warmth, each other's Good pursue,"  
 This Praise, you own, is sacred Cæsar's Fame;  
 But can you answer to your proper Name,  
 When you are call'd th' Accomplish'd, or the Wise,  
 Names, which we all with equal Ardour prize?

Yet

21. *Nou si te populus.*] They, who fancy themselves wise and happy, because they appear so to the public Opinion, are here compared to Persons, who are told, and therefore believe, that they are in perfect Health. They sit down to Dinner; force a sickly Appetite; assume a false Gaiety, and are almost dying, before they will contradict the civil Creatures, who assure them, they are not out of Order.

27. *Tene magis saluum.*] The careless Manner of introducing the Name of Augustus, is not the least beautiful Part of this Passage. That his Glories are inseparable from those of the State, and that his Happiness consists in loving and being beloved by his People, are the highest Praises, which can possibly be given to a great and good Prince.

32. *Nempe vir bonus ac prudens.*] The Poet says, that a Man, who

Qui dedit hoc hodie, cras, si volet, auferet : ut si  
Detulerit fasces indigno, detrahet idem.

Pone, meum est, inquit : pono, tristisque recedo. 35

Idem, si clamet furem, neget esse pudicum,

Contendat laqueo collum pressisse paternum,

Mordear opprobriis falsis, mutemque colores ?

Falsus honor juvat, & mendax infamia terret

Quem, nisi mendosum, & medicandum ? Vir bonus est  
quis ? 40

QUINTIUS.

Qui consulta patrum, qui leges, juraque servat ;

Quo multæ magnæque secantur judice lites ;

Quo res sponfore, & quo causæ teste tenentur.

HORAT.

suffers himself to believe the false Praises, which Flattery lavishes upon him, shall be equally alarmed at the Crimes, imputed to him by Calumny, because his Complaisance and Dejection of Spirit proceed from the same Principle, and shew the same Weakness. But although it is not required, that a good Man should be insensible to the public Opinion, yet he will rather chuse to be really virtuous, than appear so to the World. SAN.

33. *Qui dedit hoc hodie.*] If the People were less inconstant and variable in the Praises they bestow, it were less ridiculous to court their Applause by an Appearance of Wisdom and Virtue. DAC.

38. *Mutemque colores.*] Horace would express that Variety of Changes and Colours in the Face, which often arise in a Disorder of the Passions. Lucian has the same Expression, although the Latins, in general, said *mutare colorem*, as we do, *to change Colour*.

BENT.

40. *Quem, nisi mendosum, & medicandum.*] Such is the Reading of the Scholiast, of twelve Manuscripts, and eight Editions. It perfectly well agrees with the metaphorical Expressions in the preceding Lines, *sanum, valentem, febrem* and *ulcera*, which are spoken of the Distempers

Yet he, who gives to-day this heedless Praise,  
 Shall take it back to-morrow, if he please.  
 As when the People from some worthless Knave  
 Can tear away the Consulship they gave;  
 " Lay down the Name of Wisdom, Sir, 'tis mine ;"  
 Confus'd I leave him, and his Gifts resign.  
 What if he said, I hang'd my aged Sire,  
 Call'd me a Thief, a Slave to lewd Desire,  
 Shall I be tortur'd with unjust Disgrace,  
 Or change the guilty Colours of my Face ?  
 False Praise can charm, unreal Shame controll—  
 Whom, but a vicious or a sickly Soul ?  
 Who then is good ?

QUINTIUS.

Who carefully observes

The Senate's wise Decrees, nor ever swerves  
 From the known Rules of Justice and the Laws :  
 Whose Bail secures, whose Oath decides a Cause.

HORACE.

Distempers of the Mind. If, says Horace, the Judgement of an unreasonable Multitude can make an Impression on You ; if You rejoice in being falsely thought virtuous, or if You are afflicted by being unjustly believed a dishonest Man, your Weakness proceeds from the same vicious Principle, and you must apply to Reason and Philosophy for a Cure, *medicandum*. Such are the Reasons given for the present Alteration of the Text.

43. *Quo res sponse.*] Our Commentators in general, read *res sponse* in one Word, but cannot agree about the Meaning of it. They understand either *arbitrator*, *jurisconsultus* or *sponsor*. The first is useless, being synonymous with *testis* and *judex* in the same Sentence. If it signifies the second, *jurisconsultus*, whence is it, that no Latin Author has used it in that Sense? *Responsor* for *sponsor* is liable to the same Objection. A Manuscript of Cruquius takes away all Difficulties by dividing the Word, and his Correction, so natural and simple, hath been received by four of our last, best Editors.

## HORATIUS.

Sed videt hunc omnis domus & vicinia tota  
 Introrsus turpem, speciosum pelle decorâ. 45  
 Nec furtum feci, neque fugi, si mihi dicit  
 Servus : Habes pretium ; loris non ureris, aio.  
 Non hominem occidi : Non pasces in cruce corvos.  
 Sum bonus ac frugi : Renuit negitatque Sabellus.  
 Cautus enim metuit foveam lupo : accipiterque 50  
 Suspectos laqueos, & opertum milibus hamum.  
 Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore :  
 Tu nihil admittes in te formidine pœnæ.  
 Sit spes fallendi, miscebis sacra profanis.  
 Nam de mille fabæ modiis quum surripis unum : 55  
 Damnum est, non facinus, pacto mihi lenius isto.  
 Vir bonus, omne forum quem spectat & omne tribunal ;  
 Quandocunque Deos vel porco vel bove placat,  
 Jane pater, clarè, clarè quum dixit, Apollo ;

Labra

45. *Introrsus turpem.*] Vanity, Point of Honour, Sense of Decency, or some other Motive of Interest, disguise Mankind when they appear abroad, but at home they throw off the Mask, *decora pelle*, and shew their natural Face. A Magistrate appears in public with Dignity, Circumspection and Integrity. A Courtier puts on an Air of Gaiety, Politeness and Complaisance ; but let them enter into themselves, and all is changed. Caprice, Pride, Passion, criminal Intrigues, and the most licentious Excesses, frequently form their true Characters.

A Man may be a very bad Man with all the good Qualities given him by our Poet's Definition, as he may be a bad Slave, who is neither a Thief, Murderer, or Fugitive. SAN.

49. *Renuit negitatque.*] The common Reading is *negat atque*. One Manuscript has *renuitque negatque*, which does not want Merit ; two others have *negitat*, which could not be the Work of Copists and Grammarians. BENT. CUN. SAN.

*Sabellus.*] Is very differently explained. *Sabellus* for *Samnis*, *dura* & *infelicitè*, says Torrentius, who thinks it a proper Name of some



## HORACE.

Yet his own House, his Neighbours, through his Art  
Behold an inward Baseness in his Heart.

Suppose a Slave should say, I never steal,  
I never ran away—"nor do you feel

"The flagrant Lash"—No human Blood I shed—

"Nor on the Cross the ravening Crows have fed."—

But, Sir, I am an honest Slave, and wise—

"My Sabine Neighbour there the Fact denies.

"For wily Wolves the fatal Pit-fall fear;

"Kites fly the Bait, and Hawks the latent Snare;

"But virtuous Minds a Love of Virtue charms:

"The Fear of Chastisement thy Guilt alarms.

"When from my Stores you steal one Grain of Wheat,

"My Loss indeed is less, your Crime as great."

Your honest Man, on whom with awful Praise

The Forum and the Courts of Justice gaze,

If e'er he make a public Sacrifice,

Dread Janus, Phœbus, clear and loud he cries;

But

some Person like Ofellus. But the Name of a Man, probably, but little known, could not give any Authority to the Poet's reasoning. Mr. Sanadon understands *Sabellus* for *Sabinus*, a general Name for our Author's Neighbours, to one of whom he sends the Slave to be convinced, that it was a false Conclusion, to assert he was honest, because he did not run away, or commit Murder. Such a Neighbour may well be supposed to know the Faults of a Slave better than his Master.

57. *Vir bonus.*] The Poet here explains a common Vice among them, who would deceive the World into a good Opinion of them. As they have imposed on Mankind already by an Appearance of Virtue, they would impose on them by an Appearance of Devotion. Praying with a loud Voice hath too often succeeded in this bad Design. According to a fine Precept in Seneca, we should live with Men, as if God beheld our Actions; we should talk with God, as if Men were to hear us.

60. *Pulchra*

Labra movet metuens audiri: Pulchra Laverna, 60  
 Da mihi fallere; da iusto sanctoque videri;  
 Noctem peccatis, & fraudibus objice nubem.  
 Quî melior servo, quî liberior sit avarus,  
 In triviis fixum quum se demittit ob assem,  
 Non video. Nam qui cupiet, metuet quoque: porro 65  
 Qui metuens vivit, liber mihi non erit unquam.  
 Perdidit arma, locum virtutis deseruit, qui  
 Semper in augendâ festinat & obruitur rei.  
 Vendere quum possis captivum, occidere noli:  
 Serviet utiliter: sine pascat durus aretque; 70  
 Naviget, ac mediis hyemet mercator in undis:  
 Annonæ profit, portet frumenta, penumque.  
 Vir bonus ac sapiens audebit dicere: Pentheu,  
 Rector Thebarum, quid me perferre patique  
 Indignum coges?

PENTH.

60. *Pulchra Laverna.*] In a Religion, in which every one made his own Gods, it was natural that Thieves and Robbers, being persecuted upon Earth, should seek the Assistance of some Divinity in Heaven. That Horreur, with which they are usually regarded, ought to have extended to the Goddesses, who was their Protectress; but as she was also the Guardian of those, who would not have their bad Designs of any other Sort discovered; she was publickly worshipped, and her Votaries were called *Laverniones*.

TORR. SAN.

61. *Da iusto sanctoque videri.*] A Manner of Writing usual in our Author, and far more elegant than *justum sanctumque*. It is the Reading in the best Manuscripts of Cruquius and Torrentius. SAN.

63. *Quî melior servo.*] In this latter Part of his Letter the Poet shews, there is no Servitude equal to that, which our Passions impose upon us.

69. *Vendere quum possis captivum.*] A Man, tyrannized by irregular Appetites, is not only a Slave, but something worse: A Being unserviceable to Mankind, and useles to the Creation.

SAN.

73. *Vir*

But when his Prayer in earnest is prefer'd  
 Scarce moves his Lips, afraid of being heard,  
 "Beauteous Laverna, my Petition hear;  
 "Let me with Truth and Sanctity appear:  
 "Oh! give me to deceive, and, with a Veil  
 "Of Darkness and of Night my Crimes conceal."

Behold the Miser bending down to Earth  
 For a poor Farthing, which the Boys in Mirth  
 Fix'd to the Ground; and shall the Caitiff dare  
 In honest Freedom with a Slave compare?

Whoever wishes is with Fear possess'd,  
 And he, who holds that Passion in his Breast,  
 Is in my Sense a Slave; hath left the Post  
 Where Virtue plac'd him, and his Arms hath lost:  
 To purchase hasty Wealth his Force applies,  
 And overwhelm'd beneath his Burden lies.

Say, is not this a very worthless Knave?  
 But if You have the most untoward Slave,  
 Yet kill him not, he may some Profit yield,  
 Of Strength to guard your Flocks, and plow your Field,  
 Or let him winter in the stormy Main,  
 By Imports to reduce the Price of Grain.

The Good, and Wise, like Bacchus in the Play,  
 Dare, to the King of Thebes, undaunted say,  
 What can thy Power? Thy Threatnings I disdain.

PENTHEUS.

73. *Vir bonus ac sapiens.*] A really good Man is he, whom the Loss of Fortune, Liberty and Life, cannot deter from doing his Duty. The Poet, with an unexpected Spirit and Address, brings a God upon the Stage under the Character of this good Man. The whole Passage is almost an exact Translation of a Scene in the *Bacchantes* of Euripides.

79. *Moriar.*]

PENTHEUS.

Adimam bona.

BACCHUS.

Nempe pecus, rem, 75

Leſtos, argentum? tollas licet.

PENTHEUS.

In manicis &

Compedibus ſævo te ſub cuſtode tenebo.

BACCHUS.

Ipſe Deus, ſimul atque volam, me ſolvēt.

HORATIUS.

Opinor,

Hoc ſentit: Moriar. Mors ultima linea rerum eſt.

79. *Moriar.*] This could not be the Senſe of Bacchus in Euripides, becauſe he would have Pentheus acknowledge him a God, and of Conſequence immortal. Horace therefore leaves the Grecian Poet, and explains the Words conformably to his own Deſign of ſhewing, that the Fear even of Death is not capable of ſhaking the Courage of a good Man, or obliging him to abandon the Cauſe of Virtue.

SAN.

*Mors ultima linea rerum.*] This does not mean, as it is generally underſtood, that Death is an End of all Things, but of all our Miſfortunes. *Rerum* for *rerum malarum*, as in Virgil, *ſiſſi rerum, ſunt lacrymæ rerum, trepidæ rerum.*

SAN.

*Linea.*] Was a Trench drawn round the *Arena*, to mark the Courſe for them, who entered the Liſts.

TORR. SAN.



PENTHEUS.

I'll take away thy Goods.

BACCHUS.

Perhaps, you mean

My Cattle, Money, Moveables or Land.

Well; take them all.

PENTHEUS.

But, Slave, if I command,

A cruel Jailor shall thy Freedom seize.

BACCHUS.

A God shall set me free, whene'er I please.

HORACE.

Death is that God, the Poet here intends,

That utmost Bound, where human Sorrow ends.

EPIST. XVII. *Ad Scævam.*

**Q**UAMVIS, Scæva, fatis per te tibi consulis, & scis  
 Quo tandem pacto deceat majoribus uti ?  
 Disce, docendus adhuc quæ censet amicus : ut si  
 Cæcus iter monstrare velit ; tamen aspice, si quid  
 Et nos, quod cures proprium fecisse, loquamur. 5  
 Si te grata quies, & primam somnus in horam  
 Delectat ; si te pulvis strepitusque rotarum,  
 Si lædit caupona ; Ferentinum ire jubebo.  
 Nam neque divitibus contingunt gaudia solis,  
 Nec vixit malè, qui natus moriensque fefellit. 10

Si

Our Author in this Epistle gives his young Friend some Instructions for his Conduct at Court, that he may not only support his own Character, but proceed with Happiness in that dangerous and slippery Road. He shews, that an active Life ; the Life of a Man, who with Honour attempts to gain and preserve the Favour of the Great, is more honest and glorious, than an idle Life without Emulation or Ambition. He then assures him, that nothing can more probably ruin him at Court, than a mean, and sordid Design of amassing Money by asking Favours. SAN.

Verse 1. *Scæva.*] As this and the next Epistle are written upon the same Subject, the Copists probably joined them together, from whence the Scholiast and Mr. Baxter believe they were addressed to the same Person, whom they call *Scæva Lollius*. But we do not find, that the House of Lollius ever took the Surname of *Scæva*, which appears in the *Junian* and *Cassian* Families only. Who *Scæva* was we know not, but certainly Lollius and he were different Persons. SAN.

6. *Si te grata quies.*] There are two principal Passions, Indolence and Ambition, in the Breast of Man, which are perpetually setting him at Variance with himself. Horace proposes two different Parties to Scæva with Regard to these two different Passions, either a private Life, or a Court. He sets them before him with all their Advantages, and declares in Favour of the latter, TORR. SAN.

## EPIST. XVII. To SCÆVA.

**A**LTHOUGH my Scæva knows with Art complete,

How to converse familiar with the Great,  
Yet to th' Instruction of an humble Friend,  
Who would himself be better taught, attend,  
Though blind your Guide, some Precepts yet unknown  
He may disclose, which you may make your own.

Are you with tranquil, easy Pleasure blest,  
Or after Sun-rise love an Hour of Rest ;  
If dusty Streets ; the rattling Chariot's Noise,  
Or if the neighbouring Tavern's mid-night Joys,  
Delight you not, by my Advice retreat  
To the calm Raptures of a rural Seat :  
For Pleasure's not confin'd to Wealth alone,  
Nor ill he lives, who lives and dies unknown ;

But

*Et primam somnus in boram.*] The Romans began to reckon the Hours of the Day from the Time when the Sun rose, but as it rose much earlier in Summer, than Winter, a Man might be called an early Riser, who got up in Summer at Sun-rise. The Poet would only say, that he, whom the Sun finds always in Bed, may well be called indolent and lazy.

SAN.

10. *Qui natus moriensque fefellit.*] Epicurus, according to Seneca, used to say, that a wise Man should never engage in public Affairs, unless upon extraordinary Occasions. A Maxim of much good understanding. It belongs to the supreme Magistrate to chuse those Persons, who have the best Talents for Business, and not to employ them until he is well assured of their Capacity. They, who come forward of their own accord to fill the public Employments, may justly be suspected. Interest and Ambition are usually their Motives, not a Zeal for their King or Country.

SAN.

12. *Accedes*

Si prodesse tuis, paulòque benigniùs ipsum  
 Te tractare voles; accedes ficcus ad unctum.  
 Si pranderet olus patienter, regibus uti  
 Nollet Aristippus. Si sciret regibus uti,  
 Fastidiret olus qui me notat. Utrius horum 15  
 Verba probes ac facta, doce: vel junior audi  
 Cur sit Aristippi potior sententia. Namque  
 Mordacem Cynicum sic eludebat, ut aiunt:  
 Scurror ego ipse mihi, populo tu: rectius hoc &  
 Splendidius multò est: equus ut me portet, alat rex, 20  
 Officium facio: tu poscis vilia rerum  
 Dante minor; quamvis fers te nullius egentem.  
 Omnis Aristippum decuit color & status & res,  
 Tentantem majora, ferè præsentibus æquum:  
 Contra, quem duplici panno Patientia velat, 25  
 Mirabor, vitæ via si conversa decebit.

Alter

12. *Accedes ficcus ad unctum.*] People of easy Fortunes never lay down at Table without perfuming themselves with Essences; from whence the Words *unctus* and *ficcus* were used to signify a rich and a poor Man.

TORR.

13. *Si pranderet olus.*] This Dialogue between Aristippus and Diogenes is told, in almost the same Manner, by Laertius. The Characters are well maintained, and give Strength and Spirit to the Poet's reasoning.

19. *Scurror ego ipse mihi.*] Aristippus does not acknowledge he was a Buffoon, but he makes use of the Term to insult Diogenes, and dexterously puts other Words of civiler Meaning into the Place of it, when he speaks of himself, *Officium facio*. My Buffoonery, says he, procures me Profit and Honour; yours leaves You in Meanness, Indigence, Nastiness and Contempt. My Dependence is on Kings, to whom we are born in Subjection; You are a Slave to the People, whom a wise Man should despise.

SAN.

21. *Officium facio.*] Aristippus pays his Court to Dionysius without making any Request. Diogenes asks even the vilest Things from the vilest of People. He would excuse himself by saying, he asks, only because what he asks is of little Value; but if the Person, who receives an Obligation, is inferior, at that Time, to the Person, who bestows it, he is inferior in Proportion to the Meanness of the Favour he receives.

DAC.

Vilia



But would you serve your Friends, and joyous waste  
The bounteous Hour, perfume you for the Feast.

“ His patient Herbs could Aristippus eat,  
“ He had disdain’d the Tables of the Great,”  
And He, who censures me, the Sage replies,  
If he could live with Kings, would Herbs despise.

Tell me, which likes you best, or, younger, hear,  
Why Aristippus’ Maxims best appear ;

For with the snarling Cynic well he play’d,  
“ I am my own Buffoon, You take the Trade  
“ To please the Crowd ; yet sure ’tis better Pride,  
“ Maintain’d by Monarchs, on my Horse to ride.  
“ But while at Court observant I attend,  
“ For Things of Vileness You submissive bend ;  
“ Own a Superior, and yet proudly vaunt,  
“ Imperious Cynic, that you nothing want.”

Yet Aristippus every Dress became :  
In every various Change of Life the same ;  
And though he aim’d at Things of higher Kind,  
Yet to the present held an equal Mind.  
But that a Man, whom Patience taught to wear  
A thick, coarse Coat, should ever learn to bear  
A Change of Life, with Decency and Ease,  
May justly, I confess, our Wonder raise.

Yet

*Vilia rerum.*] A Manuscript-Reading of Lambinus and Cruquius, received by Dr. Bentley, Mr. Cuninghame and Sanadon.

23. *Omnis Aristippum decuit color.*] Mr. Sanadon understands *color* for *Dress*, or *Habit*. You are the only Person, says Plato to Aristippus, who can appear equally well dressed in a coarse Cloth, as in Purple.

25. *Duplici panno.*] A Greek Poet calls Diogenes

ὁ βακτηφόρος, διπλοῦματος, σιθεροόσκατος.

A Man, who carries a Cudgel, wears a double Coat, and feeds upon Air. This last Expression means a Sophist, who, according to Aristophanes,

Alter *purpureum* non expectabit amictum :  
 Quidlibet indutus celeberrima per loca vadet ;  
 Personamque feret non inconcinnus utramque.  
 Alter Miletī textam cane pejus & angui 30  
 Vitabit chlamydem ; morietur frigore, si non  
 Retuleris pannum. Refer, & sine vivat ineptus.  
 Res gerere & captos ostendere civibus hostes,  
 Attingit solium Jovis & cœlestia tentat.  
 Principibus placuisse viris, non ultima laus est. 35  
 Non cuivis hominī contingit adire Corinthum.  
 Sedit, qui timuit ne non succederet : esto :  
 Quid ? qui pervenit, fecitne viriliter ? Atqui  
 Hic est, aut nusquam, quod quærimus. Hic onus horret,  
 Ut parvis animis & parvo corpore majus : 40  
 Hic

phanes, lives upon the Clouds. However, Horace probably meant only a double Mantle, or one as thick as two; a coarse, heavy Coat in Opposition to *purpureum amictum*. Servius explains *duplicem ex humeris, rejecit amictum*, in Virgil, in the same Manner.

30. *Cane pejus & angui.*] Mr. Baxter arraigns all the Commentators he hath ever read upon this Passage. They are all impertinently foolish. *Inepti sunt interpretes quos vidi.* He pretends, that Horace means the Punishment by Law decreed against Parricides; that they should be shut up in a leathern Sack, with a Dog, a Serpent, and an Ape. But Mr. Baxter may be asked, in the Name of the Commentators, whom he condemns in such an outrageous Manner, whether this Law was in being, when Diogenes was alive? Solon left no such Law among the Greeks, nor is there any Proof of it among the Romans until some little Time before their Emperors. Might not Mr. Baxter be with Reason apprehensive of having that foolish Impertinence thrown back upon him, with which he hath unjustly charged the Commentators? SAN.

31. *Morietur frigore.*] Aristippus engaged Diogenes to go with him into the Bath, and coming first out of the Water took the Cynic's Mantle, and left him his purple Robe. But Diogenes declared he would rather go naked, than put it on. DAC.

33. *Res gerere & captos.*] These two Verses are of an Heroic Tone, and the Poet, as if he proposed to prejudice Scæva in favour of

Yet Aristippus, though but meanly drest,  
Nor wants, nor wishes for, a purple Vest;  
He walks, regardless of the public Gaze,  
And knows in every Character to please;  
But neither Dog's, nor Snake's invenom'd Bite  
Can, like a filken Robe, the Cynic fright.

"Give him his Mantle, or he dies with Cold.—"

"Nay, give it, let the Fool his Blessing hold."

In glorious War a Triumph to obtain,  
Cœlestial Honours, and a Seat shall gain  
Fast by the Throne of Jove; nor mean the Praise  
These Deities of human Kind to please.

"But, midst the Storms and Tempests of a Court,

"Not every one shall reach the wish'd-for Port;

"And sure the Man, who doubts of his Success,

"Wisely declines th' Attempt"—Then you confess,

That who succeeds, thus difficult his Part,

Gives the best Proof of Courage, as of Art.

Then, here, or no where, we the Truth shall find;  
Conscious how weak in Body, or in Mind,

When

of a Courtier's Life, opens a Description of it with whatever is most pleasing and striking in it. Princes are the Gods of this World; then what can be more glorious and honourable, than their Favour and Esteem?

SAN.

36. *Non cuius homini.*] Suidas informs us, that the Danger and Difficulty of going into the Ports of Corinth gave Rise to this Proverb. Horace makes use of it to shew, that all People have not Talents proper for succeeding in a Court, and to raise the Glory of those, who have Courage to attempt and Address to conquer the Difficulties there. Others apply the Proverb to Lais, a famous Corinthian Courtesan, but such an Application is too light and trivial for the Solemnity of these Lines, nor is it just to the Poet's Thought. If Money could purchase her Favours, it required no great Degree of Courage to attempt them.

SAN.

41. *Aut*

Hic subit ac perfert. Aut virtus nomen inane est,  
 Aut decus & pretium rectè petit experiens vir.  
 Coram rege suâ de paupertate tacentes  
 Plus poscente ferunt. Dislat, sumasne pudenter,  
 An rapias. Atqui rerum caput hoc erat, hic fons. 45  
 Indotata mihi soror est, paupercula mater,  
 Et fundus nec vendibilis, nec pascere firmus,  
 Qui dicit; clamat: Victum date. Succinit alter:  
 Et mihi dividuo findetur munere quadra.  
 Sed tacitus pasci si posset corvus, haberet 50  
 Plus dapis, & rixæ minùs & minùs invidiæque.  
 Brundisium comes aut Surrentum ductus amœnum,  
 Qui queritur salebras & acerbum frigus & imbres,  
 Aut cistam effractam & subducta viatica plorat:

Nota

41. *Aut virtus nomen inane est.*] This is the Decision, which necessarily results from the Proofs. The Poet introduces a Person, who may be supposed to object, that if it be so difficult to succeed at Court, a wise Man had better not attempt it. *Sedit, qui timuit.* Horace acknowledges the Force of this Objection, *esso*, but draws from it a very different Conclusion; that, if there be Difficulty or Danger, he certainly deserves the highest Praise, who tries to succeed, *experiens vir*; and if Virtue be any thing more than a chimerical Name, he may with Justice claim a Reward proportionable to his Merit, *rectè petit*.

43. *Suâ de paupertate.*] Horace does not forbid a Courtier ever to mention the Word Poverty before the Great. The Precept hath more good Sense in it. He would have him avoid talking in such a Manner, as to make them suspect, that Interest is the Principle of his Assiduity and Service. This excellent Precept might be better observed, if the Indolence and Inattention of the Great would suffer them to discern the Necessities, and distinguish the Merit of those, who approach them. In general, to be punctual in our Duty, and modest in asking, is a certain Method of ruining our Fortunes, and leaving our Families in Want. SAN.

45. *An rapias.*] To take with Modesty what they give with Cheerfulness, *sumere pudenter*, and to take by Force, *raperè*, what is



When we behold the Burthen with Despair,  
Which others boldly try, with Spirit bear,  
If Virtue's aught beyond an empty Name,  
Rewards and Honours they with Justice claim.

In Silence who their Poverty conceal,  
More than th' importunate, with Kings prevail :  
And whether we with modest Action take,  
Or snatch the Favour, may some Difference make.

From this fair Fountain our best Profits rise,  
For when with plaintive Tone a Suppliant cries,  
My Sister lies unportion'd on my Hands :  
My Mother's poor, nor can I sell my Lands,  
Or they maintain me ; might he not have said,  
Give me, ah ! give me, Sir, my daily Bread ?  
While he, who hears him, chaunts on t'other Side,  
With me your Bounty, ah ! with me divide ;  
But had the Crow his Food in Silence eat,  
Less had his Quarrels been, and more his Meat.

A Jaunt of Pleasure should my Lord intend,  
And with him deign to take an humble Friend,  
To talk of broken Roads, of Cold and Rain,  
Or of his plunder'd Baggage to complain,

Is

is given to our Importunity. Horace had a Right to instruct us on this Subject, as he was of most disinterested Modesty.

49. *Findetur munere quadra.*] This Importunate not only teizes his Patron with perpetual Requests, but provokes others to make the same Demands. The Poet compares them to Beggars in the Street, and gives them the same Language, for *Quadra* signifies the Plate, upon which they received their Bread at a public Distribution.

51. *Minus & minus.*] An Edition in 1480 has this Reading, which must have certainly been taken from some Manuscript, for the Copists would never have read *minus & minus*, if they had found *multo minus* in their Copies.

CUN. SAN.

55. *Sape*

Nota refert meretricis acumina, sæpe catellam,  
 Sæpe periscelidem raptam sibi flentis : uti mox  
 Nulla fides damnis verisque doloribus adfit.  
 Nec semel irrisus triviis attollere curat  
 Fracto crure planum : licet illi plurima manet  
 Lacryma ; per sanctum juratus dicat Osirin :  
 Credite, non ludo ; crudeles, tollite claudum.  
 Quære peregrinum, vicinia rauca reclamation.

55.

60.

55. *Sæpe catellam, sæpe periscelidem.*] In all former Editions of this Work, the Word Girdle was used for *catella*, which properly signifies a *Bracelet*, because Bracelets were not then in Fashion. The Mode is altered, and *Bracelets* are become fashionable. They are therefore restored to their due Honours in the Translation. The Word *Necklace* is still used for *periscelis*, which signifies a Garter. Our Ladies, as Mr. Dacier observes of his Country-Women, do not pique themselves upon having very rich Garters, because they do not shew them in dancing, as the Roman Ladies did.

59. *Planum.*] In Greek signifies a Vagabond. Decimus Laberius first latinised it, and Aulus Gellius blames the Boldness of it. But Cicero and Horace refute the Censure of the Grammarian. BOND.

60. *Osirin.*] The God of Vagabonds, and Brother of Isis, whose Power of healing Distempers was so universally believed, that as Juvenal expresses it, she maintained the Painters by votive Pictures to her Honour. *Piçtores quis nescit ab Iside pasci?* TORR.

62. *Quære peregrinum.*] This was a Trick so frequent among Beggars, that it produced a Proverb, *tollat te qui non novit.*

Is but the Trick, which wily Harlots try,  
Who for a Bracelet, or a Necklace, cry ;  
So oft they weep, that we believe no more,  
When they with Tears a real Loss deplore.

He, whom a lying Lameness once deceives,  
No more the falling Vagabond believes ;  
And though with streaming Tears the Caitiff cries,  
Help me, Ah! Cruel! help a Wretch to rise ;  
Though loud he swear, " indeed my Leg is broke ;  
" By great Osiris I no longer joke ;"  
Yet the hoarse Village answers to his Cries,  
Go find a Stranger to believe your Lies.

EPIST. XVIII. *Ad LOLLIVM.*

**S**I bene te novi, metues, liberrime Lolli,  
 Scurrantis speciem præbere, professus amicum.  
 Ut matrona meretrici dispar erit atque  
 Discolor, infido scurræ distabit amicus.  
 Est huic diversum vitio vitium prope majus,  
 Asperitas agrestis & inconcinna gravisque,  
 Commendat quæ se intonsâ cute, dentibus atris,  
 Dum vult libertas dici mera, veraque virtus.

5

Virtus

It appears that Horace had the Education of Lollius much at Heart. He had already written one Letter to him, to preserve him from some Mistakes, that might be fatal to his Virtue; and here instructs him in the various Arts, which make us agreeable to Princes. In giving these Precepts to his young Courtier, he writes, at the same Time, a delicate and lively Satire on the Lives of great Men, and leaves us to conclude, that there is no Servitude equal to that of a Court. We shall find in the Notes, that the true Date of this Epistle was in 734.

SAN.

Verse 1. *Liberrime Lolli.*] Sincerity never was the Virtue of Courts, and in proportion as Lollius had more Integrity and Frankness, he had more occasion for Advice. If an honest Man engages in the Service of a great Man, who loves Flattery, it is natural, at least it is not extraordinary, that he should sacrifice his Honour to his Fortune. Whatever Difference there may be between Flattery and Friendship, Interest will easily confound them.

SAN.

3. *Ut matrona meretrici dispar.*] There are many pretty Sentiments in the Greek Authors upon this Subject, some of which perhaps have not yet been seen in English. Harlots and Flatterers wish every Blessing to them, whom they love and converse with, except Prudence and common Sense. Flattery, says Plato, is a pleasing, but a dishonourable Commerce, and Theophrastus calls it a shameful, but



## EPIST. XVIII. To LOLLIUS.

**L**OLLIUS, if well I know your Heart,  
 Your liberal Spirit scorns an Art,  
 That can to sordid Flattery bend,  
 And basely counterfeit the Friend;  
 For such the Difference, I ween,  
 The Flatterer and Friend between,  
 As is betwixt a virtuous Dame,  
 And Prostitute of common Fame.

Behold, in opposite Excess,  
 A different Vice, though nothing less;  
 Rustic, inelegant, uncouth,  
 With shaggy Beard, and nasty Tooth,  
 That fondly would be thought to be  
 Fair Virtue, and pure Liberty:

But

but not unprofitable Traffic. Socrates puts a Prostitute and a Flatterer in the same Rank; agreeable, but dangerous Animals; and Plutarch calls Flattery, the Friendship of a common Woman.

4. *Discolor.*] Clothes of various Colours were worn only by Prostitutes. They were too gaudy for a Roman Matron of Reputation and Virtue. DAC.

7. *Commendat quæ se intonsâ cute.*] A conjectural Reading proposed by Mr. Sanadon, for all former Editions read, *Quæ se commendat tonsâ cute*, in direct Opposition to the Poet's Thought. The Critic is persuaded that some Grammarian, willing to range the Words in their grammatical Order, put *quæ se commendat intonsâ cute* into the Margin, and that this Arrangement being afterwards taken into the Text, the first Syllable of *intonsâ* was thrown out, because it hurt the Prosody of the Line.

Virtus est medium vitiorum, & utrimque reductum.

Alter in obsequium plus æquo pronus, & imi 10

Derisor lecti, sic nutum divitis horret,

Sic iterat voces, & verba cadentia tollit,

Ut puerum sævo credas dictata magistro

Reddere, vel partes mimum tractare secundas.

Alter rixator, de lanâ sæpe caprinâ 15

Propugnat, nugis armatus: scilicet, ut non

Sit mihi prima fides; &, verè quod placet, ut non

Acritur elatrem, pretium ætas altera sordet.

Ambigitur quid enim? Castor sciat an Docilis plus?

Brundisium Minucî meliùs via ducat, an Appi? 20

Quem

10. *Et imi derisor lecti.*] These Words are generally explained, *laughing at them, who lie on a Bed below him.* But the Poet only speaks here of the Vice of flattering a great Man, which may be done without laughing at the Buffoons and Parasites, who lay on the lowest Beds, and who generally raillied others rather than were raillied themselves. They were admitted to promote this Kind of Mirth, but when they changed Characters, and flattered the Master of the Feast, they did it in a gross and servile Manner, such as Horace describes, *Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur.*

12. *Sic iterat voces.*] The Flatterer, according to an Expression of Plutarch, lives on a rich Man's Nod. He repeats his Words, and catches those, which are falling unobserved, that nothing may be lost.

14. *Partes tractare secundas.*] An Actor, who plays the second Character in a Play; who imitates and assists the principal Player; who conceals his own superior Abilities, that he may give him an higher Lustre. So far the Passage is intelligible; but the true, peculiar Beauty and Justness of the Comparison must be lost to us, as we can have no Conception of this second Actor on the Roman Stage. Seneca says of Opimius, who was fond of applauding whatever Cælius said, *Opimius judicavit quidquid dixisset sequi & secundas agere.* The Reader may find some other Remarks on this Subject in the Notes on the forty-sixth Line of the ninth Satire.

15. *Alter rixator.*] This Alteration *rixator* for *rixatur*, which is only of a single Letter, was proposed by Muretus, and has been received into the Text by Mr. Cuningham, Sanadon and Marveillius.

Horace,

But Virtue in a Medium lies,  
From whence these different Follies rise.

Another, with Devotion fervent,  
Is more than your obsequious Servant;  
Admitted as an humble Guest,  
Where Men of Money break their Jest,  
He waits the Nod, with Awe profound,  
And catches, ere it reach the Ground,  
The falling Joke, and echoes back the Sound.  
A School-boy thus with humble Air,  
Repeats to Pedagogue severe;  
Thus Players act an Under-part,  
And fear to put forth all their Art.

Another in Dispute engages,  
With Nonsense arm'd for nothing rages,  
" My Word of Honour not believ'd ?  
" Or my Opinion not receiv'd ?  
" And shall I, whether right or wrong,  
" Be forc'd, forsooth, to hold my Tongue ?  
" No——, at a Price so base and mean,  
" I would a thousand Lives disdain."

But what's the Cause of all this Rage ?  
Who's the best Actor on the Stage,  
Or to which Road You best may turn Ye,  
If to Brundisium lies your Journey.

Now,

Horace, after having said *alter in obsequium pronus*, for *alter adulator*, ought also to use a Noun, not a Verb, for an opposite Character, *Rixator*.

16. *Propugnat, nugis armatus.*] They, who divide the Word *propugnat*, to construe it *pugnat pro nugis*, lose the Beauty of the Passage, *nugis armatus*, armed with Trifles and Nonsense. TORR.

20. *Minucî via.*] There were two Roads from Rome to Brundisium. The Appian, which went along the Tuscan Sea; and the

Quem damnosa Venus, quem præceps alea nudat,  
 Gloria quem supra vires & vestit & ungit,  
 Quem tenet argenti sitis importuna famesque,  
 Quem paupertatis pudor & fuga ; dives amicus,  
 Sæpe decem vitiis instructior, odit & horret. 25  
 Aut si non odit, regit ; ac veluti pia mater  
 Plus quàm se sapere & virtutibus esse priorem  
 Vult : & ait prope vera : Meæ (contendere noli)  
 Stultitiam patiuntur opes ; tibi parvula res est :  
 Arcta decet sanum comitem toga : define mecum 30  
 Certare. Eutrapelus, cuicunque nocere volebat,  
 Vestimenta dabat pretiosa : beatus enim jam  
 Cum pulchris tunicis sumet nova consilia ac spes ;  
 Dormiet in lucem ; scorto postponet honestum  
 Officium ; nummos alienos pascet ; ad imum 35  
 Threx erit, aut olitorisaget mercede caballum.

Arcanum

Minucian, which crossed over the Country of the Sabines and Samnites, joining the Appian Road at Beneventum. This last had its Name from the Consul, Tiberius Minucius, who made it in 448, seven Years after that of Appius. SAN.

25. *Sæpe decem vitiis instructior.*] This Precept is of great Importance. A Prince, however vicious himself, pays a secret Homage to Virtue, and treats with just Contempt those Faults in others, which render himself really contemptible. He requires a Regularity of Conduct, which he breaks by his own Example, as if he proposed to conceal his Vices under their Virtues. SAN.

29. *Stultitiam patiuntur opes.*] As if being a Lord, a Prince, or a King, gave a Man a better Right to be a Fool, a Coxcomb, or a Villain. However, this Reasoning is in some Measure true, *prope vera* ; for although the Follies of Rich and Poor are equal in themselves, yet they are very unequal in their Consequences. SAN.

31. *Eutrapelus.*] The Great imagine, that their Riches give them a Right to play the Fool, but Eutrapelus is persuaded, that Riches and Folly are inseparable. His real Name was Volumnius, and he had the Surname of Eutrapelus, the *Raillier*, given him for his Wit and Pleasantry. Having forgotten to put his Name to a Letter he wrote to Cicero, the Orator tells him, he fancied it came from Volumnius the Senator, but was undeceived by the *Eutrapelia*, the Spirit and Vivacity of it.



Now, Lollius, mark the Wretch's Fate,  
Who lives dependant on the Great.  
If the præcipitating Dice,  
If Venus be his darling Vice,  
If Vanity his Wealth consumes  
In Dressing, Feasting, and Perfumes,  
If Thirst of Gold his Bosom sways,  
A Thirst, which nothing can appease,  
If Poverty with Shame he views,  
And Wealth with every Vice pursues,  
My Lord, more vicious as more great,  
Views him with Horrour, and with Hate :  
At least, shall o'er him tyrannise,  
And like a fond Mamma advise,  
Who bids her darling Daughter shun  
The Paths of Folly she had run.  
Think not, he cries, to live like me ;  
My Wealth supports my Vanity ;  
Your Folly should be moderate,  
Proportion'd to a small Estate.

Eutrapelus, in merry Mood,  
The Objects of his Wrath pursued,  
And where he deepest Vengeance meant,  
Fine Clothes, with cruel Bounty, sent ;  
For when the happy Coxcomb's drest,  
Strange Hopes and Projects fill his Breast ;  
He sleeps 'till Noon, nor will the Varlet,  
For Fame or Fortune, leave his Harlot.  
Lavish he feeds the Usurer's Store,  
And when the Miser lends no more,  
He learns the Gladiator's Art,  
Or humbly drives a Gardener's Cart.

Arcanum neque tu scitaberis illius usquam;  
 Commissumque teges, & vino tortus & irâ.  
 Nec tua laudabis studia, aut aliena reprendes;  
 Nec, quum venari volet ille, poemata panges. 40  
 Gratia sic fratrum geminorum, Amphionis atque  
 Zethi, dissiluit; donec suspecta severo  
 Conticuit lyra. Fraternalis cessasse putatur  
 Moribus Amphion. Tu cede potentis amici  
 Lenibus imperiis: quotiesque educet in agros 45  
 Ætolis onerata plagis jumenta canesque;  
 Surge, & inhumanae senium deponere Camenæ,  
 Cœnes ut pariter pulmenta laboribus emta.  
 Romanis solenne viris opus, utile famæ,  
 Vitæque & membris; præsertim quum valeas, & 50  
 Vel cursu superare canem, vel viribus aprum  
 Possis. Adde, virilia quod speciosius arma  
 Non est qui tractet. Scis quo clamore coronæ  
 Prælia sustineas campestria: denique sævam  
 Militiam puer & Cantabrica bella tulisti 55  
 Sub duce, qui templis Parthorum signa refigit  
 Nunc;

37. *Illius.*] *Potentis amici*, for *ullius* is too general and false. It is not forbidden to know the Secrets of an Enemy, a Rival, &c. *Illius* is of two Manuscripts, and received by our best Critics.

45. *Lenibus imperiis.*] The gentlest Commands of Superiors have a Sort of Insolence and Authority towards their Dependents, nor are they to be obeyed with a less punctual Submission, than their most absolute Orders.

47. *Senium deponere Camenæ.*] The Muse is here called *inhumanae*, from the Peevishness of Poets, when they are interrupted in their poetical Studies, from their general Love of Solitude and Retirement. TORR.

54. *Denique sævam militiam puer.*] Lollius, to whom Horace writes, was with Augustus in his Expedition against the Cantabrians, when he was very young, *puer*. But Augustus departed from Rome in 727, when Lollius, the Father, had been some Years in Galatia, where he was Governor after the Death of Amyntas, whose Kingdom became a Province of the Roman Empire. He returned to Rome in 732, and entered upon his Consulship in the Beginning of the Year

Strive not with mean, unhandsome Lore,  
Your Patron's Bosom to explore,  
And let not Wine, or Anger wrest  
Th' intrusted Secret from your Breast.

Nor blame the Pleasures of your Friend,  
Nor to your own too earnest bend ;  
Nor idly court the froward Muse,  
While He the vigorous Chace pursues.  
Humours like these could fatal prove  
To Zethus' and Amphion's Love,  
Until Amphion kind complied,  
And laid th' offensive Lyre aside.  
So to your Patron's Will give Way,  
His gentle Insolence obey,  
And when he pours into the Plain  
His Horses, Hounds, and hunting-Train,  
Break from the peevish Muse away,  
Divide the Toils, and share the Prey.

The Chace was by our Sires esteem'd,  
Healthful, and honourable deem'd.  
Thy Swiftnefs far the Hound's exceeds ;  
The Boar beneath thy Javelin bleeds,  
And who, like Thee, with Grace can wield  
The Weapons of the Martial Field,  
Or with such loud Applause as thine,  
Amidst the youthful Battle shine ?

In the destructive War of Spain  
Early you made your first Campaign,  
Beneath a Leader, who regains  
Our Eagles from the Parthian Fanes,

Who

Year following. It is therefore impossible, that he could have been  
with Augustus in the War of Spain, and consequently this Letter  
could not have been written to him.

CARDINAL NORIS.

56. *Parthorum signa refugit.*] All our Editors agree that *refugit*

Nunc; &, si quid abest, Italis adjudicat armis.  
 Ac, ne te retrahas, & inexcusabilis absis,  
 Quamvis nil extra numerum fecisse modumque  
 Curas, interdum nugaris rure paterno. 60  
 Partitur lintres exercitus: Actia pugna,  
 Te duce, per pueros hostili more refertur:  
 Adversarius est Frater; lacus, Adria: donec  
 Alterutrum velox Victoria fronde coronet.  
 Consentire suis studiis qui crediderit te, 65  
 Fautor utroque tuum laudabit pollice ludum.  
 Protinus ut moneam (si quid monitoris eges tu)  
 Quid de quoque viro, & cui dicas, sæpe videto.  
 Percontatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est.  
 Nec retinent patulæ commissa fideliter aures, 70  
 Et semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.

Qualem

is in almost all the Manuscripts. It is of more than ordinary Value, because it determines the precise Date of this Epistle in 734, when Phraates restored the Roman Eagles to Augustus. Horace was then forty-five Years of Age.

57. *Nunc; &, si quid abest.*] *Nunc* must be construed with *refigit*, as appears by the best Copies, *sic enim distinguunt potiora exemplaria.*  
 BENT. SAN.

61. *Actia pugna, te duce.*] This little Sea-fight is well introduced by our Poet, and does much Honour to Lollius. Augustus, in Remembrance of the Battle of Actium, instituted a Tournament under the Name of Actian Games, which were annually celebrated every first of August. Mr. Sanadon thinks it probable, that this naval Engagement of Lollius gave the Romans a first Idea of those Naumachia, with which they were afterwards entertained by their Emperors.

65. *Consentire suis studiis.*] The Commentators understand these Words of Augustus, which Mr. Dacier thinks ridiculous. The Poet, says he, returns to his Subject, and tells Lollius, that any great Man, to whom he would wish to be a Favourite, will be pleased with his Complaisance in hunting with him, and in return, will approve of his Amusements, his writing Verses.



Who boundless now extends his Sway,  
And bids a willing World obey.

Lollius, though all your Actions rise  
From Judgement temperate and wise,  
Yet oft at home you can unbend,  
And even to trifling Sports descend.  
Your little Boats, with mimic Rage,  
Like Actium's mighty Fleets engage;  
Your Lake like Adria's Ocean spreads,  
The adverse War your Brother leads,  
'Till Victory her Wings display,  
And crown the Conqueror of the Day.  
Cæsar, who finds that you approve  
His Taste, shall your Diversions love.

If my Advice Regard may claim,  
Be tender of another's Fame,  
And be the Man with Caution tried,  
In whose Discretion you confide.  
'Th' impertinent be sure to hate;  
Who loves to ask, will love to prate.  
Ears, that unfold to every Tale,  
Intrusted Secrets ill conceal,  
And You shall wish, but wish in vain,  
To call the fleeting Words again.

With

66. *Utroque tuum laudabit pollice.*] A metaphorical Manner of speaking, taken from the *Arena*. When a Gladiator was thrown in fighting, the People asked his Life by turning down their Thumbs, or his Death by lifting them up. *Quum faveamus pollices premere etiam proverbio jubemur.* Plin.

TORR.

68. *Quid de quoque viro.*] Dr. Bentley would have us understand this Precept of a great Man, or a Favourite, *de potenti, de gratioso*, for to have so much Circumspection in talking of every small Mortal, *homunculo*, is a Timidity more than servile. He tells us, that old Story-teller the Sholiast, *veterem enarratorem*, is of his Opinion, when he explains the Passage by *quid dicas, de quo dicas cui dicas*.

76. At

Qualem commendes, etiam atque etiam aspice; ne mox  
Incitant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.

Fallimur, & quondam non dignum tradimus: ergo

Quem sua culpa premet, deceptus omitte tueri.

75

At penitus notum si tentent crimina, ferves

Tuterisque tuo fidenter præsidio; qui

Dente Theonino quum circumroditur, ecquid

Ad te post paulò ventura pericula sentis?

Nam tua res agitur, paries quum proximus ardet:

80

Et neglecta solent incendia sumere vires.

Dulcis inexpertis cultura potentis amici;

Expertus metuit. Tu, dum tua navis in alto est,

Hoc age, ne mutata retrorsum te ferat aura.

Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocos,

85

Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remissi:

Potiores liquidi mediâ de luce Falerni

Oderunt porrecta negantem pocula; quamquam

Nocturnos

76. *At penitus notum.*] If you have been deceived in recommending a bad Man, let him suffer for his own Faults; but if a valuable well-known Friend be treated with Injustice and Calumny, defend him with Vigour, *fidenter*, and with your whole Power, *præsidio tuo tutare*. *Fidenter*, is taken from one of the oldest Copies, and *at*, instead of *ut*, is an easy, though a conjectural, Alteration, which the Sense and Reasoning of Horace absolutely require. BENT. SAN.

78. *Dente Theonino.*] Theon was a Grecian Poet, so remarkable for the Severity and Acrimony of his Writings, that his Name gave Rise to a Proverb, *dens Theoninus*. DAC.

80. *Nam tua res agitur.*] A Man, who delights in Scandal, is a public Incendiary, and our own Interest, as well as the Duty of Charity, should engage us to extinguish the Fire, and hinder it from spreading further.

82. *Dulcis inexpertis.*] Courtiers are Slaves indeed, nor should they be less sensible of their Slavery, because their Chains are Gold: Eutrapelus gave rich Clothes to them, whom he designed to destroy; and for my Part, says Mr. Sanadon, if I were determined to be revenged on a Man, who had injured me, I would make him a Courtier.

83. *Dum*

With cautious Judgement, o'er and o'er,  
 The Man you recommend explore,  
 Lest when the Scoundrel's better known,  
 You blush for Errors, not your own.  
 Then frankly give him up to Shame,  
 But boldly guard the injur'd Fame  
 Of a well-known, and valued Friend,  
 With Vigour and with Zeal defend ;  
 For, be assur'd, when he's defam'd,  
 At You the envenom'd Shaft is aim'd.  
 When Flames your Neighbour's Dwelling seize,  
 Your own with instant Rage shall blaze,  
 Then haste to stop the spreading Fire,  
 Which, if neglected, rises higher.

Untried, how sweet a Court Attendance !  
 When tried, how dreadful the Dependance !  
 Yet, while your Vessel's under Sail,  
 Be sure to catch the flying Gale,  
 Lest adverse Winds, with rapid Force,  
 Should bear You from your destin'd Course.

The Grave, a gay Companion, shun ;  
 Far from the Sad the Jovial run ;  
 The Gay, the Witty, and Sedate,  
 Are Objects of each other's Hate,  
 And they, who quaff their midnight Glass,  
 Scorn them, who dare their Bumper pass,

Although

83. *Dum tua navis in alto est.*] While you enjoy the Favour of Augustus. Although the Wind is favourable, yet the Favour of Princes is as uncertain as the Wind. Remember therefore the following Maxims *oderunt bilarem tristes*, &c. We may believe, by this Line, that Lollius was actually with Augustus in Syria, or with Tiberius in Armenia, when this Epistle was written.

87. *Poteres liquidi.*] Dr. Bentley and Mr. Sanadon think *Poteres bibuli* as useless a Pleonasm, as *poteres potantes*, and therefore read

Nocturnos jures te formidare tepores.

Deme supercilio nubem : plerumque modestus 90

Occupat obscuri speciem, taciturnus acerbi.

Inter cuncta leges, & percontabere doctos,

Quâ ratione queas traducere leniter ævum :

Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido,

Ne pavor, & rerum mediocriter utilium spes ; 95

Virtutem doctrina paret, Naturane donet ;

Quid minuat curas ; quid te tibi reddat amicum ;

Quid purè tranquillet ; honos an dulce lucellum,

An secretum iter, & fallentis semita vitæ.

Me quoties reficit gelidus Digentia rivus, 100

Quem Mandela bibit, rugosus frigore pagus ;

Quid sentire putas, quid credis, amice, precari ?

Sit mihi, quod nunc est ; etiam minùs : & mihi vivam

Quod superest ævi, si quid superesse volunt Dî :

Sit

*potores liquidi.* Besides, *bibulus*, as the Doctor expresses it, signifies, *qui bibit*, non *qui bibitur*. The common Editions have *nocte*, which the Commentators understand in *mediam noctem*, a Manner of speaking perfectly unknown. *Mediâ de luce*, is a Manuscript Reading, and easily understood. Probably the whole Line was inserted here from the fourteenth Epistle. *Quem bibulum liquidi mediâ de luce Falerii* ; since it is written in the Margin of the Copies only, and in a later Hand.

92. *Inter cuncta leges.*] The Remainder of this Epistle is full of excellent Morality. After having given Lollius the best Instructions for his Conduct at Court, he now teaches him the best Rules for his own Self-conduct and Happiness. SAN.

96. *Virtutem doctrina paret.*] This was always matter of Dispute among the Philosophers, but the Scholars of Epicurus determined the Question by uniting those Principles, which others divided. SAN.

97. *Quid te tibi reddat amicum.*] Vice makes us Enemies, and consequently Virtue alone can reconcile us, to ourselves. DAC.

98. *Quid purè tranquillet.*] Horace adds the Word *pure* because a false Tranquility may deceive, but is incapable of satisfying us. The Tranquility, which Honours, Reputation, Riches and Employments yield, is very different from that, which Virtue bestows, undisturbed by Desires, Hopes, or Fears. DAC.

300. *Me*



Although they loudly swear, they dread  
A sick Debauch, and aching Head.

Be every Look serenely gay,  
And drive all cloudy Cares away.  
The Modest oft too dark appear,  
The Silent, thoughtful and severe.

Consult with Care the learned Page ;  
Inquire of every scienc'd Sage,  
How you may glide with gentle Ease  
Adown the Current of your Days,  
Nor vex'd by mean and low Desires,  
Nor warm'd by wild Ambition's Fires,  
By Hope alarm'd, deprest by Fear,  
For Things, but little worth your Care :  
Whether fair Virtue's hallow'd Rules  
Proceed from Nature, or the Schools ;  
What may the Force of Care suspend,  
And make you to your-self a Friend ;  
Whether the tranquil Mind and pure,  
Honours or Wealth, our Bliss insure,  
Or down through Life unknown to stray,  
Where lonely leads the silent Way.

When happy in my rural Scene,  
Whose Fountain chills the shuddering Swain,  
Such is my Prayer——— Let me possess  
My present Wealth, or even less,  
And if the bounteous Gods design  
A longer Life, that Life be mine.

Give

100. *Me quoties reficit.*] Instead of methodically deciding what kind of Life yields greatest Happiness, he proposes his own Example and Experience. A Manner of Reasoning more decisive and powerful, than a thousand Arguments, which often derive their whole Force from the Authority and Assistance of Examples.

Dac.

105. *Provisæ*

Sit bona librorum & provisæ frugis in annum 105  
 Copia, ne fluitem dubiæ spe pendulus horæ,  
 Sed satis est orare Jovem, quæ ponit & aufert:  
 Det vitam, det opes : æquum mî animum ipse parabo.

105. *Provisæ frugis in annum copia.*] The Poet wishes he may always have a Year's Income in his Purse, that he may not be continually perplexed with an anxious Concern for To-morrow, or depend upon the various and uncertain Accidents of it. He prays only for the Conveniencies and Happiness of the Body, which are usually called the Gifts of Fortune, but asks not her Assistance for the Cultivation of his Understanding, and his Improvement in Virtue. Such were the Sentiments, not of any particular Sect, but of the Philosophers in general.

108. *Æquum mî animum.*] Mr. Sanadon reads *animum mibi ego ipse parabo*, upon Authority of one Manuscript, supported by a Writer of the twelfth Century, who thus quotes the Line. Certainly this Reading does not want Merit; for when the Poet prays for Life and a moderate Fortune, there is no need of an Equality of Mind, *æquum*, to enjoy them. This is a Virtue better proved in doubtful or unhappy Circumstances.

Give me of Books the mental Cheer,  
Of Wealth, sufficient for a Year,  
Nor let me float in Fortune's Power,  
Dependant on the future Hour.  
To Jove for Life and Wealth I pray,  
These Jove may give, or take away,  
But, for a firm and tranquil Mind,  
That Blessing in myself I'll find.

EPIST. XIX. *Ad MÆCENATEM.*

**P**RISCO si credis, Mæcenas docte, Cratino,  
 Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt,  
 Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus. Ut malè fanos  
 Adscripsit Liber Satyris Faunisque poetas,  
 Vina ferè dulces oluerunt manè Camenæ.  
 Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus Homerus.  
 Ennius ipse pater nunquam nisi potus ad arma  
 Profiluît dicenda. Forum putealque Libonis  
 Mandabo ficcis, adimam cantare severis.

Hoc

This Epistle is a Satire on the Poets, in our Author's Time, who under Pretence, that Bacchus was God of Poetry, and that the best ancient Bards loved Wine, imagined they might equal their Merit by drinking as largely. Horace laughs at such ridiculous Imitation. He raillies the methodical Dulness of their Compositions; nor makes a Difficulty of proposing his own Example in imitating Alcæus and Archilochus.

DAC.

Verse 1. *Mæcenas docte,*] Is not an Expression of Flattery, for Mæcenas had not only very considerable Abilities for the Field, and the Council, but was really a Man of Learning.

Cratinus loved Wine to such Excess, that Aristophanes tells us he died with Grief at seeing a Hog'shead broken, and the Wine running out.

2. *Nulla placere diu.*] This was probably one of Cratinus his Verses which Horace hath translated. A Greek Epigram hath preserved one of his drinking Maxims; that Wine is a Race-horse to a Poet of Genius, and that a Water-drinker never made a good Dythyrambic. Some Imaginations are indeed so naturally cold, that Wine may warm them, but it seldom produces a correct and regular Poem. Such phlegmatic Rhimers would do well to remember, that there is some Difference between drinking and being drunk.

DAC.

6. *Laudibus*



## EPIST. XIX. To MÆCENAS.

TO old Cratinus if You Credit give,  
 No Water-drinker's Verses long shall live,  
 Or long shall please. Among his motley Fold,  
 Satyrs and Fauns, when Bacchus had enroll'd  
 The brain-sick Rhimer, soon the tuneful Nine  
 At Morning breath'd, and not too sweet, of Wine.

When Homer sings the Joys of Wine, 'tis plain,  
 Great Homer was not of a sober Strain;  
 And Father Ennius, 'till with drinking fir'd,  
 Was never to the martial Song inspir'd.  
 Let thirsty Spirits make the Bar their Choice,  
 Nor dare in cheerful Song to raise their Voice.

Soon

6. *Laudibus arguitur vini.*] Homer calls Wine *sweet and sweet as Honey, generous, joyous to the Spirits, and a divine Beverage, that softens the Rudeness of our Tempers.* From whence, perhaps, Tully reproaches Antony with such an Asperity and Ferocity of Temper, as Wine with all its natural Softness could not meliorate. Yet, as Mr. Sanadon observes, this is but an uncertain Proof, for Homer might have written Verses in Praise of Wine, as a Poet may write Love-Verses without being in Love.

8. *Forum putealque.*] Torrentius first perceived, that these Words could not be spoken either by Cratinus or Ennius, who were both dead long before Libo was born; nor by Bacchus, who surely would not have waited so long to publish a Decree, which the Usages of so many Poets had already established; nor by Mæcenas, unless we read *edixi* and *palleres*, contrary to all the Manuscripts. We must therefore acknowledge Horace himself, giving forth his Laws in the Style and Tone of a Legislator, *Hoc simul edixi*, which is of more than five Manuscripts, and received by our best Editors.

15. *Iarbitam.*]

Hoc simul edixi : non cessavere poetæ  
 Nocturno certare mero, putere diurno. 10  
 Quid ? si quis vultu torvo ferus, ac pede nudo,  
 Exiguæque togæ simulet textore Catonem ;  
 Virtutemne repræsentet moresque Catonis ?  
 Rupit Iarbitam Timagenis æmula lingua, 15  
 Dum studet urbanus, tenditque disertus haberi.  
 Decipit exemplar vitiis imitabile. Proh ! si  
 Pallerem casu, biberent exsangue cuminum.  
 O imitatores, servum pecus ; ut mihi bilem,  
 Ut mihi sæpe jocum vestri movere tumultus ! 20  
 Libera per vacuum posui vestigia princeps,  
 Non aliena meo pressi pede. Qui sibi fidit  
 Dux, regit examen. Parios ego primus iambos  
 Ostendi Latio ; numeros animosque secutus  
 Archilochi, non res & agentia verba Lycamben. 25  
 Ac

15. *Iarbitam.*] Or the Moor. His Name, according to the Scholiast, was Cordus. Attempting at an Entertainment, from whence Mr. Sanadon reads *æmula cæna* in the Text, to imitate the Wit and Pleasantry of Timagenes, almost burst with Despair and Vexation, *invidia quodammodo ruptus est*. He is pleasantly called *Iarbita*, or the Moor, from Iarbas, King of Mauritania, the Rival of Æneas, and perhaps with some satirical Allusion to the History of that King. Timagenes was a Rhetorician of Alexandria, who having provoked Augustus by too great a Freedom of Raillery, was forbidden to enter the Palace. In Resentment of such an Affront, he burned a History, which he had written of that Emperor's Life.

17. *Proh ! si.*] This Reading is of three Manuscripts. It is therefore sufficiently authorised, and it is more poetical than *quod si*.

18. *Biberent exsangue cuminum.*] Dioscorides assures us, that Cumin will make People pale, who drink it, or wash themselves with it. Pliny says it was reported, that the Disciples of Porcius Latro, a famous Master of the Art of speaking, used it to imitate that Palenefs, which he had contracted by his Studies.

24. *Numeros animosque secutus Archilochi.*] Horace tells us, he had imitated Archilochus in taking from him some particular Measures, and if we may judge from the Fragments of the Grecian Poet,

Soon as I spoke, our Bards, before they write,  
 Smell of their Wine all Day, and tipples all the Night.  
 What! if with naked Feet and savage Air,  
 Cato's short Coat some mimic Coxcomb wear,  
 Say, shall his Habit and affected Gloom,  
 Great Cato's Manners, or his Worth assume?

Cordus, the Moor, while studious how to please  
 With well-bred Raillery, and learned Ease,  
 To rival gay Timagenes he tried,  
 Yet burst with disappointed Spleen and Pride;  
 By such Examples many a Coxcomb's caught,  
 Whose Art can only imitate a Fault.

Should I by Chance grow pale, our Bardlings think,  
 That bloodless Cumin's the true rhiming Drink.  
 Ye wretched Mimics, whose fond Heats have been,  
 How oft! the Objects of my Mirth and Spleen.  
 Through open Worlds of Rhime I dar'd to tread  
 In Paths unknown, by no bold Footsteps led;  
 Who on himself relies with conscious Pride,  
 Most certainly the buzzing Hive shall guide.  
 To keen Iambics I first tun'd the Lyre,  
 And warm'd with great Archilochus's Fire  
 His rapid Numbers chose, but shun'd with Care  
 The Style, that drove Lycambes to Despair.

I fear'd

Poet, which remain to us, these three following Verses are some of them.

*Pulvis & umbra sumus.*

*Exitio est avidum mare nautis.*

*Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.*

Canidia, Cassius Severus and some others must acknowledge, that Horace had but too well imitated the Satire and Severity of Archilochus, although he did not servilely follow his Expressions, or allow himself that Bitterness, which made Lycambes and his Daughter Neobule hang themselves.

SAN.

26. Foliis

Ac ne me foliis ideo brevioribus ornes,  
 Quòd timui mutare modos & carminis artem:  
 Temperat Archilochi Musam pede mascula Sappho;  
 Temperat Alcæus, sed rebus & ordine dispar,  
 Nec focerum quærit, quem versibus oblinat atris; 30  
 Nec sponsæ laqueum famoso carmine nectit.  
 Hunc ego, non alio dictum priùs ore, Latinus  
 Vulgavi fidicen. Juvat immemorata ferentem  
 Ingenuis oculisque legi, manibusque teneri.  
 Scire velis, mea cur ingratus opuscula lector 35  
 Laudet ametque domi, premat extra limen iniquus?

Non

26. *Foliis brevioribus.*] *Crowns less durable.* In the same Sense, in which our Poet uses, *breve lilium, brevis dominus, brevis stultitia.* Cruquius and Mr. Dacier understand it of a Crown, called *tonsis* and *tonsa.* SAN.

27. *Quòd timui mutare modos.*] What Horace here says does not contradict his having taken some Measures from the Greek Poets, which he used in such a Manner, as he thought most agreeable to Latin Poetry. He sometimes changed a Foot in the Measure of a Line, or altered the Form of their Stanzas, or divided one long into two short Verses; but all these Alterations cannot absolutely be said to have changed the Measures and Form of their Verses. SAN.

28. *Temperat Archilochi.*] *Sappho & Alcæus Musam suam temperant pede Archilochi,* and *temperat* signifies to mix, not, as is generally understood, to soften, or make musical, for the Verses of Archilochus were more violent and less harmonious, than those of Alcæus or Sappho. They took from him several Sorts of Verse for their Odes, and Horace, by their Example, hath taken from each of them whatever might enrich his Latin Lyric Poetry. SAN.

The Reader may find the Character of Sappho in the Notes on the thirteenth Ode of the second Book. She is here called *mascula*, from the Force and Spirit of her Poetry.

29. *Sed rebus & ordine dispar.*] Alcæus made use of the Verses of Archilochus, without changing either the Number or Arrangement of the Measures, yet with this Difference, that he gave them, in his Lyric Compositions, another Order, than what they had in Archilochus. SAN.

32. *Hunc*



I fear'd to change the Structure of his Line,  
 But shall a short-liv'd Wreath be therefore mine?  
 Sappho, whose Verse with manly Spirit glows,  
 Even great Alcæus his Iambics chose,  
 In different Stanzas though he forms his Lines,  
 And to a Theme more merciful inclines;  
 No perjur'd Sire with blood-stain'd Verse pursues,  
 Nor ties, in damning Rhime, his Fair-one's Noose.  
 I first attempted in the Lyric Tone  
 His Numbers, to the Roman Lyre, unknown,  
 And joy, that Works of such unheard of Taste  
 By Men of Worth and Genius were embrac'd.

But would You know, why some condemn abroad,  
 Thankless, unjust, what they at home applaud?

I pur-

32. *Hunc ego, non alio.*] Horace can only mean Alcæus. He hath already said he was the first Roman, who had imitated in Latin the Iambics of Archilochus, and it were ridiculous to repeat it within eight or nine Verses. When he says *Latinus fidicen*, he not only marks his being a Lyric Poet himself, but that the Writer, whom he had imitated, was so likewise. This cannot be said of Archilochus, who was never reckoned in their Number. This Reason will be more sensible, if we examine the different Expressions of Horace with Attention. He tells-us, he was the first Roman Lyric Poet, who had imitated Alcæus, *bunc ego, non alio dictum prius ore, Latinus fidicen*, and in the twenty third Line he says he was the first, who shewed the Iambics of Archilochus to the Latins, *Parios ego primus Iambos ostendi Latio*. It is remarkable, that although Horace did not imitate Sappho less than Archilochus and Alcæus, yet he does not say he was the first of the Romans who imitated her, because Catullus and some other Latin Poets had written Sapphic Verses before him.

BENT. SAN.

35. *Ingratus.*] A Reader, who is pleased with a Work, should account with an Author for the Pleasure he gives him; but the Jealousy of his Brother-Writers is provoked, that they have not written with equal Success, and the Spirit of small Critics is gratified in abusing a Book in Public, which they are forced to admire in Private.

38. *Impensæ*

Non ego ventosæ plebis suffragia venor  
 Impensis cœnarum, ac tritæ munere vestis:  
 Non ego, nobilium scriptorum auditor & ultor,  
 Grammaticas ambire tribus & pulpita dignor. 40  
 Hinc illæ lacrymæ. Spiffis indigna theatris  
 Scripta pudet recitare, & nugis addere pondus,  
 Si dixi: Rides, ait, & Jovis auribus ista  
 Servas; fidis enim manare poetica mella  
 Te solum, tibi pulcher. Ad hæc ego naribus uti 45  
 Formido, &, luctantis acuto ne fecer ungui,  
 Displicet iste locus, clamo, ac deludia posco.  
 Ludus enim trepidum genuit certamen, & iram;  
 Ira truces inimicitias, ac funebre bellum.

38. *Impensis cœnarum.*] This good Custom is not yet abolished, and indifferent Authors are interested to support it. Would it not be ungrateful to abuse an honest Gentleman's Verses, who gave us a good Dinner?

It was customary, at an Election for a Magistracy, to make a Present of a Suit of Clothes to a Voter, but to People of low Condition they sent Clothes, which had been already worn, *tritæ munere vestis*.  
 SAN.

40. *Grammaticas ambire tribus.*] Horace laughs at the Meanness of a bad Poet, who pays his Court to School-Masters, that they may give his Works a little Reputation by making their Scholars read them.  
 TORR.

45. *Ad hæc ego naribus uti.*] Our Poet was afraid of answering this insipid Raillery, with the Contempt it deserved, for fear of being beaten. He had not naturally too much Courage, and bad Poets are a cholerick, testy Generation. *Naribus uti*, to turn into Ridicule, as in Persius *naribus indulgere*.  
 DAC.

47. *Deludia posco.*] The Latins used *deludere*, to leave off playing. From thence came *deludia* to signify a Space of Time and Intermission of fighting given to the Gladiators during the public Games. Horace therefore pleasantly begs he may have Time allowed him to correct his Verses, before he mounts the Stage and plays for the Prize in Public.

I purchase not the venal Critic's Vote  
With costly Suppers, or a thread-bare Coat ;  
The Works of titled Wits I never hear,  
Nor vengeful in my Turn assault their Ear.  
The Tribe of Grammar-Pedants I despise,  
And hence these Tears of Spleen and Anger rise.  
I blush in grand Assemblies to repeat  
My worthless Works, and give such Trifles Weight;  
Yet these Professions they with Wonder hear——  
“ No. You reserve them for dread Cæsar's Ear ;  
“ With your own Beauties charm'd, you surely know  
“ Your Verses with a honey'd Sweetness flow.”  
Nor dare I railly with such dangerous Folk,  
Lest I be torn to Pieces for a Joke,  
Yet beg, they would appoint another Day,  
A Place more proper to decide the Fray,  
For Jest a fearful Strife and Anger breed,  
Whence Quarrels fierce, and funeral Wars proceed.

EPIST. XX. *Ad LIBRUM SUUM.*

VERTUMNUM Janumque, liber, spectare videris,

Scilicet ut prostes Sofforum pumice mundus.  
 Odisti claves, & grata sigilla pudico;  
 Paucis ostendi gemis, & communia laudas,  
 Non ita nutritus. Fuge quò descendere gestis.  
 Non erit emissio reditus tibi. Quid miser egi?  
 Quid volui? dices; ubi quid te læserit, & scis  
 In breve te cogi, plenus quum languet amator.

Quòd

In 733 Horace published a Collection of his Epistles and Satires, and probably placed this Epistle at the Head of them, from whence Mr. Sanadon places it as a Preface to his moral Poetry. Under an Allegory of a Child, unwillingly confined in his Father's House, and wishing for Liberty, the Poet gives his Book some critical Advice, which may be of much Importance to Authors in general. The Character he draws of himself is natural, and nothing is disguised either by Modesty or Vanity.

Verse 1. *Vertumnus Janumque.*] Vertumnus, according to the Scholiast, was the God, who presided over buying and selling, from whence he had a Statue and Temple in the Forum. We have given some Account, in the first Epistle, of those grand Arcades in Rome called *Janos*, where Booksellers kept their Shops.

2. *Sofforum.*] The Soffi were a Plebeian Family well known in Rome, two Brothers of which distinguished themselves by the Correctness of their Books, and Beauty of the binding. COMMENT.

3. *Grata sigilla pudico.*] So careful were the Romans of the Education of their Children, that they not only locked, but sealed the Doors of their Apartments, that no Persons, who might be suspected



## EPIST. XX. To His Book.

THE Shops of Rome impatient to behold,  
 And, elegantly polish'd, to be sold,  
 You hate the tender Seal, and guardian Keys,  
 Which modest Volumes love, and fondly praise  
 The public World, even sighing to be read,—  
 Unhappy Book! to other Manners bred.  
 Indulge the fond Desire, with which You burn,  
 Pursue your Flight, yet think not to return.

But, when insulted by the Critic's Scorn,  
 How often shall You cry, ah! me forlorn?  
 When he shall throw the tedious Volume by,  
 Nor longer view thee with a Lover's Eye.

If

pected of corrupting their Innocence, might be permitted to see  
 them.

TORR.

5. *Fuge, quo descendere gessis.*] The Forum was situated between  
 the Hills, on which Rome was built, from whence we frequently  
 find in *Forum descendere* in Cicero and Seneca. The present Reading  
 is of all the Manuscripts.

BENT. CUN. SAN.

8. *In breve te cogi.*] *In arctum volumen contrahi.* The Poet  
 threatens his Book, that it shall be rolled up, as if condemned never  
 to be read again. The Books of the Ancients were written on Skins  
 of Parchment, which they were obliged to unfold and extend when  
 they designed to read.

TORR.

*Plenus quum languet amator.*] The Lover here signifies a passionate  
 Reader, who seizes a Book with Rapture; runs it over in Haste;  
 his Curiosity begins to be satisfied; his Appetite is cloyed; he  
 throws it away, and never opens it again.

Quòd si non odio peccantis desipit augur,  
 Carus eris Romæ, donec te deseret ætas. 10  
 Contrectatus ubi manibus sordescere vulgi  
 Cœperis; aut tineas pasces taciturnus inertes,  
 Aut fugies Uticam, aut vinctus mittêris Ilerdam.  
 Ridebit monitor non exauditus: ut ille,  
 Qui malè parentem in rupes protrusit Asellum 15  
 Iratus. Quis enim invitum servare laboret?  
 Hoc quoque te manet, ut pueros elementa docentem  
 Occupet extremis in vicis balba senectus.  
 Quum tibi sol tepidus plures admoverit aures,  
 Me libertino natum patre, & in tenui re, 20  
 Majores pennas nido extendisse loquêris;  
 Ut, quantum generi demas, virtutibus addas:  
 Me primis urbis belli placuisse domique;

Corporis

10. *Donec te deseret ætas.*] Novelty is a kind of Youth, which gives to every Thing a certain Grace and Value. Few Books have a Privilege of not growing old. In general, their Youth is extremely short, and hardly divided from their Age. SAN.

13. *Aut fugies Uticam, aut vinctus.*] Manuscripts must have been of such Value, that People of moderate Fortune could not purchase them when they were first published, and when they came into their Hands they became contemptible. They were then sent by the Booksellers into the Colonies for a better Sale. Horace therefore tells his Book, that when it hath lost the Charms of Novelty and Youth, it shall either feed Moths at Rome, or willingly take its Flight to Afric, or be sent by Force to Spain. Dr. Bentley assures us that *vinctus* is of all the Manuscripts, *tam aliorum quam nostrorum codices omnes vinctus habent.* They who read *vinctus*, do not understand the Passage. SAN.

18. *Extremis in vicis.*] There were Schools in the most frequented Parts of the City, where Professors of Abilities and Reputation explained the best Greek and Latin Authors. Children were taught to read in the Suburbs, whither Horace presages his Book should be banished in its old Age. This Prediction should be considered as a modest Pleasantry, for our Poet knew too well the Value of his Works to be afraid of such a Destiny.

If Rage mislead not my prophetic Truth,  
 Rome shall admire, while you can charm with Youth,  
 But soon as vulgar Hands thy Beauty soil,  
 The Moth shall batten on the silent Spoil,  
 To Afric sent, or packeted to Spain,  
 Our Colonies of Wits to entertain.  
 This shall thy fond Adviser laughing see,  
 As, when his As was obstinate like thee,  
 The Clown in Vengeance push'd him down the Hill :  
 For who would save an As against his Will ?

At last thy stammering Age in Suburb-Schools  
 Shall toil in teaching Boys their Grammar-Rules :  
 But when in Evening mild the listening Tribe  
 Around thee throng, thy Master thus describe ;  
 A Freed-man's Son, with moderate Fortune blest,  
 Who boldly spread his Wings beyond his Nest ;  
 Take from my Birth, but to my Virtue give  
 This honest Praise, that I with Freedom live,  
 With all that Rome in Peace and War calls great.  
 Of lowly Stature ; fond of Summer's Heat,

And

19. *Sol tepidus.*] Mr. Dacier and the rest of the Commentators understand the middle of the Day, when the Sun is most violent ; but this was a Time when People usually retired into their own Houses to avoid the Heat. *Sol tepidus* may therefore mean the Mildness and moderate Warmth of Evening, when Men of Letters assembled either in the public Walks or Shops of Booksellers, to read any Works lately published. SAN.

22. *Ut quantum generi.*] Nature made Horace the Son of a public Crier, but his own Merit made him the Companion of an Emperor, and gained him the Friendship of the greatest, as well as most ingenious Men of the Augustan Age. There is an honourable and easy Method in our own Power to correct the Misfortune of a mean Birth, by Probity, Learning, Good-Nature and Politeness.

Corporis exigui, præcanum, solibus aptum ;

Irasci celerem, tamen ut placabilis essem.

25

Fortè meum si quis te percontabitur ævum ;

Me quater undenos sciat implevisse decembres,

Collegam Lepidum quo duxit Lollius anno.

24. *Solibus aptum.*] We may remark, in many Places of his Works, that our Poet was very sensible to Cold: that in Winter he went to the Sea-coast, and was particularly fond of Tarentum in that Season, because it was milder there. We may likewise understand the Words of his Exercises in the Campus Martius, as in his Odes *patiens pulveris atque solis*, but the former Sense is more natural.

28. *Quo duxit Lollius anno.*] Augustus being in the Year 733 in Sicily, the Senate made him an Offer of the Consulship, which he refused. This Refusal and his Absence occasioned a very strongly disputed Election between Lepidus and Silanus, who pretended to fill his Place. Augustus sent for them into Sicily, and forbid them to return to Rome until the Election was ended. By this means, Lollius, who had been appointed Collegue with Augustus, easily carried the Votes in Favour of Lepidus, which Horace means by the Word *duxit*. Our Poet was born on the eighth of December 689, and consequently his forty-fourth Year ended 733. SAN.



And gray before my Time. At Sense of Wrong  
Quick in Resentment, but it lasts not long.  
Let them, who ask my Age, be frankly told,  
That I was forty-four Decembers old,  
When Lollius chose with Lepidus to share  
The Power and Honours of the Consul's Chair.

END of the FIRST BOOK of EPISTLES.

---

Q. HORATII FLACCI  
EPISTOLARUM  
LIBER SECUNDUS.

---

EPISTOLA I. *Ad AUGUSTUM.*

QUUM tot sustineas ac tanta negotia solus,  
Res Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,  
Legibus emendes : in publica commoda peccem,  
Si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Cæsar.

Romulus,

Augustus had written to Horace reproaching him for not having addressed any Part of his Works to him. Know, says he, that I am angry with You ; or are you apprehensive it shall injure your Reputation with Posterity, that You have been one of my Friends? These Reproaches, probably, occasioned this Epistle, which is justly ranked among the best Performances of our Author, and not unworthy of a Prince of superior Genius, delicate Taste, and more than common Erudition. It may be divided into four Parts. In the first, the Poet examines the Comparison between Ancients and Moderns, which hath been Matter of Dispute in almost all Ages. He then shews, that Novelty is the Mother of all polite Arts, especially of Poetry, that divine Art, which deserves the greatest Praises, and greatest Rewards. In the third Part, he treats of the Theatre, and the Difficulty of succeeding there. In the last, he would inform Princes, how much they are interested to animate an Emulation among Epic and Lyric Poets, who have it in their Power to make them immortal. These different Parts are enlivened by a continual Criticism upon the Manner, in which the Romans judged of Poets, and by many Reflexions, equally useful and agreeable, upon the Origin and Progress of Poetry.

The

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THE SECOND  
B O O K  
OF THE  
EPISTLES of HORACE.

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EPISTLE I. To AUGUSTUS.

WHILE You alone sustain th' important Weight  
Of Rome's Affairs, so various and so great;  
While You the public Weal with Arms defend,  
Adorn with Morals, and with Laws amend;  
Shall not the tedious Letter prove a Crime,  
That steals one Moment of our Cæsar's Time?

Rome's

The Date of this Epistle is determined by so many Facts, and so strongly marked, that it is unaccountable how it hath been mistaken. It mentions the divine Honours paid to Augustus in 726: the Sovereign Authority, which he received from the Senate in 727: the Reduction of the Parthians in 734: the Laws, which he made for the Reformation of Manners in 736: the *Carmen Seculare*, which was sung in 737: the Conquests of Tiberius and Drusus in 739, 742, 743, and his shutting the Temple of Janus in 744, when this Letter was written, and when Horace was five and fifty Years of Age, about two Years before his Death.

SAN.

Verse 4. *Si longo sermone morer.*] As these Words have been generally understood, they make our Poet contradict himself, and fall into the very Fault he would avoid. The Translation, according to Mr. Sanadon's Interpretation, softens the Contradiction, and gives Horace a modest Apology for writing so long a Letter to a Prince en-

Romulus, & Liber pater, & cum Castore Pollux, 5  
 Post ingentia facta, Deorum in templa recepti,  
 Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella  
 Componunt, agros adsignant, oppida condunt :  
 Ploravere suis non respondere favorem  
 Speratum meritis. Diram qui contudit Hydram, 10  
 Notaque fatali portenta labore subegit,  
 Comperit invidiam supremo fine domari.  
 Urit enim fulgore suo, qui prægravat artes  
 Infra se positas ; extinctus amabitur idem.  
 Præsentī tibi maturos largimur honores, 15  
 Jurandasque tuum per numen ponimus aras,  
 Nil oriturum aliās, nihil ortum tale fatentes.  
 Sed tuus hoc populus sapiens ac justus in uno,  
 Te nostris ducibus, te Graiis anteferendo,  
 Cætera nequaquam simili ratione modoque 20  
 Æstimat, &, nisi quæ terris semota suisque  
 Temporibus defuncta videt, fastidit & odit.

Sic

gaged in the Business of the State. But perhaps he rather means by *longo sermone* a tedious Preface or Address of Compliment, and therefore throws himself at once into his Subject, *Romulus, & Liber, &c.* The Subject of his Letter was of public Concernment, and therefore the Length of it might not require an Apology; but the complimental ceremonial Manner of introducing it was private and personal. It regarded only the Writer, and therefore could not be too short. We are indebted for these last Remarks to Mr. Hurd.

11. *Notaque fatali, &c.*] Those Labours, which the Destinies had prepared for him at his Birth, or what Virgil calls *fata Junonis*.

COMM.

13. *Qui prægravat artes.*] *Artes*, for *artifices*, qui ipso inferiores meritis suis premit. A Merit too bright is a Reproach to them, who have less. It excites their Jealousy, because it alarms their Vanity. But Death restores the proper Order by putting Admiration in the place of jealousy. How many Men would have fewer Enemies, if they had not so much Merit?

TORR. SAN.

18. *Sed tuus hoc populus.*] In hoc uno, in hac una re sapiens; thus the Scholiasts explain the Words, which proves the present Reading

to



Rome's Founder, Leda's Twins, the God of Wine,  
 By human Virtues rais'd to Power divine,  
 While they with pious Cares improv'd Mankind,  
 To various States their proper Bounds assign'd,  
 Commanded War's destroying Rage to cease,  
 And bless'd their Cities with the Arts of Peace,  
 Complain'd their Virtues, and their Toils could raise  
 But slight Returns of Gratitude and Praise.

Who crush'd the Hydra, when to Life renew'd,  
 And Monsters dire with fated Toil subdu'd,  
 Found that the Monster Envy never dies,  
 'Till low in equal Death her Conqueror lies;  
 For he, who soars to an unwonted Height,  
 Oppressive dazles, with Excess of Light,  
 The Arts beneath him: yet, when dead, shall prove  
 An Object worthy of Esteem and Love.

Yet Rome to thee her living Honours pays:  
 By Thee we swear, to Thee our Altars raise,  
 While we confess no Prince so great, so wise,  
 Hath ever risen, or shall ever rise.

But when your People raise their Cæsar's Name  
 Above the Greek and Roman Chiefs in Fame,  
 In this one Instance they are just and wise,  
 Yet other Things they view with other Eyes;  
 With cold Contempt they treat the living Bard;  
 The Dead alone can merit their Regard.

To

to have been in their Copies, and thus Mr. Pope read it, in his Imitation of this Epistle. The Praise of Augustus is delicate and artful; that a People, prejudiced in Favour of all that was ancient, should prefer him to whatever was most illustrious of Antiquity. The more general the Rule, the more glorious to be the sole Exception to it.

Sic fautor veterum, ut tabulas peccare vetantes,  
 Quas bis quinque viri sanxerunt : fœdera regum  
 Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis : 25  
 Pontificum libros, annosa volumina vatum,  
 Dictitet albano Musas in monte locutas.  
 Si, quia Graiorum sunt antiquissima quæque  
 Scripta vel optima, Romani pensantur eâdem  
 Scriptores trutinâ ; non est quodd multa loquamur : 30  
 Nil intra est oleâ, nihil extra est in nuce duri :  
 Venimus ad summum fortunæ : pingimus, atque  
 Psallimus, & luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.  
 Si meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit, Scire

23. *Tabulas peccare vetantes, &c.*] The Laws of the twelve Tables, which Horace here means, might not want Elegance of Expression, if we should consider the Time, when they were written. The Treaty of Peace between Tarquinius Superbus and the Gabii was recorded on a Bull's Hide stretched upon a Piece of Wood called *Clypeum*, and we may believe the Style was answerable to the Paper. The Sibylline Books, which regulated all the Ceremonies of Religion, and the Works of Poets in the first Infancy of the Latin Tongue, might have been venerable for their Antiquity, but could not have been Models of good Writing.

26. *Annosa volumina vatum.*] The Romans, in the early Time of the Republic, had a kind of sacred, prophetic Writers, who generally wrote in Verse, or perhaps in a Style of poetical Prose, such as the Form of Words, in which the Decii devoted themselves to Death, and which Pliny calls *Carmen*.

28. *Si quia Graiorum.*] Horace does not assert, that the first Grecian Writers were the best, nor is it true in Fact. There were many Poets before Homer, nor was he the first, who sung the War of Troy, or employed the Machinery of Gods and Goddesses in his Poems. But he probably succeeded better than his Predecessors, and wrote when the Language had attained to its utmost Purity.

*Graiorum*, is a Term almost consecrated to Poetry, and is of three Manuscripts. SAN.

31. *Nil intra est oleâ.*] This conjectural Emendation belongs to Dr. Bentley, and besides the classical Elegance of it, we can hardly believe, that Horace would have used *intra* for a Preposition, and *extra* for an Adverb in the same Line. We must construe it, in *oleâ nihil duri est intra, in nuce extra*.

This Proverb hath been understood as if Horace told his Antagonist, that his Objections were not worth an Answer; that he might as well

To elder Bards so lavish of Applause,  
 They love the Language of our ancient Laws:  
 On Numa's Hymns with holy Rapture pore,  
 And turn our mouldy Records o'er and o'er,  
 Then swear transported, that the sacred Nine  
 Pronounc'd, on Alba's Top, each hallow'd Line.

But if, because the World with Justice pays  
 To the first Bards of Greece its grateful Praise,  
 In the same Scale our Poets must be weigh'd,  
 To such Disputes what Answer can be made?  
 Since we have gain'd the Height of martial Fame,  
 Let us in peaceful Arts assert our Claim;  
 The anointed Greeks no longer shall excel,  
 And neither wrestle, sing, or paint so well.

But let me ask, since Poetry, like Wine,  
 Is taught by Time to mellow and refine, When

well assert, that the Shell of a Nut, and the Stone of an Olive is not hard, or that we really paint, sing and wrestle, better than the Greeks. But certainly an Objection, which may be answered in this Manner, should not have been made; nor would any Man of Spirit bear such an Answer. The Poet intended to retort his own Argument upon his Adversary, and by all Rules of good Logic, such an Intention ought to shew the Falseness and Ridiculousness of his Manner of arguing. In Prose the whole Passage may be construed thus: If You assert, since the most ancient Greek Writers are the best, that therefore the Latin Poets must be judged in the same Manner, the Dispute may be soon decided, *non est quod multa loquamur*. By the same Manner of Reasoning, You may conclude, by another Absurdity, that there is nothing harder in an Olive, than a Nut. And then You may assert, that because we have extended the Bounds of our Empire further than the Greeks, *venimus ad summum Fortunæ*, therefore we understand Painting, Music and Wrestling better. SAN.

33. *Unctis*.] This Epithet is beautifully chosen to express the unwearied *Affiduity* of the Greeks, as if our Poet called them the industrious, or *exercising* Greeks. Mr. HURD.

If, according to this Criticism, the Epithet is applied to singing and painting, surely there is a Kind of Confusion in the Ideas, as well as Hardness in the Expression. The Practice of *Anointing* was essential and indeed peculiar to the agonistic Exercises. Can it therefore naturally be applied to the not very laborious Arts of painting and singing?

Scire velim chartis pretium quotus arroget annus. 35  
 Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter  
 Perfectos veteresque referri debet, an inter  
 Viles atque novos? Excludat jurgia finis.  
 Est vetus atque probus centum qui perficit annos.  
 Quid? qui deperiit minor uno mense, vel anno, 40  
 Inter quos referendus erit? veteresne probosque,  
 An quos & præsens & postera respuat ætas?  
 Iste quidem veteres inter ponetur honestè,  
 Qui vel mense brevi vel toto est junior anno.  
 Utor permissio, caudæque pilos ut equinæ 45  
 Paulatim vello: & demo unum, demo & item unum;  
 Dum cadat elusus ratione ruentis acervi,  
 Qui redit ad fastos, & virtutem æstimat annis,  
 Miraturque nihil, nisi quod Libitina sacrauit.  
 Ennius & sapiens, & fortis, & alter Homerus, 50  
 (Ut critici dicunt) leviter curare videtur  
 Quòd promissa cadant, ac somnia Pythagorea.  
 Nævius in manibus non est; at mentibus hæret  
 Penè recens. Adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema. Am-

36. *Scriptor abhinc annos centum.*] The Poet seems pleasantly to allow, that Verses, like Wine, may gain Strength and Spirit by a certain Number of Years. Then under Cover of this Concession insensibly leads his Adversary to his Ruin. He proposes a Term, of a reasonable Distance, for separating Ancients from Moderns; and this Term being once received, he by Degrees presses upon his Disputant, who was not on his Guard against Surprise, and who now neither knows how to advance, or retreat.

CRUQ. SAN.

41. *Veteresne probosque.*] The common Reading *poetas* makes a disagreeable Chiming with *ætas* in the next Line. Besides, the Sentence is imperfect and unequal by having *veteres* in the former Part, and *novos* and *respuendos* in the latter. *Veteres* would be more elegant Language without *poetas*: nor does Horace mean only Poets in this Passage, but all Writers whether in Verse or Prose, and therefore uses the Word *scriptor* and *scripta*. He hath set *perfectos* and *veteres*, *viles* and *novos*, *vetus* and *probus* in Opposition, and could not regularly now write *veteres* alone.

BENT. SAN.

47. *Ratione ruentis acervi.*] This Argument, called *Sorites*, from a Greek Word signifying an Heap, is composed of many Propositions very little different from each other, and chained together in such a Manner, that beginning with a sensible, incontestable Truth, they lead by Degrees to a Conclusion evidently false.



When shall th' immortal Bard begin to live ?  
 Say, shall a hundred Years completely give  
 Among your Ancients a full Right of Claim,  
 Or with the worthless Moderns fix his Name ?  
 Some certain Point should finish the Debate,  
 " Then let him live a hundred Years complete."

What if we take a Year, a Month, a Day,  
 From this judicious Sum of Fame away,  
 Shall he among the Ancients rise to Fame,  
 Or sink with Moderns to Contempt and Shame ?  
 " Among the Ancients let the Bard appear,  
 " Though younger by a Month, or even a Year."  
 I take the Grant, and by Degrees prevail,  
 (For Hair by Hair I pull the Horse's Tail)  
 And while I take them Year by Year away,  
 Their subtil Heaps of Arguments decay,  
 Who judge by Annals, nor approve a Line,  
 'Till Death has made the Poetry divine.

" Ennius, the brave, the lofty, and the wise,  
 " Another Homer in the Critic's Eyes,  
 " Forgets his Promise, now secure of Fame,  
 " And heeds no more his Pythagoric Dream.  
 " No longer Nævius, or his Plays remain :  
 " Yet we remember every pleasing Scene ;  
 " So much can Time its awful Sanction give  
 " In sacred Fame to bid a Poem live. " What-

50. *Ennius & sapiens.*] Ennius, who boasted himself another Homer; who, when alive, was anxious to preserve this mighty Character, is no longer disquieted about his Reputation. Death has consecrated his Name to Posterity; the Critics confirm his Title; his Promises are fulfilled, and his Opinion of a Transmigration of Souls is no longer a Dream, as his Enemies pretend. PORPHYRIUS.

53. *Nævius in manibus non est.*] The Commentators are much divided, whether these Words are spoken by Horace, or the Person who disputes with him. Dr. Bentley, Mr. Cunningham and Sanadon read them with a Point of Interrogation. *Is not Nævius in the Hands of every Reader, and do we not repeat his Works, as if he was a Modern?* A Glossary on a very ancient Copy seems to have a much easier Interpretation,

Ambigitur quoties, uter utro sit prior : aufert 55  
 Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti ;  
 Dicitur Afranî toga convenisse Menandro ;  
 Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi ;  
 Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte.  
 Hos ediscit, & hos arcto stipata theatro 60  
 Spectat Roma potens ; habet hos numeratque poetas  
 Ad nostrum tempus Livî scriptoris ab ævo.  
 Interdum vulgus rectum videt ; est ubi peccat.  
 Si veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,  
 Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet, errat, 65  
 Si quædam nimis antiquè, si pleraque durè  
 Dicere cedit eos, ignavè multa fatetur :  
 Et sapit, & mecum facit, & Jove judicat æquo.  
 Non equidem infector, delendave carmina Livî  
 Esse reor, memini quæ plagosum mihi parvo 70  
 Orbilium distare ; sed emendata videri  
 Pulchraque, & exactis minimùm distantia miror.  
 Inter quæ verbum emicuit si fortè decorum,  
 Si versus paulo concinnior unus & alter,  
 Injustè totum ducit venitque poema. 75

Indignor

pretation, *In manibus non est, quia non reperitur.* His Works are no longer extant, but we repeat them, as if they were lately published ; a sufficient Proof, says the Disputant, of the Power of Antiquity.

57. *Afranî toga.*] A new and happy Expression, alluding to the Subjects of his Comedies, which were formed on the Manners and Customs of the Romans, and played in Roman Dresses. They were therefore called *togatæ*, as the Grecian were *palliatæ*.

60. *Arcto stipata theatro.*] The descriptive Numbers in the Translation of this Line are of remarkable Beauty. It is taken from one of Lord Rochester's Imitations of Horace.

62. *Livî scriptoris ab ævo.*] Livius Andronicus, the most ancient of the Latin Poets, brought his first Play upon the Stage in 514. Before his Time Plays were performed extempore. He first composed one in Form, and wrote it for the Actors to learn by Heart.

67. *Dicere cedit eos.*] The Simple for the Compound, *cedit* for *concedit*. The Thought of Horace leads us directly to this Reading, instead

" Whate'er Disputes of ancient Poets rise,  
 " In some one Excellence their Merit lies :  
 " What Depth of Learning old Pacuvius shows !  
 " With strong Sublime the Page of Accius glows ;  
 " Menander's comic Robe Afranius wears ;  
 " Plautus as rapid in his Plots appears,  
 " As Epicharmus ; Terence charms with Art,  
 " And grave Cæcilius sinks into the Heart.  
 " These are the Plays, to which our People crowd,  
 " Till the throng'd Play-house crack with the dull Load.  
 " These are esteem'd the Glories of the Stage,  
 " From the first Drama to the present Age."

Sometimes the Crowd a proper Judgement makes,  
 But oft they labour under gross Mistakes,  
 As when their Ancients lavishly they raise  
 Above all modern Rivalship of Praise.  
 But that sometimes their Style uncouth appears,  
 Or their harsh Numbers rudely hurt our Ears,  
 Or that full flatly flows the languid Line ———  
 He, who owns this, hath Jove's Assent and mine.

Think not I mean, in Vengeance, to destroy  
 The Works, for which I smarted when a Boy.  
 But when as perfect Models they are prais'd,  
 Correct and chaste, I own I stand amaz'd.  
 Then if some better Phrase, or happier Line,  
 With sudden Lustre unexpected shine,  
 However harsh the rugged Numbers roll,  
 It stamps a Price, and Merit on the whole.

I feel

instead of *credit*. He attempts to convince a Man, passionately fond  
 of Antiquity; the Force of his Reasons makes an Impression upon  
 him, and he confesses, that his favourite Ancients have some Expres-  
 sions obsolete, affected, hard and languishing. *Credit* by no means  
 marks this forced Complaisance, and *cedit* is of Manuscript-Authority.

BENT. CUN. SAN.

75. *Totum ducit venitque poema.*] *Totum poema injuste ducit emto-rem*

Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia crasse  
 Compositum illepidè putetur, sed quia nuper ;  
 Nec veniam antiquis, sed honorem ac præmia posci.  
 Rectè necne crocum floresque perambulet Attæ  
 Fabula, si dubitem ; clament periisse pudorem 80  
 Cuncti penè Patres ; ea quum reprehendere coner,  
 Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius egit :  
 Vel quia nîl rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt ;  
 Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, & quæ  
 Imberbi didicere, senes perdenda fateri. 85  
 Jam Saliare Numæ carmen qui laudat, & illud,  
 Quod mecum ignorat, solus vult scire videri :  
 Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque sepultis,  
 Nostra sed impugnat, nos nostraque lividus odit.

Quodd

*rem & venit.* An excellent Copy gives us this Reading. *Ducere* is a frequent Word amongst good Authors for saying, *to impose upon a Man.* Thus in Horace, *ducit te species; emtorem ducit biantem.* If we read *vendit* with the common Editions ; where shall we find a Nominative Case for the two Verbs ? But we are told, *versus unus & alter totum poema ducit,* is a Metaphor taken from Merchants, who lead their Slaves through the Market. This Assertion requires some Proof, and after that Proof, the Sentiment and Construction of the Passage will demand to be made clearer. BENT. SAN.

78. *Honorem ac præmia.*] The Rewards and Honours, which this Disputant demands for his favourite Ancients, were having their Works placed, and their Statues erected, in the Library of Apollo. DAC.

79. *Crocum floresque perambulet Attæ.*] Perfumed Waters were scattered through the Roman Theatres, and the Stage was covered with Flowers, to which Horace pleasantly alludes, when he supposes the Plays of Attæ limping over the Stage like their lame Author. Titus Quintius had the Surname of Attæ given him, which signifies a Man, who walks on tip-toe. We are obliged to Scaliger for discovering the Beauty of this Passage.

82. *Quæ gravis Æsopus, quæ doctus Roscius.*] Æsopus excelled in Tragedy, from whence Horace calls him *gravis*, pathetic. Roscius had a lively, natural, familiar Manner of speaking, proper for Comedy. He composed a Book upon theatrical Eloquence, in which he attempted to prove, that any Sentiment might be as variously expressed



I feel my honest Indignation rise,  
 When, with affected Air, a Coxcomb cries,  
 The Work, I own, has Elegance and Ease,  
 But sure no Modern should presume to please :  
 Then for his favourite Ancients dares to claim  
 Not Pardon only, but Rewards and Fame.

When Flowers o'erspread the Stage, and Sweets perfume

The crowded Theatre, should I presume  
 The just Success of Atta's Plays to blame,  
 The Senate would pronounce me lost to Shame.  
 What! criticise the Scenes, that charm'd the Age  
 When Æsop, and when Roscius, trod the Stage !  
 Whether too fond of their peculiar Taste,  
 Or that they think their Age may be disgrac'd,  
 Should they, with aukward Modesty, submit  
 To younger Judges in the Cause of Wit,  
 Or own, that it were best, provoking Truth !  
 In Age to' unlearn the Learning of their Youth.

He, to whom Numa's Hymns appear divine,  
 Although his Ignorance be great as mine,  
 Not to th' illustrious Dead his Homage pays,  
 But envious robs the Living of their Praise.

Did

pressed by Action, as by the Power of Language. Cicero gives him this amiable Character; *he was so excellent an Actor, that he alone seemed worthy to appear upon a Stage; but he was a Man of so much Probity, that he alone should never have appeared there.*

85. *Imberbi.*] Eight Manuscripts, and two excellent Editions give us this Reading.

86. *Saliare Numæ carmen.*] Numa composed Hymns in Honour of Mars, which were sung by his Priests. They were called *axamenta*, because they were written upon Tables of Wood, *axes*. The Language of them was grown so dark and obsolete, that Cicero confesses he did not understand them; and Quintilian says, in his Time they were scarce intelligible to the Priests themselves.

90. *Quid*

164 Q. HORATII FLACCI EPISTOLARUM. L. 2,  
 Quod si tam Graiis novitas invisa fuisset, 90  
 Quàm nobis; quid nunc esset vetus? aut quid haberet,  
 Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus usus?  
 Ut primùm positis nugari Græcia bellis  
 Cœpit, & in vitium fortunâ labier æquâ;  
 Nunc athletarum studiis, nunc arsit equorum; 95  
 Marmoris, aut eboris fabros, aut æris amavit;  
 Suspendit pictâ vultum mentemque tabellâ;  
 Nunc tibicinibus, nunc est gavisâ tragœdis.  
 Sub nutrice puella velut si luderet infans,  
 Quod cupide petiit, maturè plena reliquit. 100  
 Quid placet, aut odio est, quod non mutabile credas?  
 Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique secundi.  
 Romæ dulce diu fuit ac solenne, reclusâ  
 Manè domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;  
 Cautos nominibus certis expendere nummos; 105  
 Majores audire, minori dicere, per quæ  
 Crescere res posset, minui damnosâ libido.  
 Mutavit mentem populus levis, & calet uno  
 Scribendi studio: puerique Patresque severi  
 Fronde comas vincti cœnant, & carmina dictant. 110  
 Ipse

90. *Quod si tam Graiis.*] The second Part of the Letter begins here, and it is naturally connected with the first, Novelty, says Horace, is the Mother of Arts and Sciences. It gives them Birth, Nourishment, and Perfection. But Antiquity and Novelty, are Terms, which only mark a Succession of Time, and which cannot make any real Difference between Works of Genius. We should place both Ancients and Moderns in the same Point of Light, and give to each those different Degrees of Praise and Esteem they deserve, independently of the Time, in which they lived. SAN,

95. *Nunc athletarum studiis.*] The Greeks were so passionately fond of these athletic Exercises, that Herodotus tells us, they would not discontinue them, even during the most destructive Wars; and Plutarch assures us, that the Romans of his Time were persuaded nothing contributed more to reduce them to Slavery, than their Love for their Diversions.

98. *Nunc*

Did Greece, like Rome, her Moderns disregard,  
 How had She now possess'd one ancient Bard?  
 When She beheld her Wars in Triumph cease,  
 She soon grew wanton in the Arms of Peace;  
 Now she with Rapture views th' Olympic Games,  
 And now the Sculptor's Power her Breast enflames;  
 Sometimes, with ravish'd Soul and ardent Gaze,  
 The Painter's Art intensely she surveys;  
 Now hears, transported, Music's pleasing Charms,  
 And now the tragic Muse her Passions warms.

Thus a fond Girl, her Nurse's darling Joy,  
 Now seeks impatient, and now spurns her Toy.  
 For what can long our Pain, or Pleasure raise?  
 Such are the Effects of Happiness and Ease.

For many an Age our Fathers entertain'd  
 Their early Clients, and the Laws explain'd:  
 Instructed them their cautious Wealth to lend,  
 While Youth was taught with Reverence to attend,  
 And hear the Old point out the prudent Ways  
 To calm their Passions, and their Fortunes raise.

Now the light People bend to other Aims;  
 A Lust of scribbling every Breast enflames;  
 Our Youth, our Senators, with Bays are crown'd,  
 And Rhimes eternal at our Feasts go round.

Even

98. *Nunc est gavisus tragædis.*] Horace means both Comedy and Tragedy. They were anciently included in one common Name, or rather, the same Poem was originally a Mixture of serious and comical, somewhat like our modern Tragi-comedies.

105. *Cautos nominibus certis.*] *Cauti nummi*, Sums of Money lent upon good Security. Thus the Latins used *cautum tempus*, *cauta summa*, *cautum chirographum*. By *certis nominibus* are to be understood, solvent Debtors, as in Cicero *bona nomina*. TORR.

107. *Minui damnosa libido.*] Lawyers were not only consulted in Questions of Law, but in those of civil Life and Morality. They were Casuists and Directors of Conscience. DAC.

Ipse ego, qui nullos me adfirmo scribere versus,  
 Invenior Parthis mendacior; & prius orto  
 Sole vigil, calamum & chartas & scrinia posco.  
 Navem agere ignarus navis timet: abrotonum agro  
 Non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare: quod melicorum est,  
 Promittunt melici: tractant fabrilia fabri: 116  
 Scribimus indocti doctique poemata passim.  
 Hic error tamen & levis hæc insania quantas  
 Virtutes habeat, sic collige. Vatis avarus  
 Non temerè est animus; versus amat, hoc studet unum;  
 Detrimenta, fugas servorum, incendia ridet; 121  
 Non fraudem socio, puerove incogitat ullam  
 Pupillo; vivit filiquis & pane secundo;  
 Militiæ quamquam piger ac malus, utilis urbi,  
 Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari. 125  
 Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:  
 Torquet ab obscœnis jam nunc sermonibus aurem:

Mox

112. *Parthis mendacior.*] The Romans had frequent Experience of Parthian Perfidy. Such was their amusing Crassus with a Treaty of Peace, and cutting his Army to Pieces. Even their Manner of flying when they fought, was a kind of military Lie and Imposture, which spoke the Character of the Nation; nor is it an ill Resemblance of a Poet, who renounces rhiming, yet continues to write.

CRUQ.

115. *Quod melicorum est, promittunt melici.*] This Alteration, bold as it is, consists of only a single Letter. *Quod medicorum est promittunt medici*, has been the universal Reading, although it makes Horace guilty of an inexcusable Pleonasm. For after having said, *abrotonum agro non audet, nisi qui didicit, dare*, to what Purpose should he repeat the same Thought, when he might give an additional Strength to his Reasoning, by an Example taken from another Profession? The Word *melicus* is used for Musicians in general, and particularly for those, who played on Instruments of Music, by Cicero, Lucretius, Aulus Gellius, and Ausonius. BENT. SAN.

118. *Vatis avarus non temere, &c.*] Plato says, the Organs of a Philosopher or a Poet could hardly be made the Organs of a Miser. In general, a powerful Inclination for Poetry mortifies and subdues all other Passions. Engaged to an Amusement, which is always innocent;



Even I, who Verse and all its Works deny,  
Can faithless Parthia's lying Sons out-lie,  
And, ere the rising Sun displays his Light,  
I call for Tablets, Papers, Pens, and—write.

A Pilot only dares a Vessel steer;  
A doubtful Drug unlicens'd Doctors fear;  
Musicians are to Sounds alone confin'd,  
And each Mechanick hath his Trade assign'd;  
But every desperate Blockhead dares to write;  
Verse is the Trade of every living Wight.

And yet this wandering Frenzy of the Brain  
Hath many a gentle Virtue in its Train.  
No Cares of Wealth a Poet's Heart controll;  
Verse is the only Passion of his Soul.

He laughs at Losses, Flight of Slaves, or Fires;  
No wicked Scheme his honest Breast inspires  
To hurt his Pupil, or his Friend betray;  
Brown Bread and Roots his Appetite allay;  
And though unfit for War's tumultuous Trade,  
In Peace his gentle Talents are display'd,  
If you allow, that Things of trivial Weight  
May yet support the Grandeur of a State.

He forms the Infant's Tongue to firmer Sound,  
Nor suffers vile Obscenity to wound

His

nocent, if not laudable, while it is only an Amusement; a Poet wishes to entertain the Public, and usually does not give himself too much Pain to raise his own Fortune, or to injure that of others.

124. *Militia quamquam piger.*] Poets are no great Warriors, and our Poet was himself a Proof of it. Yet they are not useless to a State. Orpheus, says Aristophanes, taught Mankind the Rites of Religion; Musæus instructed them in curing Diseases; Hesiod gave them Rules for Agriculture, and Homer informed them in all Virtues, moral, political, and military.

126. *Os tenerum pueri.*] The Romans taught their Children the Latin Tongue, by making them read the Works of their best Poets. Thus they learned the Measures of their Language, and were early formed

Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,  
 Asperitatis & invidiæ corrector & iræ.  
 Rectè facta refert : orientia tempora notis  
 Instruit exemplis : inopem solatur & ægrum.  
 Castis cum pueris ignara puella mariti  
 Disceret unde preces, vatem nisi Musa dedisset ?  
 Poscit opem chorus, & præsentia numina sentit ;  
 Cœlestes implorat aquas doctâ prece blandus ;  
 Avertit morbos, metuenda pericula pellit ;  
 Impetrat & pacem, & locupletem frugibus annum.  
 Carmine Dî superi, placantur carmine Manes.  
 Agricolæ prisci, fortes, parvoque beati,  
 Condita post frumenta, levantes tempore festo  
 Corpus & ipsum animum spe finis dura ferentem,  
 Cum sociis operum pueris & conjuge fidâ,

Tellurem

formed to Correctness and Elegance of Style. To give a Flexibility to the Voice, and to render its Tones firm and articulate, they got by Heart, and repeated, with the utmost Rapidity, a Number of Lines of the most difficult Pronunciation. How much is our Education in these great Points neglected, and how many Scholars are there in this Nation, who can neither speak, read, or write their Mother Tongue ?

132. *Castis cum pueris.*] The Celebration of the secular Games was not one of the least Events, which signalized the Reign of Augustus; nor had Horace a mean Part of that Glory, when he was appointed to compose the Hymns, which were sung upon so solemn an Occasion. Flattery and Vanity have an equal Share in recalling the pleasing Idea to his Remembrance, nor could they do it in a Manner more delicate and artful.

SAN.

135. *Cœlestes implorat aquas.*] In the Time of a general Drought, Sacrifices called *aquilicia* were performed to Jupiter to implore Rain. The People walked bare-footed in Procession, and Hymns were sung by a Chorus of Boys and Girls. To reduce the God to a Necessity of hearing them, they rolled a great Stone, called *lapis manalis*, through the Streets, being persuaded it had a Virtue of bringing down Rain. But the Priests never brought forth this miraculous Stone, until they were tolerably well assured of the Success. Tages and Baccis, Bæotian and Etruscan Sooth-sayers, had remarked, that the Fibres of the Sacrifices were of a yellow Colour, when the Wind turned to Rain after a long Drought, and ordered the Water-stones to be then immediately rolled. *Fibræ jecineris sandaracei coloris dum suant,*

His tender Ears. Then with the Words of Truth  
 Corrects the Passions, and the Pride of Youth.  
 Th' illustrious Dead, who fill his sacred Page,  
 Shine forth Examples to each rising Age;  
 The languid Hour of Poverty he cheers,  
 And the sick Wretch his Voice of Comfort hears.

Did not the Muse inspire the Poet's Lays,  
 How could our youthful Choir their Voices raise  
 In Prayer harmonious, while the Gods attend,  
 And gracious bid the fruitful Shower descend;  
 Avert their Plagues, dispel each hostile Fear,  
 And with glad Harvests crown the wealthy Year?  
 Thus can the Sound of all-melodious Lays  
 Th' offended Powers of Heaven and Hell appease.

Our ancient Swains, of vigorous, frugal Kind,  
 At Harvest-home, us'd to unbend the Mind  
 With festal Sports; those Sports, that bad them bear,  
 With cheerful Hopes, the Labours of the Year.  
 Their Wives and Children shar'd their Hours of Mirth,  
 Who shar'd their Toils; when to the Goddess Earth  
 Grateful they sacrific'd a teeming Swine,  
 And pour'd the milky Bowl at Sylvan's Shrine.  
 Then to the Genius of their fleeting Hours, [ers.  
 Mindful of Life's short Date, they offer'd Wine and Flow-  
 Here,

*quant, manales tunc verrere opus est petras.* Such Miracles required such Arts to support them.

139. *Agricolæ præsci.*] Poetry was born among the natural, innocent Pleasures of a Country Life. This Idea gave occasion to the following Digression, in which we shall find many curious, critical, and beautiful Reflexions. SAN.

142. *Cum sociis operum pueris.*] They who read & sociis not only contradict a great Number of Manuscripts, but exclude the Wives and Children of these poor Peasants from a Share of their rural Sports, and yet admit their Slaves to a Part of their Mirth; two Things equally contrary to the Usages of ancient Times. BENT. CUN. SAN.

Tellurem porco, Sylvanum lacte piabant,  
 Floribus ac vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.  
 Fescennina per hunc invec̃ta licentia morem 145  
 Versibus alternis opprobria rustica fudit;  
 Libertasque recurrentes accepta per annos  
 Lufit amabiliter: donec jam sævus apertam  
 In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, & per honestas  
 Ire domos impune minax. Doluere cruento 150  
 Dente laceffiti: fuit intactis quoque cura  
 Conditione super communi: quin etiam lex  
 Pœnaque sancta, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam  
 Describi. Vertêre modum, formidine fustis  
 Ad bene dicendum delectandumque redacti. 155  
 Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, & artes  
 Intulit agresti Latio. Sic horridus ille

Defluxit

143. *Tellurem porco.*] *Porcus* was of two Genders, and we find *porcum feminam* in Cato. It must here necessarily mean a Sow; for this was the proper Victim to the Earth. *Sus pragnans ei maculatur quæ hostia est propria Terræ.* MACROBIUS.

145. *Floribus ac vino Genium.*] It was a pleasant Imagination of this first Race of People to make their own Genius a God, and institute Festivals in Honour of him. The Sacrifices however were not lost, for the Worshippers had probably as large a Share of them as the Deity and his Priests. Flowers, Cakes, and Wine were his usual Offerings: for they thought it absurd to sacrifice Beasts to a God, who presided over Life, and was the great Enemy of Death. The Poet says, he taught his Votaries to remember the Shortness of Life, because as he was born with them, entered into all their Pleasures, and died with them, he pressed them for his own Sake to make the best Use of their Time. DAC. SAN.

145. *Fescennina per hunc.*] The Peasants of Latium had as little Regard to Modesty in their Diversions, as the Tuscans had in their Verses. Fescennia was a Town in Etruria, whose Inhabitants, in all their public Entertainments, and in their Marriage-Festivals especially, were not ashamed of licentious and obscene Expressions in the Verses, pronounced on such Occasions. When the Romans began to form their Stage, as the Tuscans were famous for Dancing, and theatrical Representations, a Company of them were sent for to Rome in the Year 342. They did not speak, because the Romans did not understand their Language, but they supplied their Want of Speech



Here, in alternate Verse, with rustic Jest  
 The Clowns their aukward Raillery exprest,  
 And as the Year brought round the jovial Day,  
 Freely they sported, innocently gay,  
 Till cruel Wit was turn'd to open Rage,  
 And dar'd the noblest Families engage.  
 When some, who, by its Tooth envenom'd bled,  
 Complain'd aloud, and others struck with Dread,  
 Though yet untouch'd, as in a public Cause,  
 Implor'd the just Protection of the Laws,  
 Which from injurious Libels wisely guard  
 Our Neighbour's Fame; and now the prudent Bard,  
 Whom the just Terrors of the Lash restrain,  
 To Pleasure and Instruction turns his Vein.

When conquer'd Greece brought in her captive Arts,  
 She triumph'd o'er her savage Conquerors' Hearts;  
 Taught our rough Verse its Numbers to refine,  
 And our rude Style with Elegance to shine.

And

Speech by a kind of dumb Declamation. By their Dancing, Gesture, and Movements, regulated by the Sound of the Flute, they presented every Thought and Sentiment to the Eyes of the Spectators. From these Beginnings the Roman Theatre arose. SAN.

Ten of our best Editions read *inveſta* for *inventa* *licentia*, an Expression hard in itself, and unknown to the Latin Tongue. The Correction consists in an Alteration of only a single Letter.

152. *Quin etiam lex, pœnaque lata.*] This Law was thus expressed, *Si occentaſſit malum carmen, ſive condidiſſet, quod infamiam faxit flagitiumque alteri, capital eſſo.* If any one ſing or compoſe Verſes injurious to the Reputation or Honour of another, let him be puniſhed with Death. This Law was made in 302, which is a Proof, ſays Mr. Sanadon, that the Romans wrote Verſes in the firſt Ages of their State. The Poets from thence changed their Tone for Fear of being beaten to Death. This Punishment was called *Fuſtuarium*.

156. *Græcia capta.*] The Poet here paſſes inſenſibly to the third Part of his Letter, in which he treats of the Theatre. SAN.

Mr. Spence, in his *Polymetis*, thinks our Author poſſibly alludes, in his *Græcia capta cepit*, to a Pun in Cato's Speech to the Senate

Defluxit numerus Saturnius, & grave virus  
 Munditiæ pepulere : sed in longum tamen ævum  
 Manferunt, hodieque manent vestigia ruris. 160  
 Serus enim Græcis admovit acumina chartis :  
 Et post Punica bella quietus quærere cœpit,  
 Quid Sophocles & Thespis & Æschylus utile ferrent.  
 Tentavit quoque rem dignè si vertere posset ;  
 Et placuit sibi, naturâ sublimis & acer : 165  
 Nam spirat tragicum satis, & feliciter audet ;  
 Sed turpem putat inscitè metuitque lituram.  
 Creditur, è medio quia res arcessit, habere  
 Sudoris minimum ; sed habet comœdia tantò  
 Plus oneris, quantò veniæ minùs. Aspice, Plautus 170  
 Quo pacto partes tutetur amantis Ephebi ;  
 Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut insidiosus ;  
 Quantus sit Dossæanus edacibus in parasitis :  
 Quam non astricto percurrat pulpita focco :  
 Gessit enim nummum in oculos demittere ; post hoc  
 Securus, cadat an recto stet fabula talo. 176  
 Quem tulit ad scenam ventoso Gloria curru, Exa-

some Years after the taking of Syracuse. Eo plus horreo, ne ille  
 magis res nos *cœperint*, quam nos illas. *Insesta*, mihi credite, *signa*,  
 &c.

158. *Defluxit numerus Saturnius.*] The Commentators imagine,  
 that the Verses of Fescennia were called Saturnian, by a Name de-  
 signed to express their great Antiquity, as if they were written un-  
 der the Reign of Saturn. Mr. Sanadon thinks the Name may be  
 better derived from a Village of Tuscany, called Saturnia, as re-  
 markable for these licentious Verses, as Fescennia.

162. *Post Punica bella quietus.*] In 514, a Year after the first  
 Punic War, Livius Andronicus first gave the Romans a Taste of  
 reading the Grecian Authors. The Republic then enjoyed an uni-  
 versal Peace, and the Temple of Janus was shut in 519. DAC.

167. *Inscitè.*] Is in all the most ancient Manuscripts, and seems  
 to have been a Reading of the Scholiasts, who render it by *stultè*.

168. *E medio quia res, &c.*] In Tragedy the Greatness of the  
 Subject not only raises, and maintains the Spirit of the Poet, but  
 warms and dazzles the Spectators, who feel the same Passion, that  
 inspires the Player. But in Comedy, we are better acquainted with

And yet some Traces of this rustic Vein  
 For a long Age remain'd, and still remain.  
 For it was late before our Bards inquir'd  
 How the dramatic Muse her Greeks inspir'd ;  
 How Æschylus and Thespis form'd the Stage,  
 And what improv'd the Sophoclean Page.  
 Then to their favourite Pièces we applied,  
 Proud to translate, nor unsuccessful tried,  
 For ardent and sublime our native Vein,  
 It breathes the Spirit of the tragic Scene,  
 And dares successful ; but the Roman Muse  
 Disdains, or fears, the painful File to use.

Because the comic Poet forms his Plays  
 On common Life, they seem a Work of Ease ;  
 But, if he less Indulgence must expect,  
 Sure he should labour to be more correct.  
 Even Plautus ill sustains a Lover's Part,  
 A frugal Sire's, or wily Pander's Art.  
 Dossennus slipshod shambles o'er the Scene,  
 Buffoons, with hungry Jest, his constant Train ;  
 For Gold was all their Aim, and then the Play  
 Might stand or fall—indifferent were they.

He, who on Glory's airy Chariot tries  
 To mount the Stage, full often lives and dies.

A cold

the Characters, and with the Language proper for them, as they are the Characters and Language in common Life. All Mankind are almost equal Judges of Nature and Humour.

170. *Aspice, Plautus.*] Our best Interpreters imagine, that Horace praises Plautus and Dossennus, and proposes them as Examples worthy of our Imitation in the beautiful Characters in their Plays. On the contrary, Horace, better to shew the Difficulty of succeeding in Comedy, is willing to mark some of the Faults, which the best theatrical Poets have committed. Plautus, who succeeded so well in the Plots and Intrigues of his Plays, is very unhappy in his

Exanimat lentus spectator, sedulus inflat.  
 Sic leve, sic parvum est, animum quod laudis avarum  
 Subruit ac reficit! Valeat res ludicra, si me 180  
 Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.  
 Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam,  
 Quòd numero plures, virtute & honore minores,  
 Indocti, stolidique, & depugnare parati  
 Si discordet Eques, media inter carmina poscunt 185  
 Aut urfum aut pugiles; his nam plebecula gaudet.  
 Verùm Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure voluptas  
 Omnis ad incertos oculos & gaudia vana.  
 Quatuor aut plures aulæ premuntur in horas:  
 Dum fugiunt equitum turmæ, peditumque catervæ. 190  
 Mox trahitur manibus regum fortuna retortis:  
 Effreda festinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves:  
 Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.

Si

Characters, which are generally either too tame, or too much outraged. Dossennus was in great Reputation for the Morality of his Plays, as appears by his Epitaph, *Hospes, resistere, & sobriam Dossenni lege*; but his Characters were of one unvaried Kind, and only fit for the Diversion of the Crowd. Horace pleasantly marks this Negligence by saying, he walked over the Stage with his comic Slippers loose and untied.

HEINSIUS. DAC.

182. *Sæpe etiam audacem fugat.*] It might well disconcert the most intrepid Bard, to hear the People, in his most interesting Scenes, call out for an Elephant, a Bear, a Rope-dancer, or a Gladiator. Terence himself, with all his Reputation, was obliged to resign the Stage in the two first Representations of his Hecyra. *Fecere ut ante tempus exirem foras. Interea ego meum non potui tutari locum.*

188. *Ad incertos oculos.*] Eyes continually wandering from one Object to another. Certainly a beautiful Image, and happily expressed. Yet not all their Veneration for Manuscripts could hinder Dr. Bentley and Mr. Cuninghame from altering the Text. The first of these Critics reads *ingratos*; the other recommends *incessos*.

189. *Aulæa.*] The Curtain, in the ancient Theatre, when the Play began, or, upon extraordinary Occasions between the Acts, was let down and placed under the Stage. Thus they said *tollere aulæa* when the Play was done, and *premere aulæa* when it began and the Actors appeared. We say just the contrary.

192. *Naves.*] Ships either in painting, says the old Commentator,

or



A cold Spectator chills the Bard to Death,  
 But one warm Look recalls his fleeting Breath.  
 Such light, such trivial Things depress or raise  
 A Soul, that feels this Avarice of Praise.

Farewell the Stage; for humbly I disclaim  
 Such fond Pursuits of Pleasure, or of Fame,  
 If I must sink in Shame, or swell with Pride,  
 As the gay Palm is granted, or denied;  
 And sure the Bard, though resolutely bold,  
 Must quit the Stage, or tremble to behold  
 The little Vulgar of the clamorous Pit,  
 Though void of Honour, Virtue, Sense or Wit,  
 When his most interesting Scenes appear,  
 Call for a Prize-fight, or a baited Bear;  
 And should the Knights forbid their dear Delight,  
 They rise tumultuous, and prepare for Fight.

But even our Knights from Wit and Genius fly  
 To pageant Shows, that charm the wandering Eye.  
 Drawn are the Scenes, and lo! for many an Hour  
 Wide o'er the Stage the flying Squadrons pour.  
 Then Kings in Chains confess the Fate of War,  
 And weeping Queens attend the Victor's Car.  
 Chairs, Coaches, Carts, in ratling Rout are roll'd,  
 And Ships of mighty Bulk their Sails unfold.  
 At last the Model of some captive Towns,  
 In Ivory built, the splendid Triumph crowns.

Sure,

or drawn along the Tiber, which was not far from Pompey's Theatre. Mr. Dacier thinks, there were subterraneous Conduits, which poured forth such a Sea of Waters, that a naval Combat might be represented on it. Indeed if we believe the prodigious Accounts, given by Historians of the Magnificence and Expence of the Roman Shows, public Entertainments and Triumphs, nothing of this kind can appear incredible to us. However, as the Towns in this Procession were built of Ivory, we may believe the Ships were Pictures.

Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus ; seu  
 Diversum confusa genus panthera camelo, 195  
 Sive elephas albus vulgi converteret ora :  
 Spectaret populum ludis attentius ipsis,  
 Ut sibi præbentem mimo spectacula plura :  
 Scriptores autem narrare putaret asello  
 Fabellam furdo : nam quæ pervincere voces 200  
 Evaluere sonum, referunt quem nostra theatra ?  
 Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Tuscum ;  
 Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, & artes,  
 Divitiæque peregrinæ, quibus oblitus actor  
 Quum stetit in scenâ, concurrat dextera lævæ. 205  
 Dixit adhuc aliquid ? Nil fanè. Quid placet ergo ?  
 Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.  
 Ac ne fortè putes me, quæ facere ipse recusem,  
 Quum rectè tractent alii, laudare malignè :  
 Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur 210  
 Ire poeta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,  
 Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,  
 Ut magus ; & modò me Thebis, modò ponit Athenis.  
 Verùm age, & his, qui se lectori credere malunt,  
 Quàm spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi, 215  
 Curam

193. *Captivum portatur ebur.*] Chrysippus having seen the Towns, which Cæsar had taken, represented in Ivory at his Triumph, and some Days afterwards those taken by Fabius Maximus made of Wood, cried out, These are the Cases of Cæsar's Towns, *Thecas esse oppidorum Cæsaris.*

195. *Diversum confusa genus.*] *Panthera camelo confusa,* *diversum tamen ab utroque genus* is the Construction. This Creature was first shewn to the People by Julius Cæsar, as a tame Tiger was by Augustus. TORR.

212. *Falsis terroribus implet.*] Terroure and Compassion are the Soul of Tragedy. This Terroure indeed is false, because it is founded upon Facts meerly formed by the Imagination ; unreal Stories, or those, in which we have no Concernment. DAC.

213. *Modò me Thebis.*] We must understand this of different Plays, for the Greek and Roman Stage by no means allowed that Change Change

Sure, if Democritus were yet on Earth,  
 Whether a Beast of mix'd and monstrous Birth  
 Bid them with gaping Admiration gaze,  
 Or a white Elephant their Wonder raise,  
 The Crowd would more delight the laughing Sage,  
 Than all the Farce, and Follies of the Stage;  
 To think, that Asses should in Judgement sit,  
 In solid Deafness, on the Works of Wit.

For where's the Voice so strong, as to confound  
 The Shouts, with which our Theatres resound?  
 Loud, as when Surges lash the Tuscan Shore,  
 Or Mountain-Forests with a Tempest roar,  
 So loud the People's Cries, when they behold  
 The foreign Arts of Luxury and Gold;  
 And if an Actor is but richly dress'd,  
 Their Joy is in repeated Claps express'd.  
 But has he spoken? No. Then whence arose  
 That loud Applause? His Robe with Purple glows.

Though I attempt not the dramatic Muse,  
 Let me not seem, malignant, to refuse  
 The Praises due to those, who with Success  
 Have tried this Way to Fame; for I confess,  
 He gives a desperate Trial of his Art,  
 Who with imagin'd Woes can wring my Heart;  
 To Pity soothe me; or to Anger warm,  
 Or with false Fears my panting Breast alarm;  
 Then, like a Sorcerer, my rapt Spirit bear  
 To Athens, or to Thebes, and fix it there.

But let the Bards some little Care engage,  
 Who dare not trust the rough, contemptuous Stage,  
 Yet to the Reader's Judgement would submit,  
 If You would offer to the God of Wit,                      Such

Change of Scenes, which is indulg'd on an English Theatre. Argos, Thebes and Athens, according to an Expression of Torrentius, were the Dwelling-houses of Tragedy.

214. *Verū age, & his.*] Here, as Cruquius observes, the Poet shews

Curam impende brevem; si munus Apolline dignum  
 Vis complere libris, & vatibus addere calcar,  
 Ut studio majore petant Helicon virentem.  
 Multa quidem nobis facimus mala sæpe poetæ,  
 (Ut vineta egomet cædam mea) quum tibi librum 220  
 Solicito damus aut fessio: quum lædimur, unum  
 Si quis amicorum est ausus reprehendere versum:  
 Quum loca jam recitata revolvimus irrevocati:  
 Quum lamentamur non apparere labores  
 Nostros, & tenui deducta poemata filo: 225  
 Quum speramus eò rem venturam, ut, simul atque  
 Carmina rescieris nos fingere, commodus ultro  
 Arcessas, & egere vetes, & scribere cogas.  
 Sed tamen est operæ pretium cognoscere, quales  
 Ædituos habeat belli spectata domique 230  
 Virtus, indigno non committenda poetæ.  
 Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille  
 Chærilus, incultis qui versibus ac malè natis Re-

shews the principal Design of his Epistle, to engage Augustus not to bestow all his Protection, all his Favours upon tragic Writers; and to convince him, that there are Poets more worthy of his Regard, since they can immortalize his Virtues. From thence he passes with Ease and Address into the Character of that Prince, as if he would by his own Example persuade him, that although Writers of Tragedy might give a present Lustre to his Reign, yet they added but little to his particular Glory. Augustus was fond of the Diversions of the Theatre, more than, perhaps, a great Prince ought to be. He attempted to write a Play, but had the Happiness not to succeed.

216. *Curam impende brevem.*] The Sense of the Passage is plain from the Context, but hath been confused and perplexed by the common Reading *curam redde brevem*, which can never mean, nor is it in the Genius of the Latin Tongue to mean *curam alicujus agere*. Our Interpreters were not insensible of this Truth, and have therefore been obliged to look for new and hard Explications. *Impende* has been happily preserved in a valuable Manuscript. BENT.

CUN. SAN.

218. *Ut studio majore petant Helicon.*] The Protection of Princes is a better poetical Inspiration, than that of Apollo, *Et spes & ratio studiorum in Cæsare tantum*. DAC.

223. *Quum loca jam recitata.*] Many honest People, among the Professors of Rhime, are every Day guilty of this Mistake. As they are



Such Volumes, as his best Protection claim ;  
 Or would you warm them in Pursuit of Fame,  
 Bid them the Hills of Helicon ascend,  
 Where ever-green the flowery Lawns extend.

Yet into sad Mishaps we Poets fall  
 (I own the Folly's common to us all)  
 When, to present the Labours of our Muse,  
 Your Hours of Business, or Repose we chuse ;  
 When even the manly Freedom of our Friends,  
 Who blame one Verse, our Tenderness offends ;  
 When we, unask'd, some favourite Lines repeat,  
 Complaining that our Toils, how wonderful great !  
 Are unobserv'd—that Subtilty of Thought,  
 That fine-spun Thread, with which our Poem's wrought ;  
 Or when we hope, that soon as Cæsar knows,  
 That we can Rhimes abundantly compose,  
 Our Fortune's made ; He shall to Court invite  
 Our bashful Muse, compelling us to write.

Yet is it thine, O Cæsar, to inquire  
 How far thy Virtue can her Priests inspire,  
 In Peace or War, to sing her Hero's Fame,  
 Nor trust to worthless Bards the sacred Theme.

Dan Chærilus was Poet Laureat made  
 By Philip's conquering Son, who bounteous paid

The

are best acquainted with the beautiful Passages of their Works, they cannot resist the Passion of repeating them. But whence is it, that a Poet is denied a Privilege, which is allowed and encouraged in every other Artist: that of shewing the Beauties of his Work ? It seems, we do not pique ourselves upon our Skill in other Arts, but every Man is a Critic in Poetry, and we are jealous of a Suspicion of our Judgement and Taste, when an Author thinks himself obliged to repeat some favourite Lines to convince us of their Merit. DAC.

229. *Sed tamen est operæ pretium.*] Horace had too much Art and Politeness absolutely to accuse Augustus of Want of Taste in neglecting Lyric and Epic Poets. He throws the Fault upon the Poets themselves, in their not knowing the proper Times of presenting their Works to him. However, it is the Interest of a great Prince, whose Actions are worthy of being transmitted to Posterity, to animate them by his Fa-

your

Retulit acceptos, regale numisma, Philippos.  
 Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt 235  
 Atramenta, ferè scriptores carmine sædo  
 Splendida facta linunt. Idem rex ille, poema  
 Qui tam ridiculum tam carè prodigus emit,  
 Edicto vetuit, ne quis se præter Apellen  
 Pingeret, aut alius Lysippo duceret æra 240  
 Fortis Alexandri vultum simulantia. Quòd si  
 Judicium subtile videndis artibus illud  
 Ad libros & ad hæc Musarum dona vocares;  
 Bœotum in crasso jurares aëre natum.  
 At neque dedecorant tua de se judicia, atque 245  
 Munera, quæ multâ dantis cum laude tulerunt  
 Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variusque poetæ:  
 Nec magis expressi vultus per aenea signa,  
 Quàm per vatis opus mores animique virorum  
 Clarorum apparent. Nec sermones ego mallem 250

Repentes

vour and Protection. Thus the Praises of Augustus are introduced with much Ease and Address.

DÆ. SAN.

230. *Ædituos.*] Since the Time, when Augustus had received divine Honours, our Poet looked upon his Actions as Things sacred. His Virtue is now become a Goddess, and hath a Temple consecrated to her, and Poets are the Guardians and Priests of its Mysteries. Such is the Meaning of *Ædituos*.

233. *Cærilus.*] There were many Poets of this Name. The Person, whom Horace means, lived in the Time of Alexander the Great, who paid for his Verses in Gold, coined with his Father Philip's Head, and from thence called *Philippi*. SAN.

242. *Judicium subtile videndis artibus.*] This Character of Alexander is remarkable. He read Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides with Pleasure and with Taste; but this Pleasure, and this Taste were confined to the military Instructions, which he found in them, and he might have been ignorant of the Beauties of their Poetry. Mr. Sanadon tells us, he knew a Person of Learning and critical Taste, who confessed, that he read the Greek and Latin Poets with Pleasure; that he was charmed with the Conduct of their Poems, the Greatness of their Sentiments, and the Purity of their Language, but could never distinguish Verse from Prose, or feel the Cadence of an harmonious Versification. Undoubtedly Virgil's *Æneid* has been often read for the Geography of his Hero's Voyage, as well as Homer's *Iliad* for its Instructions in the military Art.

244. *Bœotum*

The Gold, on which his Father's Image shines,  
For misbegotten and unshapen Lines;  
And yet as Ink the spotless Hand defiles,  
So our fair Fame a wretched Scribler soils.

Yet the same Monarch, who thus dearly paid  
For worthless Rhimes, a solemn Edict made,  
That none but fam'd Apelles dare to trace,  
In desperate Colours, his imperial Face;  
And that Lyfippus should presume alone  
To mould great Ammon's Son in Brass or Stone.  
Then take this Critic in the Arts, that lie  
Beneath the Power and Judgement of the Eye,  
Take him to Books, and Poetry, you'll swear,  
This King was born in thick Bœotian Air.

But never, Sir, shall your judicious Taste  
By Virgil, or by Varius be disgrac'd,  
For to your Bounty they shall grateful raise  
A deathless Monument of Fame and Praise;  
Nor form'd in Brass, with more Expression shines  
The Hero's Face, than in the Poet's Lines  
His Life and Manners; nor would Horace chuse  
These low and groveling Numbers, could his Muse

The

244. *Bœotum in crasso.*] Bœotian Dullness was a Proverb; but how justly, the Name of Pindar alone sufficiently proves. The Thickness of their Air has been generally assigned as the Cause of the national Stupidity of the Natives; but Cornelius Nepos with more Reason imputes it to their Education. The French hold the Germans in such Contempt, that Bohours makes it a Matter of Doubt, whether a German can be a Man of Genius; and Cardinal Perron says of a Writer of that Nation, He is really an ingenious Man; what Pity is it, that he is a German? Thus a Prince of Morocco said of De Ruiter, He is indeed an honest Man; Is it not to be lamented that he is a Christian?

247. *Virgilius Variusque.*] Virgil had been dead eleven Years, and Varius not many less, when Horace wrote this Epistle. He with much Art opposes that Delicacy of Taste in Augustus for Poetry, to the Passion of Alexander for immortalizing his Name by Statues and Paintings. Augustus was much offended, when bad Poets presumed to write Verses on him, and commanded the Prætors to take Care, that his Name was not dishonoured in public Assemblies and Disputes.

DAC.

252. *Arces*

Repentes per humum, quàm res componere gestas,  
 Terrarumque situs & flumina dicere, & arces  
 Montibus impositas, & barbara regna, tuisque  
 Auspiciis totum confecta duella per orbem,  
 Claustraque custodem pacis cohibentia Janum, 255  
 Et formidatam Parthis, te principe, Romam :  
 Si quantum cuperem, possem quoque. Sed neque parvum  
 Carmen majestas recipit tua ; nec meus audet  
 Rem tentare pudor, vires quam ferre recusent.  
 Sedulitas autem, stultè, quem diligit, urget ; 260  
 Præcipuè quum se numeris commendat & arte.  
 Discit enim citiùs, meminitque libentiùs illud,  
 Quod quis deridet, quàm quod probat ac veneratur.  
 Nil moror officium, quod me gravat : ac neque ficto  
 In pejus vultu proponi cereus usquam, 265  
 Nec pravè factis decorari versibus opto ;  
 Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere, & unà  
 Cum scriptore meo capsâ porrectus apertâ,  
 Deferar in vicum vendentem thus & odores,  
 Et piper, & quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis. 270

252. *Arces montibus impositas.*] In general the Style of the Satires and Epistles is what Horace calls groveling, *repens per humum* ; but the next Verses are of a truly Epic Spirit. In 739 Drusus ruined the Fortifications, which had been raised on the Alpes, and in the two following Years he subdued the Sicambri, and the neighbouring Nations: The Words of Horace extend to both these Expeditions. SAN.

253. *Tuisque auspiciis totum.*] The Wars being ended through the Roman Empire under the Auspicia of Augustus, that is, by his Lieutenants, he shut the Temple of Janus. But the two first Times, in which he had shut this Temple, in 725 and 730, he had commanded in Person. Historians inform us, that it was open from 732 to 744, when it was shut on Occasion of the Victories of Tiberius and Drusus; and that it was again opened at the End of the same Year, and never shut during the Life of Augustus. In this Year we may date the present Epistle. SAN.

258. *Majestas.*] In the Time of the Republic, this Title was given to the Body of the People, and the principal Magistrates, but when the sovereign Power was placed in a single Person, the Title of Majesty was given to him, and to his House; *Majestas Augusti*; *Majestas divinæ domûs*. DAC.



The rapid Progress of your Arms pursue ;  
 Paint distant Lands, and Rivers to the View,  
 Up the steep Mountain with thy War ascend,  
 Storm the proud Fort, and bid the Nations bend ;  
 Or bid fell War's destructive Horrors cease,  
 And shut up Janus in eternal Peace,  
 While Parthia bows beneath the Roman Name,  
 And yields her Glories to our Prince's Fame.

But Cæsar's Majesty would sure refuse  
 The feeble Praises of my lowly Muse,  
 Nor I, with conscious Modesty, should dare  
 Attempt a Subject, I want Strength to bear ;  
 For sure a foolish Fondness of the Heart,  
 At least, in rhiming and the Muse's Art,  
 Hurts whom it loves ; for quickly we discern,  
 With Ease remember, and with Pleasure learn,  
 Whate'er may Ridicule and Laughter move,  
 Not what deserves our best Esteem and Love.

All such provoking Fondness I disclaim,  
 Nor wish to stand expos'd to public Shame  
 In Wax-work form'd, with horrible Grimace,  
 Nor in splay-footed Rhimes to shew my Face ;  
 Blushing the fulsome Present to receive,  
 And with my Author be condemn'd to live ;  
 Perhaps, in the same open Basket laid,  
 Down to the Street together be convey'd,  
 Where Pepper, Odours, Frankincense are sold,  
 And all small Wares in wretched Rhimes enroll'd.

264. *Nihil moror officium.*] Horace, with much solemn Pleasantry, talks as if he were a Man, who deserved a Statue to be erected to his Honour, or was to be made the Hero of an Epic Poem. In the next Line he seems determined to refuse any Honours, that might be paid him by a fulsome, poetical Flatterer, and is justly apprehensive of being carried with his Author to wrap up Frankincense and Spices in *vico thurario*.

EPIST. II. *Ad JULIUM FLORUM.*

**F**LORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni :  
 Si quis fortè velit puerum tibi vendere natum  
 Tibure vel Gabiis ; & tecum sic agat : hic &  
 Candidus, & talos à vertice pulcher ad imos,  
 Fiet eritque tuus, nummorum millibus octo : 5  
 Verna ministeriis ad nutus aptus heriles :  
 Literulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti  
 Cuilibet ; argillâ quidvis imitaberis udâ :  
 Quin etiam canet indoctum, sed dulce, bibenti.  
 Multa fidem promissa levant, ubi plenius æquo. 10  
 Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.  
 Res urget me nulla ; meo sum pauper in ære :  
 Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi : non temerè à me  
 Quivis ferret idem. Semel hic cessavit, & (ut fit)  
 In

Translated by Dr. DUNKIN.

Julius Florus leaving Rome in 731 to attend on Tiberius in his Eastern Expedition, had pressed our Poet to write to him and send him some Lyric Odes. A few Months afterwards Florus reproached him with his Silence, and that Reproach gave Horace an Opportunity of justifying himself. His Justification is enlivened with raillyng the Pride of his cotemporary Poets, and their insipid Compliments to each other; nor is it less animated with a Spirit of Criticism and Satire, than with Precepts for our Instruction in Poetry and Morality. We may fix the Date of it in 732, when Tiberius was in Thrace or Dalmatia.

SAY.

Verse 1. *Flore, bono claroque.*] The Reader may find some conjectural Account of Florus in the Notes on the third Epistle. The Compliment in this first Line is not less to Florus, than Tiberius, for whom, perhaps, it was more particularly designed: His Expedition was attended with much Reputation, and if we may believe Velleius, he gave the noblest Proofs of Virtue in all the Countries, through which he passed.

SAN.

7. *Literulis Græcis imbutus.*] This was probably the usual Language of Slave-Merchants, as in Terence, *fac periculum in literis, fac in palæstrâ, in muscis: solertem dabo.*

12. *Meo*

## EPIST. II. To JULIUS FLORUS.

FLORUS, the Friend of Nero, good and brave,  
 Suppose a Merchant, who would sell a Slave,  
 Should thus address you, " Sir, the Boy's compleat  
 " From Head to Foot, and elegantly neat :  
 " He shall be yours for fifty Pounds. He plays  
 " The Vassal's Part, and at a Nod obeys  
 " His Master's Will—then for the Grecian Tongue,  
 " He has a Taste—so pliable and young,  
 " Like Clay, well temper'd with informing Skill,  
 " He may be moulded to what Shape you will.  
 " His Notes are artless, but his Voice is fine,  
 " To entertain you o'er a Glass of Wine.  
 " He sinks in Credit, who attempts to raise  
 " His venal Wares with over-rating Praise,  
 " To put them off his Hands. My Wants are none,  
 " My Stock is little, but that Stock my own.  
 " No common Dealer, Sir, would sell a Slave  
 " On equal Terms, nor should another have  
 " So good a Bargain. Guilty of one Slip,  
 " It seems, and fearful of the pendent Whip,

I own

12. *Meo sum pauper in ære.*] A kind of proverbial Expression, nor possible to be translated. Cicero says of Roscius, *Debebat? imo in suis nummis versabatur.* *Mangones*, in the next Line, was the Name given by the Greeks to Merchants, who transported Slaves for Sale.

14. *Cessavit.*] This Word, which properly signifies *to loiter, remisse & oscitanter agere*, gives only a general Idea of a trivial Fault, but this Idea is determined by *fuga* in the second Line following. The Lad is found to be a common Fugitive, a Fault so considerable, that a Merchant was obliged to mention it particularly, or the Sale was void.

15. *In scalis latuit.*] The Construction is, *Latuit metuens habentis pendentis in scalis.* That their Slaves might have the Punishment always before their Eyes, the Whip was hung on the Stair Case.

TORE. DAC.

18. *Disca*

In scalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ,  
 Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga lædit. 15  
 Ille ferat pretium, pœnæ securus opinor.  
 Prudens emisti vitiosum: dicta tibi est lex:  
 Insequeris tamen hunc, & lite moraris iniquâ.  
 Dixi me pigrum proficiscenti tibi, dixi 20  
 Talibus officiis prope mancum: ne mea sævus  
 Jurgares ad te quòd epistola nulla veniret.  
 Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura  
 Si tamen attentas? Quereris super hoc etiam, quòd  
 Expectata tibi non mittam camina mendax. 25  
 Luculli miles collecta viatica multis  
 Ærumnis, lassus dum noctu stertit, ad assem  
 Perdiderat; post hoc vehemens lupo, & sibi & hosti  
 Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,  
 Præsidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt, 30  
 Summè munito, & multarum divite rerum.  
 Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honestis,  
 Accipit & bis dena super sestertia nummum.  
 Fortè sub hoc tempus castellum evertere prætor  
 Nescio quod cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem 35  
 Verbis, quæ timido quoque possent addere mentem;  
 I, bone,

18. *Dicta tibi est lex.*] *Lex* does not here signify *Law*, but the Form, the Condition of the Bargain, when the Sale was made, *Des nummos, excepta nihil te si fuga lædit*, without which, the Merchant was liable to an Action, *actionem redibitoriam* during six Months.

20. *Dixi me pigrum.*] The first of seven Reasons, which Horace gives for not writing, is his natural Indolence. The second is an Allusion to the Story of Lucullus his Soldier; that a Poet of an easy Fortune should write Verses only for his Amusement. SAN.

32. *Donis ornatur honestis.*] Lucullus on this Occasion got the better of his natural Temper, for he was extremely severe and avaricious. Dion tells us, he knew not how to gain the Soldiery either by military Honours or Money.



"I own he loiter'd once. The Money pay;

"The Lad is only apt to run away."

I think, he safely may the Sum enjoy:

You knew his Failing, and would buy the Boy:

The Form was legal, yet you still dispute

The Sale, and plague him with an endless Suit.

I told You, frankly told you, ere you went,

That I was grown most strangely indolent,

No longer fit for Offices like these,

Left my not writing might my Friends displease.

But what avails whatever I can say,

If you demur against so just a Plea?

Besides you murmur, that my Muse betrays

Your Expectations in her promis'd Lays.

A common Soldier, who by various Toils

And Perils gain'd a Competence in Spoils,

At Night fatigu'd, while he supinely snor'd,

Lost to a Farthing his collected Hoard.

This rous'd his Rage, in Vengeance for his Pelf,

Against the Foe, nor less against himself.

A very ravenous Wolf, with craving Maw,

With hungry Teeth and wide-devouring Jaw,

He charg'd with Fury, as the Folks report,

Scal'd the high Wall, and sack'd a royal Fort,

Replete with various Wealth: for this renown'd,

His Name is honour'd, and his Courage crown'd;

Besides, in Money he receives a Meed,

A Sum proportion'd to the glorious Deed.

His Chief soon after purposing to form

Another Siege, and take a Town by Storm,

Began to rouse this Desperado's Fire

With Words, that might a Coward's Heart inspire.

"Go

I, bone, quò virtus tua te vocat ; i pede fausto,  
 Grandia laturus meritorum præmia : quid stas ?  
 Post hæc ille catus, quantumvis rusticus : Ibit,  
 Ibit eò, quo vis, zonam qui perdidit, inquit.  
 Romæ nutrirî mihi contigit, atque doceri  
 Iratus Graiis quantum nocuisset Achilles.  
 Adjecere bonæ paulò plus artis Athenæ :  
 Scilicet, ut possem curvo dignoscere rectum,  
 Atque inter Sylvas Academi quærere verum.  
 Dura sed emovere loco me tempora grato ;  
 Civilisque rudem belli tulit æstus in arma,  
 Cæsaris Augusti non responsura lacertis.  
 Unde simul primùm me demisere Philippi  
 Decisis humilem pennis, inopemque paterni  
 Et laris & fundi, paupertas impulit audax

40. *Qui zonam perdidit.*] The Ancients carried their Money in a Purse tied to their Girdles, from whence we find in Plautus, *sector zonarius*, a Cut-purse. Alexander Severus used to say, a Soldier is never afraid, but when he is well armed, well clothed, well fed, and has Money in his Purse. When he is poor and hungry, he is fit for any desperate Action.

41. *Romæ nutrirî.*] Horace went to Rome in 696, when he was about seven or eight Years of Age, and read Humanity under Orbilius Pupillus.

43. *Adjecere bonæ.*] He went to Athens in 709, when he was nineteen Years old, to study Philosophy. His reading Homer, and his Father's Instructions had already much improved him, but at Athens he acquired something more ; for he not only studied other Parts of Philosophy there, but learned Morality by Reasoning and Principles.

44. *Curvo dignoscere rectum.*] Mr. Dacier says, a Knowledge of Geometry was absolutely necessary to the Study of the sublime Doctrines taught in the School of Plato, and therefore they, who did not understand it, were excluded the Republic of that Philosopher. Thus we see the Degrees by which our Author studied the Sciences ; polite Literature, Geometry and Academic Philosophy. Mr. Sa-

nadon

" Go, my brave Friend, where Fame and Honour call ;  
 " Go ; with successful Courage mount the Wall,  
 " And reap fresh Honours with an ample Prize : —  
 " What stops your Course ?" The Rustic shrewd replies :  
 " An't please you, Captain, let another trudge it,  
 " The Man may venture, who has lost his Budget."

It chanc'd, at Rome, that I was early taught  
 What Woes to Greece enrag'd Achilles wrought ;  
 Indulgent Athens then improv'd my Parts  
 With some small Tincture of ingenuous Arts,  
 Fair Truth from Falsehood to discern, and rove  
 In search of Wisdom through the useful Grove.  
 But lo ! the Time, destructive to my Peace,  
 Me rudely ravish'd from that charming Place ;  
 The rapid Tide of civil War a-main  
 Swept into Arms, unequal to sustain  
 The Might of Cæsar. Dread Philippi's Field  
 First clipt my Wings, and taught my Pride to yield.

My

nadon assures us, the Poet never thought of geometrical Lines and Curves ; for *rectum*, taken as a Substantive, is always understood in a moral Sense, and consequently *curvum* must mean *pravum*.

45. *Inter sylvas Academi.*] The Name of Academus is one of those, which the Sciences have consecrated to Immortality with greatest Justice. He was a rich Athenian, who in his Regard for Philosophy, left to the Philosophers, for holding their Assemblies, a fine House at Athens, adorned with a magnificent Gallery, a Number of Statues, and a Park, planted with Trees. Plato had his School there, from whence the Philosophers of his Sect were called Academicians. Horace characterises this School by what distinguished it from all others ; its not boasting, that it had found Truth, but only professing to search for it, *querere verum*. TORR.

51. *Paupertas impulit audax.*] We must not understand these Words literally, as if Horace never wrote Verses before the Battle of Philippi, but that he did not apply his Genius to Poetry, as to a Profession, before that Time. The Satire *Proscripti Regis Rupili* was apparently written, while he was in Brutus his Army. This frank Confession of his Misfortunes has much Sincerity, and he makes it more willingly, since it turns to the Glory of Augustus. DAC.

53. *Expurgare*

Ut versus facerem : sed, quod non desit, habentem  
 Quæ poterunt unquam satis expurgare cicutæ,  
 Nî melius dormire putem, quàm scribere versus ?  
 Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes ; 55  
 Eripuere jocos, Venerem, convivias, ludum ;  
 Tendunt extorquere poemata. Quid faciam vis ?  
 Denique, non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.  
 Carmine tu gaudes : hic delectatur iambis ;  
 Ille Bioneis sermonibus, ac fale nigro. 60  
 Tres mihi convivæ prope dissentire videntur,  
 Poscentes vario multùm diversa palato.  
 Quid dem ? quid non dem ? Renuis quod tu, jubet alter :  
 Quod petis, id sanè est invisum acidumque duobus.  
 Præter cætera, me Romæne poemata censes 65  
 Scribere posse inter tot curas totque labores ?  
 Hic sponsum vocat ; hic auditum scripta, relictis  
 Omnibus officiis : cubat hic in colle Quirini ;

Hic

53. *Expurgare cicutæ.*] Hemlock is not mortal, but when taken in too great a Quantity, or by Persons not used to it. Therefore Lambinus would have unnecessarily changed *cicutæ* for *sicycæ*, a Cupping-Glass. Perhaps, it were not a bad Remedy against the Fury of Versifying, especially if the Patient were well scarified.

55. *Singula de nobis.*] This is the third Reason, which Horace gives against writing Verses. He was then about four and forty Years of Age. Youth indeed in general is the proper Season of Life for Poetry ; yet there have been Instances of Poets, who preserved the Fire of their Youth, although covered with the Snow of old Age, and whose last Poems did no Dishonour to their first Reputation. Horace in some Sort betrays himself by the Words *tendunt extorquere*, as if he parted with his Muse with Reluctance. Ovid calls an old Poet a shameful Creature, *Turpe senex vates*, but not all the Cold of Scythia could extinguish his own poetical Fire. An hundred Times, dispirited by his Misfortunes, he protested he never would write again ; and an hundred Times did those Misfortunes themselves inspire him with those complaining tender Elegies, which do not yield to any other most admired Parts of his Works. SAN.

58. *Denique non omnes.*] The Difference of Taste amongst Mankind gives our Poet a fourth Excuse for not writing. But whatever kind of Poetry he chose, he must certainly have pleased the better



My Fortune ruin'd, blasted all my Views,  
 Bold Hunger edg'd, and Want inspir'd my Muse.  
 But say, what Dose could purify me, blest  
 With Store sufficient, should I break my Rest  
 To scribble Verse? The waining Years apace  
 Steal off our Thoughts, and rifle every Grace.  
 Alas! already have they snatch'd away  
 My Jokes, my Loves, my Revellings, and Play.  
 They strive to wrest my Poems from me too,  
 Instruct me then what Method to pursue.  
 In short, the Race of various Men admire  
 As various Numbers: thee the softer Lyre  
 Delights: This Man approves the tragic Strain;  
 That joys in Bion's keen, satiric Vein.

I have three Guests invited to a Feast,  
 And all appear to have a different Taste.  
 What shall I give them? What shall I refuse?  
 What one dislikes, the other two shall chuse,  
 And even the very Dish You like the best,  
 Is acid, or insipid to the rest.

Besides, at Rome, amidst its Toils and Cares,  
 Think you, that I can write harmonious Airs?  
 One bids me be his Bail; another prays,  
 That I would only listen to his Lays,  
 And leave all Business; more to raise your Wonder,  
 Although they live the length of Rome afunder,

Yet

Judges, which ought to be sufficient. To wait until Mankind were  
 all of one Opinion, would be to renounce writing for ever. SAN.

60. *Bionis sermonibus.*] Bion imitated Archilochus and Hippenax  
 in his satirical Poems. He wrote a Critique upon Homer. Plutarch  
 mentions a Saying of his upon Agamemnon. This foolish Monarch  
 tears off his Hair, as if Baldness were a Cure for Grief.

65. *Præter cetera.*] This Reason is not merely a Pretence. The  
 Noise of a great City, and the Variety of Business there, occasion  
 such

Hic extremo in Aventino; visendus uterque:  
 Intervals vides humanè commoda. Verùm 70  
 Puræ sunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obstat.  
 Festinat calidus mulis gerulisque redemptor.  
 Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:  
 Tristia robustis luctantur funera plaustris:  
 Hac rabiosa fugit canis, hac lutulenta ruit sus. 75  
 I nunc & versus tecum meditare canoros.  
 Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, ac fugit urbes,  
 Rite cliens Bacchi somno gaudentis & umbrâ.  
 Tu me inter strepitus nocturnos atque diurnos  
 Vis canere, & cunctata sequi vestigia vatum? 80  
 Ingenium, sibi qui vacuas desumpsit Athenas:  
 Ut studiis annos septem dedit, insenuitque  
 Libris & curis, statuâ taciturnior exit

Ple.

such Distraction of Spirit, as must greatly disturb a Poet's Commerce with his Muse.

SAN.

70. *Humanè commoda.*] These Hills were at the Extremities of Rome, North and South, from whence the Poet ironically says *humanè commoda*, no unreasonable Distance.

71. *Puræ sunt plateæ.*] But the Streets are clear. To set this Objection, which he supposes Florus to make, in its full Light, our Poet makes use of a Comparison à fortiori, as Logicians call it. At Athens, where there are very few People, a Man, who should walk through the Street ruminating on his Books, would be sufficiently laughed at. Then what would the World think of me, if I were meditating Verses in the Streets of Rome?

SAN.

78. *Rite cliens Bacchi.*] The Poets sacrificed to Bacchus every Year in the Month of March. His Festival was called *Liberalia*, and Ovid tells us, he had frequently assisted at them. One of the Summits of Parnassus was consecrated to this God.

80. *Cunctata sequi vestigia.*] *Incerta, dubia, in quibus detegendis cunctari necesse fuerit;* or it may be explained, *quæ non nisi tarde & cunctanter assequuti sumus.* This is the Reading of an ancient Manuscript. *Contracta, contacta, cantata, cinctuta* and *non tacta*, are incapable of any tolerable Sense.

CUN. SAN.

81. *Ingeni.* in

Yet both must be obey'd : and here you see  
 A special Distance—" But the Streets are free,  
 " And, while you walk with flowing Fancy fraught,  
 " Nothing occurs to disconcert a Thought."

Here furious drives a Builder with his Team ;  
 An Engine there up-heaves the lengthen'd Beam,  
 Or ponderous Stone ; here jostling Waggon jar  
 With mournful Horses in tumultuous War :  
 Hence runs a madding Dog with baneful Ire :  
 Thence a vile Pig, polluted with the Mire.  
 Go then, and bustle through the noisy Throng,  
 Invoke the Muse, and meditate the Song.

The Tribe of Writers, to a Man, admire  
 The peaceful Grove, and from the Town retire,  
 Clients of Bacchus, indolent they doze  
 Beneath the Shade, and court it's calm Repose.  
 How then in Noise unceasing tune the Lay,  
 Or tread, where others hardly find their Way ?

A Genius, who, in Athens' calm Retreat,  
 Had studied hard his seven long Years complete,  
 Now, waxen old in Discipline and Books,  
 Abroad he comes, with pale and meagre Looks,

Dumb

81. *Ingenium sibi qui.*] For *ingeniosus qui*, as in Horace, *fatale monstrum, quæ*, &c. in Terence, *ubi est scelus qui me perdidit?* and in Cicero, *duo importuna prodigia, quos egestas*. The Grammarians not understanding this Manner of Expression, changed it for *ingenium, quod*; and *quod* made *taciturnus* necessary. The Glory of reforming the Text, so Mr. Sanadon calls it, is due to Mr. Cuninghame.

Plerumque, & risu populum quatit: hic ego rerum

Fluctibus in mediis, ac tempestatibus Urbis

85

Verba lyræ motura sonum connectere digner?

Frater erat Romæ consulti rhetor; ut alter

Alterius sermone meros audiret honores:

Gracchus ut hic illi foret; huic ut Mucius ille.

Quî minùs argutos vexat furor iste poetas?

90

Carmina compono, hic elegos, mirabile visu!

Cælatumque novem Musis opus. Aspice primùm

Quanto cum fastu, quanto molimine circum-

spectemus vacuum Romanis vatibus ædem.

Mox etiam (si fortè vacas) sequere, & procul audi

95

Quid ferat, & quare sibi nectat uterque coronam.

Cædimur, ac totidem plagis consumimus hostem,

Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.

Discedo Alcæus puncto illius: ille meo quis?

Quis,

87. *Frater erat Romæ.*] The fifty-four following Lines contain the sixth Reason for our Author's not writing. The Profession of a Poet is most melancholy. If he does not succeed, whatever Praises he gives to others, yet he shall be treated with Contempt and Laughter. If he would excel in his Art, what Toils must he support? In the Necessity of chusing between these two Misfortunes, I should prefer the first, and should be better pleased to be laughed at by the Public, while I was satisfied with my Performance, than torment myself to deserve their Applause. But, all things considered, it is better to possess ourselves in Peace, and never write again. Such is the Reasoning of Horace. The Construction, by an Ellipsis usual in our Author, hath some Difficulty; *Romæ rhetor erat, frater consulti, uterque ejusmodi, ut alter, &c.* SAN.

89. *Huic ut Mucius ille.*] Thus the best Writers express themselves. *Numquid igitur aliud judicium venit, nisi uter utri infidias fecerit? Si hic illi, ut ne sit impune, si ille huic, tum nos scelere solvamur.* Cicero pro Milone. Caius Gracchus and Mucius Scævola had greatly distinguished themselves in Rome; one by his Eloquence, the other by his Knowledge in the Laws.

92. *Cælatumque novem Musis.*] This refers to *hic elegos*, as *mirabile visu* does to *carmina compono*. *Carmen* in Horace usually signifies Lyric Poetry, but here it cannot have any other Meaning. SAN.

98. *Lento*



Dumb as a Statue, slow he stalks along,  
 And shakes, with Laughter loud, the gazing Throng.  
 What then—at Rome; in this tumultuous Town,  
 Toss'd by the noisy Tempest up and down,  
 Can I, though even the willing Muse inspire,  
 Adapt her Numbers to the sounding Lyre?

A Wight there was, for Rhetorick renown'd,  
 Whose Brother was a Lawyer most profound;  
 In mutual Praise all Honours were their own,  
 And this a Gracchus, that a Mucius shone.  
 What milder Frenzy goads the rhiming Train?  
 Mine is the Lyre; in elegiack Strain  
 He sooths the Soul. A wonderous Work is mine!  
 And his—was surely polish'd by the Nine!

With what an Air of true, poetic Pride  
 And high Disdain, we view from Side to Side  
 Apollo's Temple, as if we ourselves,  
 And none but we, should fill the vacant Shelves!  
 Then follow further, if your Time permits,  
 And at a Distance hear these mighty Wits;  
 How far entitled to this mutual Praise,  
 Which freely gives, and arrogates the Bays.  
 Like Gladiators, who, by Candle-Light,  
 Prolong the Combat, for with Foils they fight,  
 With mimic Rage we rush upon the Foe,  
 Wounded we wound, and measure Blow for Blow.  
 Alcæus I in his Opinion shine,  
 He soars a new Callimachus in mine,

Or

98. *Lento Samnites.*] These bad Poets, playing their Compliments on each other, are pleasantly compared to Gladiators fighting with Foils. The Battle is perfectly harmless, and the Sport continues a long time, *lento duello*. These Diversions were usually by Candle-light, *ad lumina primæ*, and the Gladiators were armed like ancient Samnites.

99. *Discedo Alcæus puncto illius.*] This refers to the ninety-first

Quis nisi Callimachus? Si plus adposcere visus,  
 Fit Mimnermus, & optivo cognomine crescit. 100  
 Multa fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,  
 Quum scribo; & supplex populi suffragia capto:  
 Idem, finitis studiis, ac mente receptâ,  
 Obturem patulas impune legentibus aures. 105  
 Ridentur mala qui componunt carmina: verùm  
 Gaudent scribentes, & se venerantur, & ultro,  
 Si taceas, laudant, quidquid scripsere, beati.  
 At qui legitimum cupiet fecisse poema,  
 Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti: 110  
 Audebit, quæcunque parum splendoris habebunt,  
 Et sine pondere erunt, & honore indigna ferentur,  
 Verba movere loco; quamvis invita recedant,  
 Et versentur adhuc intra penetralia Vestæ.  
 Obscurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque 115  
 Proferet in lucem speciosa vocabula rerum,  
 Quæ priscis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,  
 Nunc situs informis premit ac deserta vetustas.

Adsciscet

Line *carmina compeno*, and Horace means, they compare him to the first Lyric Poet of Greece. *Puncto illius* is an Expression taken from an ancient Custom of giving Votes in the Comitia, when they made a Point over the Name of the Candidate, whom they chose.

105. *Impune.*] Boldly, and without Fear of their Resentment. Mr. Dacier understands it, *impune legentes*, as if no Revenge could overtake these reading Rhimers. The first Sense is more natural and more true, for Horace had it always in his Power to put their Patience to the same Trial. SAN.

107. *Gaudent.*] The Pleasure of making Verses is a great Temptation, but it is a dangerous Pleasure. Every Poet, in the Moment of writing, fancies he performs Wonders; but when the Fire of Imagination is past, a good Poet will examine his Work in cool Blood, and shall find it greatly sinks in his Esteem; but the more a bad Poet reads, the more he is charmed, *se veneratur amatque*. It is indeed an agreeable Distemper, but a Patient hath most Reason to be lamented, when there is least Hope of his Cure. SAN.

109. *At qui legitimum.*] This is a Consequence of our Author's Reasoning, from whence he concludes, that the Profession of Poetry

Or if Mimnermus be his nobler Fame,  
He struts and glories in the darling Name.

Much I endur'd, when writing I would bribe  
The public Voice, and sooth the fretful Tribe  
Of rival Poets. Now my rhiming Heat  
Is cool'd, and Reason reassumes her Seat,  
I boldly bar mine Ears against the Breed  
Of babling Bards, who without Mercy read.

Bad Poets ever are a standing Jest,  
But they rejoice, and, in their Folly blest,  
Admire themselves; nay, though you silent sit,  
They bless themselves in Wonder at their Wit.  
But he, who studies masterly to frame  
A finish'd Piece, and build an honest Fame,  
Acts to himself the friendly Critic's Part,  
And proves his Genius by the Rules of Art,  
Boldly blots out whatever seems obscure,  
Or lightly mean, unworthy to procure  
Immortal Honour, though the Words give way  
With warm Reluctance, and by Force obey;  
Though yet enshrin'd within his Desk they stand,  
And claim a Sanction from his Parent Hand.

As from the Treasure of a latent Mine,  
Long darken'd Words he shall with Art refine;  
Bring into Light, to dignify his Page,  
The nervous Language of a former Age,  
Us'd by the Catoes, and Cethegus old,  
Though now deform'd with Dust, and cover'd o'er with  
Mould. New

try hath too many Miseries attending it, to be an Object of our Envy.

115. *Obscurata diu.*] Our Poet's Advice of using old Words, is not without Limitation. He speaks of significative Terms, which give Majesty and Force to a Discourse, *speciosa*; which are unknown only by the People, *obscurata diu populo*, and understood by Men of

Adsciscet nova, quæ genitor produxerit usus :  
 Vehemens, & liquidus, puroque simillimus amni, 120  
 Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite linguâ :  
 Luxuriantia compescet : nimis aspera sano  
 Levabit cultu : virtute carentia tollet :  
 Ludentis speciem dabit, ac torquebitur, ut qui  
 Nunc Satyrum, nunc agrestem Cyclopa movetur. 125  
 Prætulerim scriptor delirus inersque videri,  
 Dum mea delectent mala me, vel denique fallant,  
 Quàm sapere & ringi. Fuit haud ignobilis Argus,  
 Qui se credebat miros audire tragædos,  
 In vacuo lætus sessor plausorque theatro : 130  
 Cætera qui vitæ servaret munia recto  
 More ; bonus sanè vicinus, amabilis hospes,  
 Comis in uxorem, posset qui ignoscere servis,

Et

Letters, conversant in the Writing of Authors of good Reputation. Lastly, a Poet should use them with Discernment and Discretion, for such is the Force of the Word *bonus*. SAN.

119. *Adsciscet nova.*] A Poet may use new Words; but they must be Words, which Custom has in some Measure already brought into the World; *genitor produxerit usus*; such as *pauperare*, *inimicare*, *æternare*, derived from *pauper*, *inimicus*, *æternus*; or such as are formed by compounding two known Words, as *velivolium*, *saxifragum*. Our Ears are not offended by their Novelty, which is softened, or disguised by our knowing their Original.

120. *Vehemens.*] It is not necessary, with regard to Prosody, to read this Word in two Syllables. There is an Anapæst in the Place of a Spondee, as in Lucretius. SAN.

*Nam tibi vehementer nova res molitur ad auras.*

125. *Cyclopa movetur.*] There was a kind of Pantomimes amongst the Romans, who could express by Dancing, and the Movement of their Bodies, the Passions, Thoughts, and Actions of any Character they assumed; as of a Satyr or Cyclops. This Art might seem as easy to a Spectator, as the Natural in Writing does to a Reader; but an Actor and an Author know, that they are not to be gained without infinite Labour.

126. *Prætulerim scriptor delirus.*] Horace draws two Conclusions, a pleasant and a serious, from what he hath said. The first, that it

WELSH



New Words he shall endenizen, which Use  
 Shall authorise, and currently produce;  
 Then, brightly smooth, and yet sublimely strong,  
 Like a pure River, through his flowing Song  
 Shall pour the Riches of his Fancy wide,  
 And bless his Latium with a vocal Tide;  
 Prune the luxuriant Phrase; the rude refine,  
 Or blot the languid, and unfinew'd Line.  
 Yet hard he labours for this seeming Ease;  
 As Art, not Nature, makes our Dancers please.  
 A stupid Scribler let me rather seem,  
 While of my Faults with dear Delight I deem,  
 Or not perceive, than sing no mortal Strain,  
 And bear this Toil, this Torture of the Brain.

At Argos liv'd a Citizen, well known,  
 Who long imagin'd, that he heard the Tone  
 Of deep Tragedians on an empty Stage,  
 And sat applauding in extatic Rage:  
 In other Points a Person, who maintain'd  
 A due Decorum, and a Life unstain'd,  
 A worthy Neighbour, and a Friend sincere,  
 Kind to his Wife, nor to his Slaves severe,

Nor

were better to be a bad Poet, while we fancy we succeed, than really succeed, if it cost so much Trouble; the second, that it were better to study the Regulation of our Actions, than torture ourselves to put a Number of Words into Cadence and Harmony.

SAN.

128. *Fuit haud ignobilis Argus.*] To prove, that the Party, which he seemed resolved two Lines before to chuse, was but in jest, he tells a Story, not less ridiculous, than diverting. The usual Reading *Argis* is an uncommon and an uncertain Expression. We should hardly say, *fuit haud ignobilis Romæ*; *fuit haud indeſus Luſitaniæ*, without specifying the Name, or Country, or Profession of

Et signo læso non insanire lagenæ ;  
 Posset qui rupem & puteum vitare patentem. 135  
 Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curisque reſectus  
 Expulit elleboro mörbum bilemque meraco,  
 Et redit ad ſeſe ; Pol me occidiſtis, amici,  
 Non ſervaviſtis, ait ; cui ſic extorta voluptas,  
 Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error. 140  
 Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,  
 Et tempeſtivum pueris concedere ludum ;  
 Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,  
 Sed veræ numeroſque modosque ediſcere vitæ.  
 Quocirca mecum loquor hæc, tacituſque recordeor : 145  
 Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphæ ;  
 Narrares medicis ; quòd quantò plura paraſti,  
 Tantò plura cupis, nulline ſaterier audeſ ?  
 Si vulnuſ tibi monſtratâ radice, vel herbâ  
 Non fieret lævius ; fugeres radice, vel herbâ 150  
 Pro-

the Perſon. Beſides, Torrentius aſſures us he found *Argus* in two Manuſcripts. Aristotle tells the Story of a Man, whoſe Name was *Lycas*, and ſays it happened at *Abydos*. SAN.

134. *Et ſigno læſo.*] The Romans generally ſealed a full Bottle, to prevent their Slaves from ſtealing the Wine. From whence Perſius ſays, he will never touch a Bottle of bad Wine with his Noſe, as Miſers try whether the Seal be unbroken, *Et ſignum in vapida naſo tetigiſſe lagæna*.

141. *Nimirum ſapere eſt.*] The Poet now takes a more ſerious Tone, and this Conclusion is the ſeventh Excuse. He hath put it laſt, that he might more naturally fall into the Vein of Morality, which ends his Epistle. He would convince us, that good Senſe does not conſiſt in making Verſes, and ranging Words in poetical Harmony, but in regulating our Actions according to the better Harmony of Virtue.

145. *Quocirca mecum loquor hæc.*] We have one of theſe Soliloquies in the fourth Satire of the firſt Book, and the End of this Epistle is not unlike that of the ſecond Satire in the ſecond Book, whoſe Moral and Maxim is, that we have no Property, but in what we uſe and enjoy.

Nor prone to Madnefs, though the Felon's Fork  
 Defac'd the Signet of a Bottle-Cork;  
 And wife to fhun (well knowing which was which)  
 The Rock high pendent, and the yawning Ditch.  
 He, when his Friends, at much Expence and Pains,  
 Had amply purg'd with Ellebore his Brains,  
 Come to himfelf—" Ah! cruel Friends!" he cried,  
 " Is this to fave me? Better far have died,  
 " Than thus be robb'd of Pleafure fo refin'd,  
 " The dear Delufion of a raptur'd Mind."

'Tis Wifdom's Part to bid adieu to Toys,  
 And yield Amufements to the Taffe of Boys,  
 Not the foft Sound of empty Words admire,  
 Or model Measures to the Roman Lyre,  
 But learn fuch Strains and Rhapsodies, as roll  
 Tuneful through Life, and harmonife the Soul.

Thus, when alone, I commune with my Heart,  
 And filent meditate this nobler Art;  
 If no Repletion from the limpid Stream  
 Allay'd the Burnings of your thirfty Flame,  
 You ftrait would tell the Doctor your Diffrefs,  
 And is there none, to whom you dare confefs,  
 That, in Proportion to your growing Store,  
 Your Luft of Lucre is inflam'd the more?  
 If you were wounded, and your Wound imbib'd  
 No foothering Eafe from Roots or Herbs prefcrib'd,  
 You would avoid fuch Medicines, be fure,  
 As Roots and Herbs, that could effect no Cure.

But

148. *Nulline faterier audes.*] He cannot difcover, what he does not know. In Diforders of the Body, the Mind being in Health, may fearch for a Remedy. The Mind is the Eye, which gives Light to the Body; but if that Eye be Darknefs, who can enlighten it? Indeed we do not feem to defire it. In Diftempers of the Body

Proficiente nihil curarier. Audieras, cui  
 Rem Dî donarint, illi decedere pravam  
 Stultitiam; & quum sis nihilò sapientior, ex quo  
 Plenior es, tamen utêris monitoribus isdem?  
 At, si divitiæ prudentem reddere possent, 155  
 Si cupidum timidumque minùs, tu nempe ruberes,  
 Viveret in terris te si quis avarior uno.  
 Si proprium est, quod quis librâ mercatur & ære;  
 Quædam (si credis consultis) mancipat usus;  
 Qui te pascit ager, tuus est; & villicus Orbî, 160  
 Quum segetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,  
 Te dominum sentit. Das nummos; accipis uvam,  
 Pullos, ova, cadum temeti: nempe modo isto  
 Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortasse trecentis,  
 Aut etiam supra, nummorum millibus emtum. 165  
 Quid refert, vivas numerato nuper, an olim?  
 Emtor Aricini quondam Veientis & arvi,  
 Emtum cœnat olus; quamvis aliter putat: emtis  
 Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.  
 Sed vocat usque suum, quâ populus adfita certis 170  
 Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tamquam  
 Sit proprium quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,  
 Nunc

we submit to the cruellest Torments of Physic, but in the Maladies of the Soul, we will not listen to a Friend, who offers us a Cure; we rather chuse to conceal or disguise our Disease. DAC.

158. *Librâ mercatur & ære.*] In the Reign of Servius Tullius, the Romans weighed their Money before Witnesses, in a Bargain of buying and selling. When this Custom was afterwards changed, yet the same Expression continued.

159. *Mancipat usus.*] To prevent the perpetual Vexations of Law-suits, the Laws wisely established, that Possession and Enjoyment for a certain Number of Years should confirm a Title and ascertain the Property of an Estate. This Right of Prescription was called *usucapio*.

171. *Vicina refigit jurgia.*] *Dissolvit.* *Litium causas inter vicinos tollit.* This Reading is of an ancient Manuscript, and hath been received by four of our best Editors. Rivers and Trees were the usual Boundaries of Estates.



But you have heard, that Folly flies apace  
From him, whom Heaven hath gifted with the Grace  
Of happy Wealth, and though you have aspir'd  
Not more to Wisdom, since you first acquir'd  
A Fund, yet will you listen to no Rule,  
But that from Fortune's insufficient School ?  
Could Riches add but Prudence to your Years,  
Refrain your Wishes, and abate your Fears,  
You then might blush with Reason, if you knew  
One Man on Earth more covetous than you.

If that be yours, for which you fairly told  
The Price concluded, (and as Lawyers hold,  
In some things Use a Property secures)  
The Land, which feeds you, must of Course be Yours.  
Your Neighbour's Bailiff, who manures the Fields,  
And sows the Corn, which your Provision yields,  
Finds in effect, that he is but your Slave :  
You give your Coin, and in Return receive  
Fowls, Eggs, and Wine; and thus it will be found,  
That you have bought insensibly the Ground,  
The Fee of which to Purchasers before  
Perhaps, had been two thousand Pounds, or more ;  
For what avails it in a Life well past,  
At first to pay the Purchase, or at last ?  
The frugal Man, who purchas'd two Estates,  
Yet buys the Pot-herbs, which his Worship eats,  
Though he thinks not : this Tyrant of the Soil  
Buys the mere Wood, which makes his Kettle boil ;  
And yet he calls that Length of Land his own,  
From which the Poplar, fix'd to Limits known,  
Cuts off Disputes, as if he had the Power  
Of that, which in the Moment of an Hour

Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte supremâ  
Permutet dominos, & cedat in altera jura.

Sed, quia perpetuus nulli datur usus, & heres 175

Heredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam ;

Quid vici profunt, aut horrea ? quidve Calabris  
Saltibus adjecti Lucani ? si metit Orcus

Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro.

Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena figilla, tabellas, 180

Argentum, vestes Getulo murice tinctas,

Sunt qui non habeant ; est qui non curat habere.

Cur alter fratrum cessare, & ludere, & ungi

Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus ; alter

Dives & importunus, ad umbram lucis ab ortu 185

Sylvestrem flammis ac ferro mitiget agrum ;

Scit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum,

Naturæ Deus humanæ, mortalis in unum-

quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus & ater.

Utar, & è modico, quantum res poscet, acervo 190

Tollam ;

173. *Morte supremâ.*] All the Manuscripts defend this Reading, *Quicquid est scriptorum codicum hanc lectionem tutantur*, says Dr. Bentley. The usual Reading, *Sorte supremâ*, does not signify Death, which the Poet must here necessarily mean, but Danger, Difficulty, Distress before Death.

180. *Tyrrhena figilla.*] The Tuscans were famous for making Statues and Vases of Earth or Copper gilt, with which they decorated their Temples and Apartments. *Vestes*, in the next Line, not only signifies Clothes, but all Sorts of Tapestry, Carpets, &c. and, to shew how unnecessary these Ornaments are, the Poet says, there are many People, who never give themselves any Trouble or Concern about them. SAN.

184. *Herodis palmetis pinguibus.*] Judea was famous for its Woods of Palms, from whence Herod drew a considerable Revenue. He began to reign in 717 ; he reigned thirty-three Years and died in 750 between the thirteenth and twenty-eighth of March, three Months after the Birth of our Saviour. SAN.

185. *Importunus.*] *Sibi met molestus.* Who gives himself a great deal of unnecessary Trouble.

188. *Naturæ*

By Favour, Purchase, Force, or Fate's Commands  
May change its Lord, and fall to other Hands.

Since thus no Mortal properly can have  
A lasting Tenure; and, as Wave o'er Wave,  
Heir comes o'er Heir, what Pleasure can afford  
Thy peopled Manors, and encreasing Hoard?  
Or what avails it, that your Fancy roves  
To join Lucanian to Calabrian Groves,  
Inflexible to Gold if rigid Fate  
Mows down, at once, the little and the great?

Gems, Marble, Ivory, Vases sculptur'd high,  
Plate, Pictures, Robes, that drink the Tyrian Die,  
These are the general Wish; yet sure there are,  
Who neither have, nor think them worth their Care.

Sauntering, Perfumes, and Baths, one Brother loves  
Beyond the Wealth of Herod's palmy Groves;  
Though rich the other, yet with ceaseless Toil,  
Anxious he burns, plows, tames the stubborn Soil.  
But whence these various Inclinations rose,  
The God of human Nature only knows:  
That mystic Genius, which our Actions guides,  
Attends our Stars, and o'er our Lives presides;  
Whose Power appears, propitious, or malign,  
Stamp'd on each Face, and varied through each Line.

Be mine, my little Fortune to enjoy;  
A moderate Pittance on myself employ,

Nor

[188. *Natura Deus.*] The Genius, who presided over the Birth of Mortals, and governed their Horoscope: that Constellation under which they were born. The Poet says this Genius dies with us, because there never were two Men at the same Time of the same Inclination. There is a greater Difference between Man and Man in their Passions, than in their Faces.

Dac.

192. *Quid*

Tollam; nec metuam, quid de me judicet heres,  
 Quodd non plura datis invenerit. Et tamen idem  
 Scire volam, quantum simplex hilarisque nepoti  
 Discrepet: quantum discordet parcus avaro.  
 Distat enim, spargas tua prodigus, an neque sumtum 195  
 Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;  
 Ac potius, puer ut festis Quinquatribus olim,  
 Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore raptim.  
 Pauperies immunda procul procul absit: ego, utrum  
 Nave ferar magnâ an parvâ, ferar unus & idem. 200  
 Non tumidis agimur velis Aquilone secundo;  
 Non tamen adversis ætatem ducimus Austris:  
 Viribus, ingenio, specie, virtute, loco, re,  
 Extremi primorum, extremis usque priores.  
 Non es avarus: abi. Quid? cætera jam simul isto 205  
 Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani  
 Ambitione? caret mortis formidine & irâ?

Somnia

192. *Quodd non plura datis invenerit.*] Horace confesses he was absolutely ruined, when he returned from the Battle of Philippi. But he gladly takes all Occasions of mentioning the Liberality of his Friends. Although he had no paternal Fortune, yet he died in easy Circumstances, and made Augustus his Heir. DAC.

197. *Festis quinquatribus.*] According to the mythological Tradition, Minerva came into the World the nineteenth of March, and therefore that Day was consecrated to her. Four Days afterwards there was another Festival called *Tubilustrium sacrorum*, the Purification of the musical Instruments used in the Sacrifices. These two Festivals were afterwards united, by including the three Days, which separated them, and they were from thence called *quinquatrus*, or *quinquatria*. This Festival was a joyful Vacation for School-boys, and some of them diverted themselves at their Master's Expence, by spending their Minerval, a Present sent to him in Money by their Parents. DAC. SAN.

199. *Procul procul absit.*] This Reading hath been happily preserved in a Manuscript. Horace is not speaking of an House, *domus*, but of a Ship; and such a Mixture of Images would spoil the Metaphor. Besides, the Repetition hath somewhat spirited and beautiful.

BENT. CUN. SAN.

203. *Virtus,*



Nor fear the Censure of my thankless Heir,  
 That I have left too little to his Share ;  
 And yet the wide Distinction would I scan  
 Between an open, hospitable Man,  
 And Prodigal ; the Frugalist secure,  
 And Miser, pinch'd with Penury ; for sure  
 It differs, whether you profusely spend  
 Your Wealth, or never entertain a Friend ;  
 Or, wanting Prudence, like a Play-day Boy  
 Blindly rush on, to catch the flying Joy.  
 Avert, ye Gods, avert the loathsome Load  
 Of Want inglorious, and a vile Abode.  
 To me are equal, so they bear their Charge,  
 The little Pinnacle, and the lofty Barge.  
 Nor am I wafted by the swelling Gales  
 Of Winds propitious, with expanded Sails,  
 Nor yet expos'd to Tempest-bearing Strife,  
 Adrift to struggle through the Waves of Life,  
 Last of the first, first of the last in Weight,  
 Parts, Vigour, Person, Virtue, Birth, Estate.

You are not covetous : be satisfy'd.  
 But are you tainted with no Vice beside ?  
 From vain Ambition, Dread of Death's Decree,  
 And fell Resentment, is thy Bosom free ?

Say,

203. *Viribus, ingenio, &c.*] Our Poet's Wit and Virtue cannot be disputed, and he was contented with his Health and Fortune. But it is not unpleasant to hear him talk as if he was equally satisfied with his Person and his Birth. The Commentators are willing to believe, there was something pleasing and graceful in his round, short Figure, and as he was the Son of a Freed-man, his Birth was not contemptible.

208. *Somnia.*] Horace reckons Dreams amongst Illusions of Magic, Miracles, and Stories of Spirits, perhaps forgetting how much

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,  
 Nocturnos Lemures, portentaque Thessala rides ?  
 Natales gratè numeras ? ignoscis amicis ? 210  
 Lenior ac melior sis accedente senectâ ?  
 Quid te exemta levat spinis de pluribus una ?  
 Vivere si rectè nescis, decede peritis :  
 Lufisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti :  
 Tempus abire tibi est : potum ne largiùs æquo 215  
 Rideat ac pulset lasciva decentiùs ætas.

much Augustus was influenced by them, who not only believed his own Dreams, but those of his Friends. Mr. Dacier pleasantly compounds the Matter of Credit to be given to Dreams, when he compares them to the Stories of a known Lyar, who may possibly sometimes tell Truth.

*Miracula.*] Epicureans laughed at the common Ideas of Miracles, which they supposed were performed by the general Course of Nature, without any Interposition of the Gods.

209. *Nocturnos Lemures.*] *Lemures* for *Remures* from the Ghost of Remus, that haunted Romulus, who therefore instituted a Festival called *Lemuria*, in which Sacrifices were offered to the unquiet Dead. It began the ninth of May, and continued three Nights. The haunted Person rose at Midnight, and walking bare-footed made a Noise by rubbing his Thumb and his third Finger together, to drive at a little Distance the troublesome Spirit. He then washed his Hands three Times in Spring-water, and filled his Mouth with Beans, which he threw behind him, and without turning back his Head, pronouncing nine Times, *With these Beans I redeem me and mine.*

It was by no means doubted, that the Ghost followed him to gather up the Beans. He afterwards washed himself again in the same Water. Then striking a Vessel of Brass, and pronouncing nine Times, *Thou Ghost of such a Person, depart*, he was at Liberty to turn his Head, and the Charm was complete.

Say, can you laugh indignant at the Schemes  
Of magic Terroures, visionary Dreams,  
Portentous Wonders, witching Imps of Hell,  
The nightly Goblin, and enchanting Spell?  
Can you recount with Gratitude and Mirth  
The Day revolv'd, that gave thy Being Birth?  
Indulge the Failings of thy Friends, and grow  
More mild and virtuous, as thy Seasons flow?

Pluck out one Thorn to mitigate thy Pain,  
What boots it, while so many more remain?  
Or act with just Propriety your Part,  
Or yield to those of Elegance and Art.  
Already glutted with a Farce of Age,  
'Tis Time for thee to quit the wanton Stage,  
Left Youth, more decent in their Follies, scoff  
The nauseous Scene, and hiss thee reeling off.

211. *Lenior ac melior.*] Age softens the Passions, *lenit animos*; Experience and Reflexion on our past Life contribute to render us better; from whence the Poet joins *lenior* and *melior*. An old Man, who is not sinking under a Weight of Years, is like a Fruit-tree in Autumn; it preserves its Leaves for Beauty, and is laden with Fruit for Profit. Youth is the proper Time for laying up Provisions of Wealth and Understanding, as Age is that of laying them out to Advantage. But what is left for Liberality, when our Youth has been spent in Dissipation and Extravagance?

SAN.

213. *Decede peritis.*] Give place to young People, who know how to enjoy the Sweets of Life, without the Bitterness of Ambition, Avarice, Fear and Superstition.

DAC.

(216)

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Q. HORATII FLACCI  
ARS POETICA.

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**H**UMANO capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Jungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas  
Undique collatis membris; aut turpiter atrum

Definat

It properly belongs only to great Poets to give Precepts of an Art, which they have exercised with Success and Reputation. Horace did not here intend a complete Treatise of Poetry, and hath only touched upon the principal Rules, in such a Manner as the Character of an Epistle will permit, which requires more Liberty, and cannot well comply with the Constraint of a regular, methodical Work. But even this Want of Connexion hath its peculiar Beauties, and we need only see the Form, into which Heinſius would reduce this Piece by transposing the different Parts of it, to make us acknowledge the Beauty of that Disorder, in which it at present appears. Rapin ſays, with great Reason, that Aristotle's Art of Poetry is Nature itſelf put into Method, and good Senſe reduced into Principles. Without Suſpicion of Partiality to the preſent Work, we may be bold to aſſert, it is the moſt valuable Monument in its Kind, that Roman Antiquity hath left us.

DAC. SAN.

Verſe 1. *Humano capiti*.] All that our Poet ſays here may be referred in general to three Heads, the Fable, the Manners, and the Diſtion. We ſhould take notice, that this Piece particularly regards Epic and Dramatic Poetry, and that our Author only occaſionally mentions any other Kind.

The moſt important Precept for the Compoſition of a Poem, is Unity and Simplicity of Deſign. There ſhould be only one Action, to which all the Incidents ought to refer; and this Point of Perfection

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# H O R A C E's

## A R T of P O E T R Y.

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**S**UPPOSE a Painter to an human Head  
Should join an Horfe's Neck, and wildly spread  
The various Plumage of the feather'd Kind  
O'er Limbs of different Beasts, absurdly join'd;

tion every regular Work requires. To shew the Necessity of this Rule, Horace compares an irregular Poem to Pictures formed by a wild Assortment of many Parts entirely unlike each other. Every Part, considered in itself, may have its proper natural Perfection, while their Union produces nothing, but what is monstrous and ridiculous.

3. *Aut turpiter atrum.*] *Aut si mulier supernè formosa in atrum piscem turpiter desinat.* We shall see the Necessity of this Correction. First, *humanum caput* naturally signifies the Head of a Man, and we cannot understand it of an human Head in general, without destroying that Idea, which it immediately offers. Secondly, *mulier formosa supernè* is a beautiful Woman from the Waist upwards. The Terms *supernè* and *infernè* are ever used to divide the human Body into two equal Parts; and as *desinat*, which is here put for *infernè*, marks the half below, so *supernè* marks the half above. But what a monstrous Figure does the Poet give us, if we read him without this Alteration? How can the Head of a Man, the Neck of an Horfe, the Limbs of different Beasts, be a Woman above, or a Fish below? Horace proposes two Pictures, one of which hath nothing of a Man, but his Head; the other is the Bust of a Woman. SAN.

6. Pi-

Definat in piscem mulier formosa supernè ;  
 Spectatum admissi risum teneatis, amici ?  
 Credite, Pisones, ista tabulæ fore librum  
 Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ  
 Fingentur species ; ut nec pes, nec caput uni  
 Reddatur formæ. Pictoribus atque poetis  
 Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas :  
 Scimus, & hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim :  
 Sed non ut placidis coëant immitia ; non ut  
 Serpentes avibus gementur, tigribus agni.  
 INCEPTIS gravibus plerumque & magna professis  
 Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus & alter  
 Assuitur pannus : quum lucus & ara Dianæ,  
 Et properantis aquæ per amœnos ambitus agros,  
 Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus ;  
 Sed nunc non erat his locus ; & fortasse cupressum

Scis

6. *Pisones.*] Lucius Piso, and his two Sons. Velleius gives us this amiable Character of the Father, who was Consul in 739. *When we speak of Piso, we should have only one Voice and one Opinion. His Manners were formed with such equal Strength and Softness; that it would be difficult to find a Person, who loved Repose more passionately, or who supported the Fatigue of Business more easily, or who discharged all the necessary Duties of his Office with less Ostentation.*

7. *Velut ægri somnia.*] The Translation of these two Lines is taken from Lord Roscommon.

10. *Quidlibet audendi.*] Poets have much abused the Privilege of their Art, the *secunda licentia vatam*, as Ovid calls it. The Liberty both of Painters and Poets, is by Nature confined within certain Bounds, and all, beyond those Bounds, is the Wildness of an irregular Imagination.

14. *Inceptis gravibus.*] Unity and Simplicity of Design in a Poem, require a Relation and mutual Dependence of all essential Parts of it on each other, with at least a Connexion of Use and Convenience of the less necessary Parts with the principal Action. From hence we should strike out all those useless Incidents, which are introduced under the Title of Ornaments. Digressions may have their Beauties in Lyric and Elegiac Poems, but are absolutely forbidden in the Dramatic and Epic. Young Writers, whose Genius is not yet formed and disciplined, are extremely willing to stop at any Opportunity of a gay and florid Description, without dreaming, that

Or if he gave to View a beauteous Maid  
Above the Waist with every Charm array'd,  
Should a foul Fish her lower Parts infold,  
Would you not laugh such Pictures to behold?  
Such is the Book, that like a sick Man's Dreams,  
Varies all Shapes, and mixes all Extremes.

"Painters and Poets our Indulgence claim,  
"Their Daring equal, and their Art the same."  
I own th' Indulgence—Such I give and take;  
But not through Nature's sacred Rules to break,  
Monstrous to mix the Cruel and the Kind,  
Serpents with Birds, and Lambs with Tigers join'd.

Your Opening promises some great Design,  
And Shreds of Purple with broad Lustre shine  
Sew'd on your Poem. Here in labour'd Strain  
A sacred Grove, or fair Diana's Fane  
Rises to view; there through delicious Meads  
A murmuring Stream its winding Water leads;  
Here pours the rapid Rhine; the watry Bow  
There bends its Colours, and with Pride they glow.  
Beauties they are, but Beauties out of Place;  
For though your Talent be to paint with Grace

A mourn-

that they are wandering from their Subject, while they are thus  
decorating and making it fine with foreign Ornaments. SAN.

18. *Flumen Rhenum.*] The Rhimers of those Days had, probably,  
full often teized our Poet with Descriptions of the Rhine, while they  
celebrated the Victories of Augustus on that River. DAC.

*Aut pluvius describitur arcus.*] The Rainbow is very apt to turn a  
bad Poet's Head. It will be to little purpose to tell him, that  
Homer describes it in a single Epithet, and in Virgil, as Mr. Dacier  
observes, the Description of Iris is as rapid as her Flight;

*Mille trabens varios adverso sole colores*

*Advolat.* ———

19. *Fortasse cupressum.*] Boughs of Cypress were carried in fu-  
neral Processions, and placed before the Houses of the Great, upon  
particular Occasions of Sorrow, *Et non plebeios luctus testata cupressus,*  
Lucan.

Scis simulare : quid hoc, si fractis enatat exspes  
 Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur ? Amphora cœpit  
 Institui ; currente rotâ, cur urceus exit ?  
 Denique sit quidvis simplex duntaxat & unum.  
 Maxima pars vatum, pater & juvenes patre digni,  
 Decipimur specie recti. Brevis esse laboro,  
 Obscurus fio : sectantem lenia nervi  
 Deficiunt animique : professus grandia turget :  
 Serpit humi tatus nimium timidusque procellæ :  
 Qui variare cupit rem prodigialiter unam,  
 Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.  
 In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.  
 Æmilium circa ludum faber unus & unguis  
 Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ære capillos :  
 Infelix operis summâ, quia ponere totum

Nef.

Lucan. From hence, perhaps, this Tree was usually drawn in votive Tablets; in Pictures carried by Beggars to excite Charity, and in those used by Lawyers in Courts of Justice to raise the Compassion of the Judges, by representing the Distresses of their Clients. A Painter might by frequent Practice excel in drawing a Tree, for which there was such Demand, and he therefore absurdly determines to shew his Skill upon all Occasions, even by painting it in the Middle of the Ocean, and making it overshadow the Storm. The Commentators understand this Passage in a different Manner.

21. *Amphora cœpit.*] A bad Poet opens his Poem with something great and magnificent, but amuses himself with Trifles. A bad Potter begins a large and beautiful Vase, but produces only a worthless Pitcher.

SAN.

23. *Denique sit quidvis.*] This Line is a Conclusion drawn from all the Rules he laid down. In the following Verses he gives a general Reason to support the Precept, and to make it more sensible he confirms it by Examples taken from Style. Such as *brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.*

DAC.

26. *Sectantem lenia*] Too much Delicacy enervates a Poem. How to unite Strength and Elegance is a Talent, which all Authors do not possess. *Levia* is a Fault of the Copists or Grammarians, who did not recollect, that the Latins never used *nervosus* in Opposition to *levis*, but to *lenis*.

BENT.

28. *Serpit humi, &c.*] Poetry is a Sea, and they, who sail on it, should neither venture too far from Shore, nor coast too near it.

31. L.



A mournful Cypress, would you pour its Shade  
O'er the tempestuous Deep, if you were paid  
To paint a Sailor, 'midst the Winds and Waves,  
When on a broken Plank his Life he saves?

Why will you thus a mighty Vase intend,  
If in a worthless Bowl your Labours end?  
Then learn this wandering Humour to controul,  
And keep one equal Tenour through the Whole.

But oft, our greatest Errours take their Rise  
From our best Views. I strive to be concise;  
I prove obscure. My Strength, my Fire decays,  
When in Pursuit of Elegance and Ease.  
Aiming at Greatness some to Fustian soar;  
Some in cold Safety creep along the Shore,  
Too much afraid of Storms; while he, who tries  
With ever-varying Wonders to surprise,  
In the broad Forest bids his Dolphins play,  
And paints his Boars disporting in the Sea.  
Thus, injudicious, while one Fault we shun,  
Into its opposite Extreme we run.

One happier Artist of th' Æmilian Square,  
Who graves the Nails, and forms the flowing Hair,  
Though he excels in every separate Part,  
Yet fails of just Perfection in his Art,

In

31. *In vitium ducit culpæ fuga.*] Apprehensive of a tedious Uniformity, we run into a wild and monstrous Variety of Images. Such are the common Effects of a disordered, irregular Imagination, *si caret arte.*

32. *Æmilium circa ludum.*] Æmilius Lepidus had an Academy of Gladiators, where Polycetes hath now his public Bath. Such are the Words of the Scholiast.

*Unus & unguis exprimet.*] *Unus omnium optime exprimet.* This Reading is taken from a considerable Number of Manuscripts, and *imus*, in the common Editions, hath been proved incapable of any tolerable Sense.

34. *Ponere totum.*] An Artist in Sculpture should not only excel in separate and single Parts, but should know how to form those Parts into one grand Whole. In Painting there should be a Keep-

Nesciet. Hunc ego me, si quid componere curem, 35  
 Non magis esse velim, quàm naso vivere pravo,  
 Spectandum nigris oculis nigroque capillo.  
 SUMITE materiem vestris, qui scribitis, æquam  
 Viribus; & versate diu, quid ferre recusent,  
 Quid valeant humeri. Cui lecta potenter erit res, 40  
 Nec facundia deseret hunc, nec lucidus ordo.  
 Ordinis hæc virtus erit & Venus, aut ego fallor;  
 Ut jam nunc dicat jam nunc debentia dici:  
 Pleraque differat, & præsens in tempus omittat.

In

ing and Harmony of the Figures, and in Poetry the Incidents, or Episodes should be wrought into the principal Action. Yet by too curious a Solicitude in finishing the single and less important Parts, the nobler are generally neglected, or the Composition of the Whole is lifeless and inanimate.

In Proof of these Remarks we are obliged to a late anonymous Commentator on this Poem for the following Comparison. A Landskip-painter is to draw together, and form into one entire View certain beautiful, or striking Objects. This is his main Care. It is not even essential to the Merit of his Piece to labour, with extreme Exactness, the principal constituent Parts. But for the rest, a Shrub or Flower, a stragling Goat or Sheep, these may be touched very negligently. We have a great modern Instance. Few Painters have known to furnish finer Scenes, or have possessed the Art of combining Woods, Lakes and Rocks into more agreeable Pictures, than G. POUSSIN. Yet his Animals are observed to be scarce worthy an ordinary Artist. The Use of these is simply to decorate the Scene, and so their Beauty depends, not on the Truth and Correctness of the Drawing, but on the Elegance of their Disposition only. For, in a Landskip, the Eye carelessly glances over the smaller Parts, and regards them only in reference to the surrounding Objects. The Painter's Labour therefore is lost or rather misemployed, to the Prejudice of the Whole, when it strives to finish, so minutely, particular Objects. If some great Masters have shewn themselves ambitious of this Fame, the Objects, they have laboured, have always been such as are most considerable in themselves, and have, besides, an Effect in illustrating and setting off the entire Scenery. It is chiefly in this View, that Ruissdale's Waters, and Claude Lorrain's Skies are so admirable.

This learned and ingenious Writer endeavours to prove, in a Commentary and Notes lately published on this Poem, that it is not a Collection of Precepts on the Art of Poetry, in general, but a regular well-conducted Piece, uniformly tending to lay open the State,

In one grand Whole unknowing to unite  
Those different Parts, and I no more would write  
Like Him, than with a Nose of hideous Size  
Be gaz'd at for the finest Hair and Eyes.

Examine well, ye Writers, weigh with Care,  
What suits your Genius ; what your Strength can bear.  
To Him, who shall his Theme with Judgement chuse,  
Nor Words, nor Method shall their Aid refuse.  
In this, or I mistake, consists the Grace,  
And Force of Method, to assign a Place  
For what with present Judgement we should say,  
And for some happier Time the rest delay. Would

State, and to remedy the Defects of the Roman Stage. Prejudiced, perhaps, against this new Scheme by the Authority of Antiquity and the universal Consent of all the best modern Critics of all Nations, we may not be able to feel the just Force of this ingenious Author's Reasoning, or to perceive that clear, indisputable Connexion, which he has found in this Poem. However, his Work will always be allowed of exceeding Merit, and interspersed with many Remarks of uncommon Erudition, and an animated Spirit of Criticism.

Since the last Edition of this Translation Mr. Hurd hath put his Name to his Commentary on the Art of Poetry.

36. *Naso vivere pravo.*] Some Editors, against all the Credit due to Manuscripts, read *pravo vivere naso*, probably, because they found something more elegant and harmonious in this Arrangement of the Words. This Principle hath in general been much abused, and particularly in our Editions of Horace, who professes even a Carelessness of Numbers.

38. *Sumite materiem.*] It is not enough that our Subject be simple and uniform, it must also be proportioned to our Strength. This is a Precept of so much Importance, that, if Horace had intended a complete and regular Work, he would certainly have put it before all others.

SAN.

42. *Ordinis hæc virtus erit & Venus.*] The Disposition of our Subject demands our best Attention, especially in Poetry, where the greatest Art is to vary from the natural, historical Order. As this was a new Precept, unknown to all ancient Writers of Poetics, our Author modestly gives it with *aut ego fallor*.

SAN. DAC.

43. *Ut jam nunc dicat, &c.*] *Jam nunc*, when alone, signifies presently ; and when repeated, as it is here, it means, *from time to time, sometimes*. An Historian follows the regular Order of Time, but an epic or dramatic Poet opens the Scene, as near as he can to the Catastrophe. His Readers begin the Poem with greater Pleasure, believing they already see the Conclusion of it ; but when he

IN verbis etiam tenuis cautusque ferendis,  
 Hoc amet, hoc spernat, promissi carminis auctor.  
 Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum  
 Reddiderit junctura novum. Si fortè necesse est  
 Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum;  
 Fingere cinctutis non exaudita Cethegis  
 Continget: dabiturque licentia sumta pudenter.  
 Et nova factaque nuper habebunt verba fidem; si  
 Græco fonte cadent, parcè detorta. Quid autem?  
 Cæcilio Plautoque dabit Romanus, ademptum  
 Virgilio Varioque? Ego cur, acquirere pauca  
 Si possum, invideor? quum lingua Catonis & Ennî  
 Sermone patrium ditaverit, ac nova rerum  
 Nomina protulerit. Licuit semperque licebit  
 Signatum præsentem notâ procudere nummum.

hath engaged their Curiosity, he alarms their Passions by a Chain of Incidents, that naturally rise out of the Story, while he occasionally discovers as much of his Design, as is necessary to lead them to the grand Event.

DAC. SAN.

45. *In verbis etiam tenuis.*] The Commentators acknowledge the Perplexity of these Lines, and their Explanations have made it more sensible. They, who refer *hoc amet, hoc spernat promissi carminis auctor*, to the two preceding Verses, can never make any tolerable Sense of them. *Spernat differre jam nunc debentia dici*, and *amet dicere jam nunc dici debentia*, are the same Sense in different Expressions. Mr. Dacier divides this Line both from the preceding and following Verses. He would persuade us, it is a separate Precept for the Choice of Incidents. But surely the Poet would not leave it thus alone, or be contented with only one Line on a Subject of such Importance. Since there is no other Manner of making our Author speak reasonably, regularly, or intelligibly, we should acknowledge the Necessity of the Transposition, which was proposed by Dr. Bentley, and received by Mr. Sanadon.

47. *Dixeris egregiè, notum, &c.*] Such as *velivolum*. Horace expects, that a Poet, who presumes to make new Words, shall have a delicate Taste, *tenuis*, and that he shall be discreet in the Use of that Indulgence, which he gives him, *cautus*. Words derived from the Greek Tongue, should have strong Marks of Resemblance to those from which they are formed; and Words entirely new are not allowable, but when they are necessary to express some new Discovery. Such are the Rules, which Horace and good Sense establish. The Romans were so cautious of admitting new Words, that we can hardly



Would You to Fame a promis'd Work produce,  
Be delicate and cautious in the Use  
And Choice of Words: nor shall You fail of Praise,  
When nicely joining two known Words You raise  
A third unknown. A new-discover'd Theme  
For those, unheard in ancient Times, may claim  
A just and ample Licence, which, if us'd  
With fair Discretion, never is refus'd.

New Words, and lately made, shall Credit claim,  
If from a Grecian Source they gently stream,  
For Virgil sure, and Varius may receive  
That kind Indulgence, which the Romans gave  
To Plautus and Cæcilius: or shall I  
Be envied, if my little Fund supply  
Its frugal Wealth of Words, since Bards, who sung  
In ancient Days, enrich'd their native Tongue  
With large Increase? An undisputed Power  
Of coining Money from the rugged Ore,  
Nor less of coining Words, is still confess'd,  
If with a legal, public Stamp imprest.

As

hardly find eight or ten produced by Terence, Cæcilius, Cicero, Hortensius, Augustus, Messala, Pollio, and Sergius Flavius, in the Course of two or three Ages, *QUINT. L. viii. C. 3.* SAN.

50. *Cinctus non exaudita Cethegis.*] The Cethegi are represented as a masculine, hardy Race, who preserved the Fashions of their Fathers in their Dress, and Horace makes use of an old Word *cinctus*, better to mark their Antiquity. SAN.

52. *Nova fastaque nuper.*] This Reading has an Authority of Manuscripts, and *facere verba* is more than once used by Cicero, as in our Language, *to make Words*.

59. *Proculdure nummum.*] By good Fortune *proculdure* hath been preserved in several Manuscripts, and an Edition of the Year 1509. *Nummum* has not had the same Happiness. As the Passage treats of Words, *nomen* seized on a Place in this Line, and remained a peaceable Possessor. Lucretius first perceived the Usurpation, re-established *nummum*, and Dr. Bentley hath confirmed the Possession; a Piece of Justice, in Mr. Sanadon's Opinion, due to Horace. *Proculdure nomen* so near to *nomina protulerit* is a disagreeable and useless Repetition, nor is the Thought supportable. If it were always allow-

Ut sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos; 60  
 Prima cadunt: ita verborum vetus interit ætas,  
 Et juvenum ritu florent modò nata vigentque.  
 Debemur morti nos, nostraque; sive receptus  
 Terrâ Neptunus clâsses Aquilonibus arcet,  
 Regis opus; sterilisve diu palus aptaque remis 65  
 Vicinas urbes alit, & grave sentit aratrum:  
 Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,  
 Doctus iter melius: mortalia facta peribunt;  
 Nedum sermonum stet honos & gratia vivax.  
 Multa renascentur, quæ jam cedere: cadentque 70  
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula; si volet usus,  
 Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquendi.  
 Res gestæ regumque ducumque, & tristia bella  
 Quo scribi possent numero monstravit Homerus.

Versibus

ed to make new Words, why has the Poet written so many Lines to prove what was not disputed with him? Or why does he justify himself for those few, *pauca*, which he had made? But he is not used to reason in such a Manner. He compares Words to Money, and as it is always permitted to coin new Money of new Metal, or to strike a new Impression upon old Pieces, if we have public Authority for it; so an Author has a Right to Words already established, to form them a-new, or even to make others perfectly new, if common Usage authorises them.

63. *Sive receptus terra Neptunus.*] Agrippa opened a Communication between the Lucrine and Avernian Lake in 717, and built a magnificent Haven there which he named Portus Julius in Honour of Augustus, who was at that Time only called Julius Octavius. SAN.

65. *Sterilisve diu palus.*] This Line, says Dr. Bentley, lies heavy on the Manes of Horace. All the Grammarians of twelve hundred Years quote it thus, as the single Instance of *us* in *palus* made short. The Doctor would have us read *sterilisve palus prius*, and Mr. Cunningham hath proposed several Corrections, one of which *sterilisve palus dudum*, is received by Mr. Sanadon.

67. *Cursum mutavit iniquum.*] The Scholiast informs us, that Agrippa opened a Canal to receive the Waters of the Tiber, which had overflowed the Country.

71. *Si volet usus.*] The People, says Socrates, is an excellent Master of Languages. But, as Mr. Dacier well observes, there is a great

As when the Forest, with the bending Year,  
First sheds the Leaves, which earliest appear,  
So an old Age of Words maturely dies,  
Others new-born in Youth and Vigour rise.

We and our noblest Works to Fate must yield ;  
Even Cæsar's Mole, which royal Pride might build,  
Where Neptune far into the Land extends,  
And from the raging North our Fleets defends ;  
That barren Marsh, whose cultivated Plain  
Now gives the neighbouring Towns its various Grain ;  
Tiber, who, taught a better Current, yields  
To Cæsar's Power, nor deluges our Fields ;  
All these must perish, and shall Words presume  
To hold their Honours, and immortal Bloom ?  
Many shall rise, that now forgotten lie ;  
Others, in present Credit, soon shall die,  
If Custom will, whose arbitrary Sway,  
Words, and the Forms of Language, must obey.

By Homer taught the modern Poet sings,  
In Epic Strains, of Heroes, Wars, and Kings. Un-

a great Difference between Monarchies and Republics. In Rome and Athens, all Degrees of People were more frequently mixed together, from whence there was no sensible Variation in their Language ; among us, the People have no Commerce with the Court, and accordingly their Language is quite different.

73. *Res gestæ, &c.*] There is a peculiar Propriety, says our ingenious Commentator, in this Enumeration of the several Kinds of Poetry, as addressed to the dramatic Writer. He is not only to study, for the Purposes here explained, the characteristic Differences of either Species of the Drama. He must farther be knowing in the other Kinds of Poetry, so as to be able, as the Nature of his Work will demand, to adopt the Genius of each, in its Turn, and to transfer the Graces of universal Poetry into the Drama. Thus, to follow the Division here laid down, there will sometimes be Occasion for the Pomp and high Colouring of the Epic Narration ; sometimes for the plaintive Softness and passionate Inconnection of the Elegy : and the Chorus, if characterized in the ancient Manner, must catch the fiery, inraptured Spirit of the Ode.

Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,  
Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.

75

Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisit auctor,  
Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub judice lis est.

Archilochum proprio rabies armavit iambo :

Hunc focci cepere pedem grandesque cothurni,

80

Alternis aptum sermonibus, & populares

Vincentem strepitus, & natum rebus agendis.

Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque Deorum,

Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum,

Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.

85

Descriptas fervare vices, operumque colores,

Cur ego si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor ?

Cur nescire, pudens pravè, quàm discere malo ?

VERSIBUS exponi tragicis res comica non vult :

In-

75. *Versibus impariter junctis.*] Elegy was at first only a Lamentation for the Death of a Person beloved, and probably arose from the Death of Adonis. It was afterwards applied to the Joys and Griefs of Lovers.

TORR. DAC.

77. *Exiguos elegos.*] The Pentameter, which Horace calls *exiguus*, because it has a Foot less than the Hexameter. For the same Reason, he says *Versibus impariter junctis*.

DAC.

79. *Archilochum proprio.*] There were Verses in this Measure long before the Time of Archilochus, but as he used them with particular Force, our Poet gives him the Honour of having invented them.

DAC.

81. *Alternis aptum sermonibus.*] No Measure is more natural, or more proper for Conversation than Iambic, from whence Aristotle, as Quintilian informs us, says, *iambus humanior videtur*.

SAN.

81. *Populares vincentem strepitus.*] There are many Reasons given to explain this Remark. The Cadence of Iambics is more sensible, and their Measures more strongly marked than any other. *Insignes percussiones eorum numerorum*, Cic. The Pronunciation is more rapid, and this Rapidity forms, according to Aristotle, a greater Number of sharp Sounds. Mr. Dacier adds, that the Iambic, being less different from common Conversation, more easily engaged the Attention of an Audience.

*Natum rebus agendis.*] Iambic Verses are fit for Action, because, as Quintilian expresses it, they are always rising and increasing in every Part; then passing lightly over a short, they support and repose themselves on a long Syllable.

No



Unequal Measures first were tun'd to flow  
 Sadly expressive of the Lover's Woe ;  
 But now, to gayer Subjects form'd, they move  
 In Sounds of Pleasure, to the Joys of Love :  
 By whom invented, Critics yet contend,  
 And of their vain Disputings find no End.

Archilochus, with fierce Resentment warm'd,  
 Was with his own severe Iambics arm'd,  
 Whose rapid Numbers, suited to the Stage,  
 In comic Humour, or in tragic Rage,  
 With sweet Variety were found to please,  
 And taught the Dialogue to flow with Ease ;  
 Their numerous Cadence was for Action fit,  
 And form'd to quell the Clamours of the Pit.

The Muse to nobler Subjects tunes her Lyre ;  
 Gods, and the Sons of Gods her Song inspire,  
 Wrestler and Steed, who gain'd th' Olympic Prize :  
 Love's pleasing Cares, and Wine's unbounded Joys.  
 But if, through Weakness, or my Want of Art,  
 I can't to every different Style impart  
 The proper Strokes and Colours it may claim,  
 Why am I honour'd with a Poet's Name ?  
 Absurdly modest, why my Fault discern,  
 Yet rather burst in Ignorance, than learn ?

Nor will the Genius of the comic Muse  
 Sublimer Tones, or tragic Numbers use ;

Nor

No modern Languages have any Rules of Prosody, but an Heroic Line in English hath four Iambic Measures in Accent, and Pronunciation. From hence arises the peculiar Happiness of its Numbers for Tragedy. The two first Syllables are either long or short.

85. *Musa dedit fidibus.*] All other Poetry was an Invention of Men, Lyric Poetry was a Present of the Gods. Orpheus, the first Lyric Poet, was instructed by his Mother Calliope. SAN.

86. *Descriptas servare vices.*] As each Kind of Poetry hath its proper

Indignatur item privatis ac prope socco 90  
 Dignis carminibus narrari cœna Thyestæ.  
 Singula quæque locum teneant fortita decentem.  
 Interdum tamen & vocem comœdia tollit,  
 Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore,  
 Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri 95  
 Telephus ac Peleus, quum pauper & exul uterque  
 Projicit ampullas ac sesquipedalia verba,  
 Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.  
 Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia sunt,  
 Et quocunque volent, animum auditoris agunto. 100  
 Ut ridentibus arrident, ita flentibus adflent  
 Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est  
 Primùm ipsi tibi: tunc tua me infortunia lædent,  
 Tele-

proper Character, there is also a Kind of Style peculiar to it. *Vices*, the different Characters of different Poems. *Operumque colores*, the various Ornaments of Language and Expression, are like the Colours in Painting. DAC.

91. *Cœna Thyestæ*.] The Supper of Thyestes, says Mr. Dacier, is put for all Sorts of Tragedies. But why this Subject should be singled out, as the Representative of the rest, is no where explained by the Commentators. The Reason was, that the Thyestes of Ennius was peculiarly chargeable with the Fault here censured: as is plain from a curious Passage in the *Orator*; where Cicero, speaking of the loose Numbers of certain Poets, observes this, in particular, of the Tragedy of Thyestes, *Similia sunt quædam apud nostros: velut in Thyeste*,

*Quemnam te esse dicam? qui tardâ in senectute,*  
*et quæ sequuntur: quæ, nisi cum tibicen accesserit, orationi sunt soluta*  
*simillima*: which Character exactly agrees to this of Horace, where-  
 in the Language of that Play is censured, as flat and prosaic, and  
 hardly rising above the plain Narrative of an ordinary Conversation  
 in Comedy. The Words *exponi* and *narrari* in this Precept are ad-  
 mirably chosen to express the two Faults condemned: The first im-  
 plying a Kind of Pomp and Ostentation in the Language, which is  
 therefore improper for the low Subjects of Comedy: And the latter,  
 a flat, prosaic Expression, not above the Cast of a common Narrative,  
 and therefore equally unfit for Tragedy. MR. HURD.

Nor will the direful Thyestean Feast  
In comic Phrase and Language be debas'd.  
Then let your Style be suited to the Scene,  
And its peculiar Character maintain.

Yet Comedy sometimes her Voice may raise,  
And angry Chremes rail in swelling Phrase:  
As oft the tragic Language humbly flows,  
For Telephus or Peleus, 'midst the Woes  
Of Poverty or Exile, must complain  
In prose-like Style; must quit the swelling Strain,  
And Words gigantic, if with Nature's Art  
They hope to touch their melting Hearer's Heart.

'Tis not enough, ye Writers, that ye charm  
With Ease and Elegance; a Play should warm  
With soft Concernment; should possess the Soul,  
And, as it wills, the listening Crowd controul.

With them, who laugh, our social Joy appears;  
With them, who mourn, we sympathise in Tears;  
If you would have me weep, begin the Strain,  
Then I shall feel your Sorrows, feel your Pain;

But

92. *Singula quæque locum teneant.*] The tragic and comic Style must not encroach on each other. Nature hath established this Law, Comedy must not assume the Buskin, and Tragedy must not descend into the Sock. Such are the Words of Quintilian. The best Copies and Editions read *de eodem*.

95. *Et tragicus plerumque dolet.*] Comedy hath Passions in common with Tragedy, and then it may imitate the tragic Style. We may therefore say on this Occasion what Quintilian does of Eloquence, *Omnis eloquentia habet aliquid commune: id imitemur quod commune est.* Grief is the only Passion, in which Tragedy may lower its natural Greatness of Expression. Dr. Bentley very well observes, that *tragicus* must agree with Telephus and Peleus. *Tragicus* for *tragicus actor* is never used.

97. *Sesquipedalia verba.*] Ben Johnson calls them, *Foot and half Foot Words.*

99. *Non satis est pulchra.*] A Play should not only please with the Beauties of Elocution, *pulchra*, but the Sentiments ought to be engaging,

Telephe, vel Peleu, malè si mandata loquêris,  
 Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo. Tristia mœstum 105  
 Vultum verba decent; iratum, plena minarum;  
 Ludentem, lasciva; severum, seria dictu.  
 Format enim Natura priùs nos intus ad omnem  
 Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram,  
 Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit, & angit: 110  
 Post effert animi motus interprete linguâ.  
 Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,  
 Romani tollent equites peditesque cachinnum.  
 Intererit multum Divusne loquatur, an heros;  
 Maturusne senex, an adhuc florente juventâ 115  
 Fervidus; & matrona potens, an sedula nutrix;  
 Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli;  
 Colchus, an Assyrius; Thebis nutritus, an Argis.  
 Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge,  
 Scriptor. Honoratum si fortè reponis Achillen, 120  
 Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,  
 Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.  
 Sit Medea ferox invictaque, flebilis Ino,  
 Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes. Si

engaging, interesting, and affecting, *dulcia*. Horace here treats of what the Latins call *affectus animi*, which should be different according to the Circumstances of the Speaker. NANNIUS.

105. *Tristia mœstum*.] Nature hath given to each Passion its peculiar Air, Language and Action. The different Changes discover themselves in the Face, the Voice, the Gesture, and all the Attitudes of the Body, as they are produced by the Movements of the Soul. Thus the Strings of a musical Instrument give their proper Tones, when touched by a masterly Hand.

118. *Colchus an Assyrius*.] Every Nation, whether from their Climate or Education, hath a Difference of Manners and Sentiments. Thus, the People of Colchos were savage and cruel; those of Assyria, false and cunning. The Thebans were ignorant and rude; the Argives polite and proud. NAN.

120. *Scriptor honoratum, &c.*] Horace having spoken of the Manners, now proceeds to the Characters, which are the most essential Parts of dramatic, as well as epic Poetry. Dr. Bentley with his usual Spirit of correcting, reads *Homereum* instead of *honoratum*,



But if your Heroes act not what they say,  
I sleep or laugh the lifeless Scene away.

The varying Face should every Passion show,  
And Words of Sorrow wear the Look of Woe;  
Let it in Joy assume a vivid Air;  
Fierce when in Rage; in Seriousness severe:  
For Nature to each Change of Fortune forms  
The secret Soul, and all its Passions warms:  
Transports to Rage, dilates the Heart with Mirth,  
Wrings the sad Soul, and bends it down to Earth.  
The Tongue these various Movements must express,  
But, if ill-suited to the deep Distress  
His Language prove, the Sons of Rome engage  
To laugh th' unhappy Actor off the Stage.

Your Style should an important Difference make  
When Heroes, Gods, or awful Sages speak;  
When florid Youth, whom gay Desires inflame;  
A busy Servant, or a wealthy Dame;  
A Merchant, wandering with incessant Toil,  
Or He, who cultivates the verdant Soil;  
But if in foreign Realms You fix your Scene,  
Their Genius, Customs, Dialects maintain.

Or follow Fame, or in th' invented Tale  
Let seeming, well-united Truth prevail:  
If Homer's great Achilles tread the Stage,  
Intrepid, fierce, of unforgiving Rage,  
Like Homer's Hero, let him spurn all Laws,  
And by the Sword alone assert his Cause.  
With untam'd Fury let Medea glow,  
And Ino's Tears in ceaseless Anguish flow.  
From Realm to Realm her Griefs let Io bear,  
And sad Orestes rave in deep Despair.

But

*vatum*, and supports his Conjecture with much Learning, and not much less Probability. But such an Alteration is too bold to be admitted

Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes 125  
 Personam formare novam; servetur ad imum  
 Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi constet.  
 Difficile est propriè communia dicere: tuque  
 Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus,  
 Quàm si proferres ignota indictaque primus. 130  
 Publica materies privati juris erit, si  
 Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem;  
 Nec verbo verbum curabis reddere fidus  
 Interpres; nec desilies imitator in arctum,  
 Unde pedem referre pudor vetet aut operis lex. 135  
 NEC sic incipies, ut scriptor cyclicus olim:  
 FORTUNAM Priami cantabo & nobile bellum.  
 Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?  
 Parturiunt montes; nascetur ridiculus mus. Quan-

admitted without apparent Necessity. Mr. Creech, who seems to have first suspected the Text, reads *aut sibi convenientia finge scripta. Indonoratum si fortè, &c.*

125. *Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis.*] Having explained the *famam sequere*, he now explains the latter Part of the Verse, *aut convenientia finge*. A Person of the Imagination should have his Manners, which ought to be maintained agreeably to the Condition, Passions, and Character given him by the Poet. DAC. SAN.

128. *Difficile est propriè communia dicere.*] *Communia, Subjects, which every Poet hath an equal Right to invent.* It is not easy to form these Persons of the Imagination, and give them proper and natural Characters. But since a Poet may form them as he pleases, he becomes less pardonable, if they are not such as they ought to be. Besides, it is difficult to invent, and he may promise himself more Success, if he take his Story from Homer, whom Plato calls the Father of Tragedy. NAN. DAC.

131. *Publica materies.*] The Poet means two very different Things in two Expressions, that have the same Sense. He hath called new, invented, unknown Subjects *communia*; here by *publica materies* he means ancient, known Subjects, because the Stage and the People are in Possession of them already. NAN.

132. *Nec circa vilem patulumque, &c.*] In taking the Subject of a Tragedy from Homer, we should not amuse ourselves with a *wide Circuit*, open to the whole World, by taking all the Circumstances and Episodes of his Poem, and even his Manner of connecting them. We should imitate the Ancients, but not copy them in a servile Manner. The Subject may belong to them, yet the Incidents, Episodes, and Disposition of it should be our own. DAC. SAN.

But if You venture on an untried Theme,  
And form a Person yet unknown to Fame,  
From his first Entrance to the closing Scene,  
Let him one equal Character maintain.

'Tis hard a new-form'd Fable to express,  
And make it seem your own. With more Success  
You may from Homer take the Tale of Troy,  
Than on an untried Plot your Strength employ.  
Yet would You make a common Theme your own,  
Dwell not on Incidents already known;  
Nor Word for Word translate with painful Care,  
Nor be confin'd in such a narrow Sphere,  
From whence (while You should only imitate)  
Shame and the Rules forbid You to retreat.

Begin your Work with modest Grace and plain,  
Nor like the Bard of everlasting Strain,  
" I SING the glorious War and Priam's Fate —"  
How will the Boaster hold this yawning Rate?  
The Mountains labour'd with prodigious Throes,  
And lo! a Mouse ridiculous arose.

Far

133. *Nec verba verbum.*] Is a Manner of Expression usual in the best Authors, and this Reading is of the best Manuscripts. Our Commentators seem to mistake the Meaning of this Passage, when they strictly understand it of translating. The Poet is talking of Imitation only, and advises his Imitators not to translate, when they pretend only to imitate. Indeed, the Precept, if taken in a general Sense, will be perfectly true, that all verbal, literal Translations must be cold and lifeless.

134. *Nec desilies imitator in arctum.*] He continues his Allegory of the *vultus Orbis*. He will not only not suffer his Imitator to copy the Thoughts and Expressions of Homer, but would have him avoid even his Order and Connexion of Events, for fear of engaging himself in such Circumstances, as not to be able to retreat with Honour, or without injuring the Laws, which he had established for the Conduct of his Poem; or, as he expresses it in another Place, without being obliged to call to a God to relieve him out of the Difficulty, *dignus Deo vindice nodus*.

136. *Scriptor cyclicus.*] A Poet, who knows not the poetical Art of throwing Events out of their natural Order, and making them rise

with

Quantò rectiùs hic, qui nîl molitur ineptè ! 140  
 Dic mihi, Musa, virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,  
 Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.  
 Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem  
 Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat,  
 Antiphaten, Scyllamque, & cum Cyclope Charybdin : 145  
 Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,  
 Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo.  
 Semper ad eventum festinat ; & in medias res,  
 Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit ; & quæ  
 Desperat tractata nitescere posse, relinquit : 150  
 Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet,  
 Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet imum.  
 Tu, quid ego & populus mecum desideret, audi.  
 Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, & usque  
 Sessuri, donec cantor, vos laudite, dicat : 155  
 Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores,  
 Mobilibusque decor, maturis dandus & annis.

Red-

with more of the Marvellous, but follows the methodical Connexion of the Fable or History, while he proposes to write the whole Life and Adventures of his Hero. The Reader may find a larger Account of these Words in the Notes on the seventh Ode, first Book.

140. *Qui nîl molitur ineptè.*] *Moliri* signifies to attempt and begin a Design ; or to dispose and range the different Parts of it. Homer must be always admired for that modest Simplicity, with which he begins his two Poems, and for the Disposition of his Fable. SAN.

146. *Nec reditum Diomedis.*] We do not know the Poet, whom Horace means. He wrote a Poem on the Return of Diomed from the War of Troy, and began it with the Death of his Uncle Meleager. Thus he gave a Beginning to the Beginning of his Action, before which, as Aristotle observes, nothing should be supposed necessary.

148. *Et in medias res.*] The latter End of this Verse explains the Beginning of it. Homer is so earnest to arrive at the End of his Poem, that, even at the opening of it, he transports his Readers into the Middle of his Subject. Thus the Commentators, in general, explain it ; but Mr. Dacier understands *medias res*, Things of a middle and indifferent Nature, what the Greeks called *μείρα*.

150. *Desperat tractata nitescere.*] A Metaphor taken from Things polished



Far better He, who ne'er attempts in vain,  
 Opening his Poem in this humble Strain,  
 MUSE, sing the Man, who, after Troy subdu'd,  
 MANNERS and Towns of various Nations view'd,  
 He does not lavish at a Blaze his Fire,  
 Sudden to glare, and in a Smoke expire;  
 But rises from a Cloud of Smoke to Light,  
 And pours his specious Miracles to Sight;  
 Antiphates his hideous Feast devours,  
 Charybdis barks, and Polyphemus roars.

He would not, like our modern Poet, date  
 His Hero's Wanderings from his Uncle's Fate;  
 Nor sing ill-fated Ilium's various Woes,  
 From Helen's Birth, from whom the War arose;  
 But to the grand Event he speeds his Course,  
 And bears his Readers with resistless Force,  
 Into the midst of Things, while every Line  
 Opens, by just Degrees, his whole Design.  
 Artful he knows each Circumstance to leave,  
 Which will not Grace and Ornament receive;  
 Then Truth and Fiction with such Skill he blends,  
 That equal he begins, proceeds, and ends.

Mine and the public Judgement are the same;  
 Then hear, what I, and what your Audience claim.  
 If you would keep us 'till the Curtain fall,  
 And the last Chorus for a Plaudit call,  
 The Manners must your strictest Care engage,  
 The Levities of Youth and Strength of Age.      The

polished by the Force of handling. History and a Poet's Imagination may furnish him with a great Number of Incidents, but his own Judgement must direct him in the Choice of them. Whatever is languishing, or incapable of appearing with Grace and Action, should be thrown out of his Poem.      SAN.

156. *Notandi sunt tibi mores.*] The Manners must be well distinguished, and strongly marked, *designandi, exprimendi.*

157. *Maturis, dandus & annis.*] This Reading has been found as

Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, ac pede certo  
 Signat humum, gessit paribus colludere, & iram  
 Colligit ac ponit temerè, & mutatur in horas. 160  
 Imberbus juvenis, tandem custode remoto,  
 Gaudet equis canibusque & aprici gramine campi;  
 Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,  
 Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,  
 Sublimis, cupidusque, & amata relinquere pernix. 165  
 Conversis studiis, ætas animusque virilis  
 Quærit opes & amicitias, inservit honori;  
 Commisisse cavet quod mox mutare labore.  
 Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda; vel quòd  
 Quærit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti; 170  
 Vel quòd res omnes timidè gelidèque ministrat,  
 Dilator, spe lentus, iners, pavidusque futuri;  
 Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti  
 Se puero, censor castigatque minorum.

Multa

a Correction in an ancient Manuscript, and we may believe the Scholiasts had it in their Copies, since one of them explains it by *maturum senem*; the other by *matureo seni*. *Mobilibus* can only agree with *annis*, and absolutely excludes *naturis*. The Latins use *natura* for the Essence of Things; the Virtue natural to each Creature; the Temperament of Persons; but these never change, or can be changed. Our Poet here divides the Life of Man into two equal Parts; the Levity and Inconstancy of Youth or Infancy, *mobiles anni*; the Maturity and Firmness of Manhood, or Age, *anni maturi*. After this general Division, he runs through the four Ages, and gives to each of them its proper Character. BENT. CUN. SAN.

161. *Imberbus*.] Is of an ancient Manuscript. The best Authors use *imberbi*, not *imberbes*.

172. *Spe lentus, iners, pavidusque futuri*.] The common Reading, *spe longus*, is unknown to all good Authors. We have *spes longa* more than once in Horace, to signify an Hope, which we carry a great Way, and the Bounds of which are far distant. But such Hopes can only agree with our earlier Years, for old Age is more confined. It sees Things much nearer, and whatever is beyond a certain Distance is beyond its Reach. Besides, their Experience of the

The Child, who now with firmer Footing walks,  
And with unfaltering, well-form'd Accents talks,  
Loves childish Sports; with causeless Anger burns,  
And idly pleas'd with every Moment turns.

The Youth, whose Will no froward Tutor bounds,  
Joys in the sunny Field, his Horse and Hounds;  
Yielding like Wax, th' impressive Folly bears;  
Rough to Reproof, and slow to future Cares;  
Profuse and vain; with every Passion warm'd,  
And swift to leave, what late his Fancy charm'd.

With Strength improv'd, the manly Spirit bends  
To different Aims, in search of Wealth and Friends;  
Bold and ambitious in Pursuit of Fame,  
And wisely cautious in the doubtful Scheme.

A thousand Ills the aged World surround,  
Anxious in search of Wealth, and when 'tis found,  
Fearful to use, what they with Fear possess,  
While Doubt and Dread their Faculties depress.  
Fond of Delay, they trust in Hope no more,  
Listless, and fearful of th' approaching Hour;  
Morose, complaining, and with tedious Praise  
Talking the Manners of their youthful Days;  
Severe to censure; earnest to advise,  
And with old Saws the present Age chastise.

The

the Past, makes old People depend but little upon the Future. Horace here follows Aristotle in the Characters, which he hath drawn of the different Ages of Man; but Aristotle says, that old Men are difficult to hope *δυσελπίδες*, which is directly contrary to *spe longus*, but perfectly agrees with *spe lentus*.

A Manuscript, in which a Letter, that must certainly have been a P, before *avidus*, is erased, hath even in that Erasure preserved the ancient Reading. *Avidus futuri*, for *vitaæ avidus*, is an Expression perfectly unknown, nor will it agree with *iners* immediately before it. Besides, *pavidus futuri* answers exactly to *ὑποφροσύνη*, which Aristotle uses to express those Disquietudes, Fears and Apprehensions of Futurity, that usually attend old Age, and are quite unknown to Youth.

BENT. CUN. SAN.

175. *Mulæ*

Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum, 175  
 Multa recedentes adimunt: ne fortè seniles  
 Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles;  
 Semper in adjunctis ævoque morabimur aptis.  
 AUT agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur:  
 Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aurem, 180  
 Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ  
 Ipse sibi tradit spectator. Non tamen intus  
 Digna geri promes in scenam; multaue tolles  
 Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens:  
 Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet; 185  
 Aut humana palam coquat extra nefarius Atreus;  
 Aut in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem.  
 Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.  
 NEVE minor, neu sit quinto productior actu  
 Fabula, quæ posci vult, & spectata reponi. 190  
 Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
 Inciderit: nec quarta loqui persona laboret. Actoris

175. *Multa ferunt anni venientes.*] He returns to his first Division of human Life into two Parts. *Anni venientes*, the Years preceding Manhood; *anni recedentes*, the Years going back towards old Age and Death. The Ancients reckoned the former by Addition; the latter by Substraction. The French have an Expression like this of *recedentes anni*. They say, *est sur son retour*, he is upon his Return, when a Person is declining in Years. DAC.

178. *Semper in adjunctis.*] *Adjuncta ævo*, every Thing which attends Age; *apta ævo*, every Thing proper to it. SAN. DAC.

184. *Facundia præsens.*] The Recital of an Actor present, which ought to be made with all the pathetic, *facundia*; or a Recital instead of the Action, *facundia facti vicaria*, *quæ rem quasi oculis præsentem sistit*. DAC. SAN.

185. *Ne pueros coram populo.*] It is much disputed whether Horace absolutely condemns all Kinds of killing on the Stage, or only such execrable Murders, as he mentions in these Lines. Mr. Dacier boldly asserts, that none but bad Poets, who have not Genius enough to move an Audience by the Narrative, ever introduced these bloody Spectacles. Mr. Sanadon, with as little Reserve, assures us, that Sports, where human Blood is shed, can be pleasing only to a savage, cruel People, who have lost all Sense of Humanity.

*Ne pueros.*] Is of several excellent Manuscripts; *multa tolles ex oculis ne*, &c. as *multa ferunt anni venientes*——*ne forte seniles*, &c.

189. *Neve minor, neu sit quinto.*] Whether there be any Thing of



The Blessings flowing in with Life's full Tide,  
Down with our Ebb of Life decreasing glide ;  
Then let not Youth, or Infancy engage  
To play the Parts of Manhood, or of Age ;  
For where the proper Characters prevail,  
We dwell with Pleasure on the well-wrought Tale.

The Business of the Drama must appear  
In Action or Description. What we hear,  
With weaker Passion will affect the Heart,  
Than when the faithful Eye beholds the Part.  
But yet let nothing on the Stage be brought,  
Which better should behind the Scenes be wrought ;  
Nor force th' unwilling Audience to behold  
What may with Grace and Eloquence be told.  
Let not Medea, with unnatural Rage,  
Slaughter her mangled Infants on the Stage ;  
Nor Atreus his nefarious Feast prepare,  
Nor Cadmus roll a Snake, nor Progne wing the Air :  
For while upon such monstrous Scenes we gaze,  
They shock our Faith, our Indignation raise.

If you would have your Play deserve Success,  
Give it five Acts complete ; nor more, nor less ;  
Nor let a God in Person stand display'd,  
Unless the labouring Plot deserve his Aid ;  
Nor a fourth Actor, on the crowded Scene,  
A broken, tedious Dialogue maintain.

The

of Reality and Truth in this Precept may be disputed, but the best Poets, ancient and modern, have held it inviolable. They have considered it as a just Medium between a Length, which might grow languishing and tedious ; and a Shortness, too much crowded with Incidents. Many learned Commentators on Scripture assure us, that the Song of Solomon was a nuptial Play, and some of them tell us, it is naturally divided into five Acts. If this Criticism be true, the Jews were acquainted with dramatic Pieces of five Acts above six hundred Years before Aristotle came into the World.

192. *Nec quarta loqui persona laboret.*] The Poet does not forbid  
a fourth

Actoris partes chorus, officiumque virile  
 Defendat : neu quid medios intercinat actus,  
 Quod non proposito conducat & hæreat aptè. 195  
 Ille bonis faveatque & consilietur amicè ;  
 Et regat iratos, & amet pacare tumentes :  
 Ille dapes laudet mensæ brevis ; ille salubrem  
 Justitiam, legesque, & apertis otia portis :  
 Ille tegat commissa, Deosque precetur & oret, 200  
 Ut redeat miseris, abeat Fortuna superbis.  
 TIBIA non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque  
 Æmula ; sed tenuis simplexque foramine pauco  
 Aspirare & adesse choris erat utilis, atque  
 Nondum spissa nimis complere sedilia flatu : 205  
 Quò sanè populus numerabilis, utpote parvus,  
 Et frugi castusque verecundusque coibat.  
 Postquam cœpit agros extendere victor, & urbem  
 Latior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno  
 Placari Genius festis impunè diebus : 210  
 Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.

Indoctus

a fourth Person to speak, but would have him say very little, as the Scholiast understands the Precept. Indeed, a Conversation of three People is most agreeable, because it is less confused, and less divides the Attention of the Audience.

RODELL.

193. *Actoris partes chorus.*] The Chorus was not introduced between the Acts, meerly to relieve the Audience, but had a Part in the Play, and concurred with the other Actors to carry on the Plot, and support the Probability of it. The Choriphæus, or first Person of the Chorus, entered into the Acts, and spoke for all those, of whom the Chorus was composed ; *officiumque virile defendat.* The Chorus filled up the Intervals of the Acts with their Songs, which were composed of Reflexions upon what was past, or their Apprehensions of what might happen.

196. *Consilietur amicè.*] *In scriptis omnibus sic legitur,* says Cruquius.

197. *Amet pacare tumentes.*] The common Editions read *amet peccare timentes*, but this Expression would say the same as *bonis faveat*, and even say it more feebly. The present Reading is of several Manuscripts,

200. *Ille*

The Chorus must support an Actor's Part ;  
 Defend the Virtuous, and advise with Art ;  
 Govern the Cholerick, the Proud appease,  
 And the short Feasts of frugal Tables praise ;  
 Applaud the Justice of well-govern'd States,  
 And Peace triumphant with her open Gates.  
 Intrusted Secrets let them ne'er betray,  
 But to the righteous Gods with Ardour pray,  
 That Fortune with returning Smiles may bless  
 Afflicted Worth, and impious Pride depress ;  
 Yet let their Songs with apt Coherence join,  
 Promote the Plot, and aid the main Design.

Nor was the Flute at first with Silver bound,  
 Nor rival'd emulous the Trumpet's Sound :  
 Few were its Notes, its Form was simply plain,  
 Yet not unuseful was its feeble Strain  
 To aid the Chorus, and their Songs to raise,  
 Filling the little Theatre with Ease,  
 To which a thin and pious Audience came,  
 Of frugal Manners, and un sullied Fame.

But when victorious Rome enlarg'd her State,  
 And broader Walls inclos'd th' imperial Seat,  
 Soon as with Wine grown dissolutely gay  
 Without Restraint she cheer'd the festal Day,  
 Then Poesy in looser Numbers mov'd,  
 And Music in licentious Tones improv'd ;

Such

200. *Ille tegat commissa.*] The Choriphæus was present through the whole Play, and was often necessarily intrusted with the Secrets of the Persons of the Drama. To preserve the Probability, the Poets chose a Chorus, that was obliged by their own Interest to keep these Secrets, and without acting contrary to their Duty. Euripides hath greatly offended against this Precept. DAC.

211. *Accessit numerisque modisque.*] Their Conquests gave them Riches ; Riches introduced Luxury, and Luxury formed a new Taste,

Indoctus quid enim saperet liberque laborum,  
 Rusticus urbano confusus, turpis honesto ?  
 Sic priscae motumque & luxuriam addidit arti  
 Tibicen, traxitque vagus per pulpita vestem : 215  
 Sic etiam fidibus voces crevere severis,  
 Et tulit eloquium insolitum facundia praeceps ;  
 Utiliumque sagax rerum, ac divina futuri  
 Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.  
 CARMINE qui tragico vilem certavit ob hircum, 220  
 Mox etiam agrestes Satyros nudavit, & asper  
 Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit ; eo quod  
 Illecebris erat & gratâ novitate morandus  
 Spectator, functusque sacris, & potus, & exlex.

Verum

Taste, which the Poets and Musicians were obliged to gratify with a Licentiousness of Numbers in their Verses, and Wantonness of Sounds in their Music. Socrates and Plato say, that lascivious Music always proceeds from Ignorance in the Mind, and a Corruption of the Heart.

212. *Liberque laborum.*] Lazy and idle after their Harvest and Vintage. DAC.

215. *Tibicen.*] In what Manner the Tibia could be made of Use to harmonise a Poet's Numbers, and clear an Actor's Expression to an Audience, is, perhaps, to us inconceivable. Yet Cicero tells us, that they, who were more knowing in this Music, could readily distinguish, at the first Sound of the Tibia, whether the Actor pronounced Antiope or Andromache, which the rest of the Audience were incapable of guessing at. In another Place, he blames the Poets for the Carelessness of their Numbers, which were so extremely like Prose, as only to be distinguished from it by the Modulation and Harmony of the Tibia. This Instrument was generally used in the declamatory Parts of Tragedy, as the Lyre was in the Chorus.

*Traxitque vagus.*] Dress, as well as Music, was corrupted. *Vagus* relates to the Motions of the Chorus in singing the Strophe and Antistrophe. DAC.

216. *Fidibus voces crevere.*] The Lyre originally had only three Strings. Orpheus added a fourth, and it afterwards increased to seven, from thence called Heptachord. The same Changes happened to the Lute, *cithara*, and they both lost their original Simplicity and Majesty, *severis*, or that *antiquæ musicæ severitas*, Severity of Sounds, as Tully calls it. The first of these Instruments was used in Comedy ; the second in Tragedy. SAM.

217. *Eloquium*



Such ever is the Taste, when Clown and Wit,  
Rustic and Critic, fill the crowded Pit.

He, who before with modest Art had play'd,  
Now call'd in wanton Movements to his Aid,  
Fill'd with luxurious Tones the pleasing Strain,  
And drew along the Stage a Length of Train;  
And thus the Lyre, once awfully severe,  
Increas'd its Strings, and sweeter charm'd the Ear:  
Thus Poetry precipitately flow'd,  
And with unwonted Elocution glow'd;  
Pour'd forth prophetic Truths in awful Strain,  
Dark as the Language of the Delphic Fane.

The tragic Bard, who for a worthless Prize  
Bid naked Satyrs in his Chorus rise,  
Though rude his Mirth, yet labour'd to maintain  
The solemn Grandeur of the tragic Scene;  
For Novelty alone he knew could charm  
A lawless Crowd, with Wine and Feasting warm. And

217. *Eloquium insolitum.*] Ignorance and a Corruption of Manners having vitiated their Taste, it necessarily followed, that Arts and Sciences must feel a sensible Alteration. Poets and Orators quitted the Language of Nature, and grew fond of a figurative Style, shining Thoughts, and perplexed Expressions. The same Causes have produced the same Effects in all Ages.

SAN.

221. *Agrestes Satyros nudavit.*] Our Commentators imagine, that Horace means the Atellanæ, but these were a particular Species of Comedy; *Comædiarum formæ sunt tres: Palliata, Togata, Atellanæ.*

DONATUS.

The Satyrs were a Kind of looser, lighter Tragedies, *Τραγωδία μειζύων*, of a Character between real Tragedy and Comedy. They seem to have been introduced on the Roman Stage in the Augustan Age, when our Author seemed willing to encourage them, instead of the low Pleasantry of the Atellanæ, and laid down these Precepts for their future Improvement. It is probable, from the Silence of all future Writers, that he did not succeed. The only Piece of this Kind remaining to us is the Cyclops of Euripides, in which Ulysses is the principal Actor.

For the better Part of this Note the Translator is obliged to the Author of the Commentary on the Art of Poetry.

223. *Incolumi gravitate.*] Rejecting every Thing serious. Bidding Farewel to all Gravity.

228. *Nuper.*]

Verùm ita riores, ita commendare dicaces 225  
 Conveniet Satyros, ita vertere seria ludo;  
 Ne quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur heros  
 Regali conspectus in auro nuper & ostro,  
 Migret in obscuras humili sermone tabernas :  
 Aut, dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet, 230  
 Effutire leves indigna tragœdia versus,  
 Ut festis matrona moveri iussa diebus  
 Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.  
 Non ego inornata, & dominantia nomina solum  
 Verbaque, Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo ; 235  
 Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori,  
 Ut nihil interfit, Davusne loquatur & audax  
 Pythias emuncto lucrata Simone talentum,  
 An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni.  
 Ex noto fœdum carmen sequar : ut sibi quivis 240  
 Speret idem ; fudet multum, frustraue labore

Ausus

228. *Nuper.*] This proves, that the same Actor, as Mr. Dacier observes, who had been an Orestes or Ulysses in the principal Tragedy, played a Character in the Satyr. Thus Plautus in the Prologue to his *Menechmes*, *This Town, during this Play, shall be Epidamnum, and when it has been acted, it may be any other City. As in a Company of Players the same Person shall, at different Times, be a Pandar, a Youth, an old Man, a Beggar, a King, a Parasite, a Scotch-sayer.* St. Jerom hath finely imitated this Passage; *Our Vices oblige us to play many Characters, for every Vice wears a different Mask. Thus in a Theatre, the same Person plays a robust and nervous Hercules, a dissolute Venus, and a furious Cylops.*

229. *Migret in obscuras, &c.*] The former of these Faults, a low and vulgar Expression in the comic Parts, *humili sermone*, would almost naturally adhere to the first Essays of the Roman Satyrs, from the buffoon Genius of the Atellanæ: and the latter, a Language too sublime in the tragic Part, *nubes & inania captat*, would arise from not apprehending the true Measure and Degree of the tragic Mixture. To correct both these, the Poet gives the exactest Idea of the Satyrs, in the Image of a Roman Matron, sharing in the Mirth of a religious Festival. The Occasion obliged to some Freedoms, and yet the Dignity of her Character demanded a decent Reserve.

COMMENTARY ON THE ART OF POETRY.

232. *Matrona*

And yet this laughing, prating Tribe may raise  
Our Mirth, nor shall their Pleasantry displease;  
But let the Hero, or the Power divine,  
Whom late we saw with Gold and Purple shine,  
Stoop not in vulgar Phrase, nor yet despise  
The Words of Earth, and soar into the Skies.  
For as a Matron, on our festal Days  
Oblig'd to dance, with modest Grace obeys,  
So should the Muse her Dignity maintain,  
Amidst the Satyrs, and their wanton Train.

If e'er I write, no Words too grossly vile  
Shall shame my Satyrs, and pollute my Style.  
Nor would I yet the tragic Style forsake  
So far, as not some Difference to make  
Between a Slave, or Wench, too pertly bold,  
Who wipes the Miser of his darling Gold,  
And grave Silenus, with instructive Nod  
Giving wise Lectures to his pupil God.

From well-known Tales such Fictions would I raise  
As all might hope to imitate with Ease;

Yet

232. *Matrona moveri iussa.*] Young Women were usually chosen to dance in Honour of the Gods; but in some Festivals, as in that of the great Goddess, the Pontiffs obliged married Women to dance. From hence the Poet says *iussa*.  
DAC.

234. *Dominantia verba.*] What the Greeks call *κύρια*, as if they were Masters of the Thing, they would express.

238. *Emuncto Simone.*] The Poet, speaking of the Style of Comedy, as Mr. Dacier observes, makes use of a low comic Word *emuncto*; a Beauty, which the Translator hath endeavoured to preserve, *who wipes*.

239. *Silenus.*] This God was always the Coryphæus of these Satyric Performances. The Poets made him Governor and Foster-Father of Bacchus. Orpheus begins a Hymn to him thus, *Hear me, O Venerable, Thou Foster-Father of Bacchus*.

Aufus idem : tantum series juncturaque pollet ;  
Tantum de medio sumtis accedit honoris.

SYLVIS deducti caveant, me iudice, Fauni,  
Ne velut innati triviis, ac penè forenses, 245  
Aut nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,  
Aut immunda crepent ignominiosaque dicta.

Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, & pater, & res :  
Nec, si quid fricti ciceris probat & nucis emtor,  
Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve coronâ. 250

SYLLABA longa brevi subiecta, vocatur iambus,  
Pes citus; unde etiam trimetris ad crescere jussit  
Nomen iambeis, quum senos redderet ictus  
Primus ad extremum similis sibi : non ita pridem,  
Tardiôr ut paulò graviorque veniret ad aures, 255  
Spondeos stabiles in jura paterna recepit

Commodus ac patiens ; non ut de sede secundâ  
Cederet, aut quartâ socialiter. Hic & in Acci  
Nobilibus trimetris apparet rarus, & Ennî.

In scenam missus magno cum pondere versus, 260  
Aut operæ nimium celeris curâque carentis,  
Aut ignoratæ premit artis crimine turpi.  
Non quivis videt immodulata poemata iudex :

Et

243. *Tantum de medio sumtis.*] The Writers of Satyrs seem to have invented their Subjects, a Custom which Horace condemns, who would have them *de medio sumtis*, taken from some known Story. These Subjects indeed appear extremely easy; but whoever attempts to imitate him, shall find, that the Disposition and Execution of his Plan hath cost the Poet infinite Trouble.

246. *Juvenentur.*] This is thought to be one of the Words, with which our Poet enriched the Latin Tongue.

248. *Quibus est equus, &c.*] The Knights, who have an Horse, kept at public Expence; *quibus est pater*, People of Birth, Patricians; *quibus est res*, they, who have Wealth, and are therefore distinguished from Knights and Patricians. DAC.

251. *Syllaba longa, &c.*] The next twelve Lines contain a Kind of



Yet while they strive the same Success to gain,  
Should find their Labour, and their Hopes are vain :  
Such Grace can Order and Connexion give ;  
Such Beauties common Subjects may receive.

Let not the Wood-born Satyr fondly sport  
With amorous Verses, as if bred at Court ;  
Nor yet with wanton Jest, in mirthful Vein,  
Debase the Language, and pollute the Scene,  
For what the Crowd with lavish Rapture praise,  
In better Judges cold Contempt shall raise.

Rome

of Profody for the Latin Measures fit for Tragedy. The Translator, despairing of making them intelligible to an English Reader, or pleasing to one, who understands the Original, never attempted to translate them. He has, besides, the Example of Lord Roscommon and Mr. Oldham, to plead in his Excuse. However, the Notes may not be unuseful.

252. *Pes citus.*] An Iambic is one short and one long Syllable. To this Form it owes its Rapidity, and although an Iambic Verse really consists of six Feet, yet it is called Trimetre ; the Swiftneſs of it making it but three Measures in scanning, and Pronunciation.

254. *Primus ad extremum.*] Pure Iambics, without Mixture of any other Measure ; as this Line, *Suis & ipsa Roma viribus ruit.*

255. *Tardior ut paulò graviorque.*] The Poets mixed Spondees to correct the Swiftneſs of the Iambics, and to make them more agreeable to the Gravity of Tragedy. Horace calls the Spondees *stabiles*, because, as they consist of two long Syllables, they support themselves equally.

DAC.

257. *Non ut de sede secundâ.*] The Iambics yield only the odd Places to the Spondee, the first, third, and fifth ; but preserve the second, fourth and sixth for themselves. This Mixture renders the Verse more noble, and it may be still called *trimetre*, the second Foot being Iambic. The comic Poets, better to disguise their Verse, and make it appear more like common Conversation, inverted the tragic Order, and put Spondees in the even Places.

DAC.

258. *Socialiter.*] Like Friends, to whom all things are in common.

259. *Nobilibus trimetris.*] Horace blames Ennius and Accius for neglecting this Mixture of Spondees with Iambics, and for making their Verses hard and heavy by ill-placing the Spondees, or by having too many of them. *Nobilibus trimetris* is spoken ironically.

DAC.

\* 260. *In scenam missus,*] Is the Reading of several Manuscripts.

Et data Romanis venia est indigna poetis.

Idcircone vager, scribamque licenter? an omnes 265

Visuros peccata putem mea; tutus & intra  
Spem veniæ cautus? Vitavi denique culpam,  
Non laudem merui. Vos exemplaria Græca  
Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.

At vestri proavi Plautinos & numeros & 270

Laudavere sales; nimium patienter utrosque  
(Non dicam stultè) mirati: si modò ego & vos  
Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,  
Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus & aure.

IGNOTUM tragicæ genus invenisse Camenæ 275

Dicitur, & plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis

Qui

Our Poet says, the Verses of Ennius and Accius were so heavy with a Weight of Spondees, that they could not walk of themselves, and were therefore pushed upon the Stage. They dishonoured their Author, and shewed, that he was either too hasty and had not given himself Time to fashion his Poem; or, which is yet more shameful, that he had offended against the Rules of an Art, which he did not understand.

266. *Intra spem veniæ cautus.*] Mr. Dacier strangely explains these Words, when he pretends, that *intra spem veniæ* means *extra spem, sine spe veniæ*. He quotes a Passage in Florus, *intra gloriam fuit*, which is directly against him. The Historian, speaking of Horatius, who killed his Sister, says, *Citavere leges nefas; sed abstulit virtute parricidam, & facinus intra gloriam fuit*. The Valour of the Murderer covered whatever was criminal in his Action, and made it be considered only on the glorious Side. Mr. Dacier's Mistake arose from his believing, that *intra* always signifies, on this Side. BENT.

270. *At vestri proavi.*] This Reading is of the first Editions and the greater Number of Manuscripts. The Poet speaks to the Pisos, and prevents an Objection, they might possibly make.

271. *Nimum patienter utrosque.*] Mr. Cuninghame very well saw, that the Construction and Usage of Latin Authors required this Correction, and that after *numeros & sales*, which are both in the plural Number, and in the masculine Gender, we should read *utrosque* instead of *utrumque*.

272. *Nen*

Rome to her Poets too much Licence gives,  
 Nor the rough Cadence of their Verse perceives;  
 But shall I then with careless Spirit write?  
 No—let me think my Faults shall rise to Light,  
 And then a kind Indulgence will excuse  
 The less important Errors of the Muse.  
 Thus, though perhaps I may not merit Fame,  
 I stand secure from Censure and from Shame.

Make the Greek Authors your supreme Delight;  
 Read them by Day, and study them by Night.——  
 “And yet our Sires with Joy could Plautus hear,  
 “Gay were his Jest, his Numbers charm’d their Ear.”  
 Let me not say too lavishly they prais’d,  
 But sure their Judgement was full cheaply pleas’d:  
 If You, or I, with Taste are haply blest,  
 To know a clownish from a courtly Jest;  
 If skillful to discern, when form’d with Ease  
 The modulated Sounds are taught to please.

Thespis, Inventor of the tragic Art,  
 Carried his vagrant Players in a Cart:

High

272. *Non dicam stultè.*] This little Alteration, which is of Manuscript Authority, softens the Judgement, that Horace gives of Plautus, and it is therefore of Importance. The common Reading, *ne dicam stultè mirati*, has raised a violent Quarrel among the Commentators on these two Authors, to support the Censure of one, or save the Honour of the other. Plautus had many Excellencies; his Language is of exceeding Purity; his Wit, in Cicero’s Opinion, is easy, and polite. Yet he had his Faults; his Pleasantries are not seasoned with that Delicacy, which gives a true Value to Wit; his Jest is often low, cold and indecent; his Versification is unequal, and his Measures not perfectly chaste. Yet his Faults were treated with much Indulgence. Was this owing to the Stupidity of the Age? I shall be very cautious of making such an Assertion, says Horace, *non dicam stultè*. Let me only say, that his Beauties prejudiced the World in his Favour. SAN.

274. *Digitis callemus & aure.*] The Reader may see the Note on the eleventh Line of the *Carmen Seculare*.

276. *Vexisse poemata.*] Thespis has the Honour of inventing Tragedy,

Qui canerent agerentque, peruncti sæcibus ora.  
 Post hunc personæ pallæque repertor honestæ  
 Æschylus & modicis instravit pulpita tignis,  
 Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno. 280  
 Successit vetus his comœdia, non sine multâ  
 Laude : sed in vitium libertas excidit, ac vim  
 Dignam lege regi : lex est accepta ; chorusque  
 Turpiter obticuit, sublato jure nocendi.  
 Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ ; 285  
 Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca  
 Ausi deferere, & celebrare domestica facta,  
 Vel qui prætextas, vel qui docuere togatas.  
 Nec virtute foret clarifve potentius armis,  
 Quàm linguâ, Latium, si non offenderet unum- 290  
 quemque poetarum limæ labor & mora. Vos, ô  
 Pompilius sanguis, carmen reprehendite, quod non  
 Multa dies & multa litura coercuit, atque  
 Præfectum decies non castigavit ad unguem.

INGE-

Tragedy, because he made some remarkable Improvements in it.  
 He first relieved the Chorus, when fatigued with singing, with an  
 Actor, who recited the Adventures of some illustrious Person ; and  
 he afterwards added a second Player and formed the Dialogue. These  
 Improvements are expressed by *canerent agerentque poemata* ; one  
 marks the Chorus, which he found established ; the other means  
 the Actors, whom he added.

SAN.

278. *Personæ.*] Aristotle tells us, that it was not known in his  
 Time by whom the Mask was invented.

281. *Successit vetus his comœdia.*] When Tragedy had arrived at  
 some Degree of Perfection, the Poets began to cultivate Comedy,  
 which before lay neglected. But as they indulged themselves in the  
 most excessive Licentiousness, such as exposing the Magistrates on  
 the Stage by their Names, or by Masks painted like them, Lama-  
 chus made the first Reformation among them, and Alexander the  
 Great a second. One gave Birth to the middle Comedy ; the other  
 to the new, in which the Chorus was no longer allowed, *turpiter*  
*obticuit.*

288. *Vel*



High o'er the Crowd the mimic Tribe appear'd,  
 And play'd and sung, with Lees of Wine besmear'd.  
 Then Æschylus a decent Vizard us'd;  
 Built a low Stage; the flowing Robe diffus'd.  
 In Language more sublime his Actors rage,  
 And in the graceful Buskin tread the Stage.  
 And now the ancient Comedy appear'd,  
 Nor without Pleasure and Applause was heard;  
 But soon, its Freedom rising to Excess,  
 The Laws were forc'd its Boldness to suppress,  
 And, when no longer licens'd to defame,  
 It sunk to Silence with Contempt and Shame.

No Path to Fame our Poets left untried;  
 Nor small their Merit, when with conscious Pride  
 They scorn'd to take from Greece the storied Theme,  
 And dar'd to sing their own domestic Fame,  
 With Roman Heroes fill the tragic Scene,  
 Or sport with Humour in the comic Vein.  
 Nor had the Mistrefs of the World appear'd  
 More fam'd for Conquest, than for Wit rever'd,  
 Did we not hate the necessary Toil  
 Of slow Correction, and the painful File.

Illustrious Youths, with just Contempt receive,  
 Nor let the hardy Poem hope to live,  
 Where Time and full Correction don't refine  
 The finish'd Work, and polish every Line.

Because

288. *Vel qui prætexas.*] *Togata*, when used alone, signifies any theatrical Piece, of which the Subject or Plot was taken from a Roman Story, as *palliata* signified the same among the Greeks. But when *prætexas* is set in Opposition to *togata*, the first means Tragedy, and the second Comedy, because the *prætexas* was a Robe worn only by the first Persons of the Commonwealth, but the *toga* was the ordinary Habit of the common People.

294. *Præfectum decies.*] A Metaphor taken from Statuaries, who

INGENIUM miserâ quia fortunatius arte 293  
 Credit, & excludit sanos Helicone poetas  
 Democritus; bona pars non unguis ponere curat,  
 Non barbam: secreta petit loca, balnea vitat.  
 Nanciscetur enim pretium nomenque poetæ,  
 Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam 300  
 Tonfori Licino commiserit. O ego lævus,  
 Qui purgor bilem verni sub temporis horam!  
 Non alius faceret meliora poemata. Verùm  
 Nil tanti est. Ergo fungar vice cotis, acutum  
 Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exfors ipsa secandi. 305  
 Munus & officium, nîl scribens ipse, docebo;  
 Unde parentur opes; quid alat formetque poetam;  
 Quid deceat, quid non; quod virtus, quod ferat error.  
 SCRIBENDI rectè, sapere est & principium & fons.  
 Rem tibi Socraticæ poterunt ostendere chartæ: 310  
 Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur.  
 Qui didicit patriæ quid debeat, & quid amicis;  
 Quo sit amore parens, quo frater amandus & hospes;  
 Quod

ran their Nail over their Work, to try whether it were polished. *It hath passed the Nail*, was a Grecian Proverb; and we have already had *ad unguem factus homo*.

297. *Democritus.*] The bad Rhimers of our Poet's Days abused this Precept by understanding it literally. Aristotle tells us, that to succeed in Poetry, we must have either an excellent Genius, or be inspired even to Madness. Nothing better shews the Sublimity of this Art, or better convinces us, what that Madness is, which an excellent Genius can supply. SAN.

300. *Si tribus Anticyris.*] There were really three Places of this Name, but some of them, perhaps, owe their Hellebore to the Poet's Pleasantry of enlarging the Quantity for the Use of bad Rhimers.

301. *Tonfori Licino.*] Licinus was a famous Barber, whom Augustus made a Senator, to reward his Hatred for Pompey.

*Marmoreo tumulo Licinus jacet, at Cato nullo:*

*Pompeius parvo. Quis putet esse Deos?*

301. *O ego lævus.*] Since Madness makes a Poet, how unlucky have I been to purge away my Choler, and in the Spring especially, when

Because Democritus in Rapture cries  
 " Poems of Genius always bear the Prize  
 " From wretched Works of Art," and thinks that none  
 But brain-sick Bards can Taste of Helicon ;  
 So far his Doctrine o'er the Tribe prevails,  
 They neither shave their Heads, nor pare their Nails ;  
 To dark Retreats and Solitude they run,  
 The Baths avoid, and public Converse shun ;  
 A Poet's Fame and Fortune sure to gain,  
 If long their Beards, incurable their Brain.

Ah! luckless I! who purge in Spring my Spleen—  
 Else sure the first of Bards had Horace been.  
 But shall I then, in mad Pursuit of Fame,  
 Resign my Reason for a Poet's Name ?  
 No ; let me sharpen others, as the Hone  
 Gives Edge to Razors, though itself has none.  
 Let me the Poet's Worth and Office shew,  
 And whence his true poetic Riches flow ;  
 What forms his Genius, and improves his Vein ;  
 What well or ill becomes each different Scene ;  
 How high the Knowledge of his Art ascends,  
 And to what Faults his Ignorance extends.

Good Sense, that Fountain of the Muse's Art,  
 Let the strong Page of Socrates impart,  
 And if the Mind with clear Conceptions glow,  
 The willing Words in just Expressions flow.

The Poet, who with nice Discernment knows  
 What to his Country and his Friends he owes ;  
 How various Nature warms the human Breast,  
 To love the Parent, Brother, Friend or Guest ;

What

when it has a more powerful Effect, and would consequently have  
 made me a better Poet ?

Dac.

[399, *Scribendi rectè*.] It is pleasant enough that Horace, after  
 giving,

Quod fit conscripti, quod judicis officium; quæ  
 Partes in bellum missi ducis; ille profectò 315  
 Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.  
 Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo  
 Doctem imitatore, & vivas hinc ducere voces.  
 Interdum speciosa locis, morataque rectè  
 Fabula, nullius veneris, sine pondere & arte, 320  
 Valdiùs oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,  
 Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.  
 GRAIIS ingenium, Graiis dedit ore rotundo  
 Musa loqui, præter laudem, nullius avaris.

Romani

giving us the Judgement of Democritus, proposes good Sense as the first Requisite for a Poet, and sends his Poet for that good Sense to the Moral Writings of Plato and other Disciples of Socrates; for Socrates, as we are informed by Cicero, never wrote himself. This good Sense is necessary to direct, and command that Madness of Inspiration, which Democritus required.

317. *Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque.*] By this Model of Life and Manners, Horace designs Nature, that only Original of all the different Manners we see on the Stage of the World. Therefore a good Imitator, a good Poet, when he draws a Character for the Stage, does not consider how particular Persons act, when inspired by such or such Passions, but he enquires what they ought to do, or what Nature directs them to do. He paints after Nature, not after any particular Copy, which is often confused and imperfect. DAC.

318. *Vivas hinc ducere voces.*] This Reading is of all the Manuscripts, and although Mr. Dacier rejects it, his last Note will explain and confirm it.

A Painter, who draws the Picture of a beautiful Woman after the most beautiful Life, cannot pretend to draw the Picture of Beauty. His Piece is only a Copy of another Piece, an Imitation of an Image, not of Life. He should have consulted the original Ideas of Beauty. Thus in Poetry; a Poet, who would represent a Miser, cannot be said to draw the Character from the Life, if he paint only the Avarice of some single Person. He should cast his Eye upon Nature, and contemplate her Idea of Avarice, for that is the true Original.

This Comparison is taken from Mr. Dacier, though somewhat altered, and applied contrary to what the Critic intended it. As  
 an



What the great Offices of Judges are,  
Of Senators, of Generals sent to War;  
He surely knows, with nice, well-judging Art,  
The Strokes, peculiar to each different Part.

Keep Nature's great Original in View,  
And thence the living Images pursue;  
For when the Sentiments and Diction please,  
And all the Characters are wrought with Ease,  
Your Play, though void of Beauty, Force and Art,  
More strongly shall delight, and warm the Heart,  
Than where a lifeless Pomp of Verse appears,  
And with sonorous Trifles charms our Ears.

To her lov'd Greeks the Muse indulgent gave,  
To her lov'd Greeks, with Greatness to conceive,  
And in sublimer Tone their Language raise——  
Her Greeks were only covetous of Praise.

Our

an additional Proof to this Reasoning, let us hear our ingenious and critical Commentator. Truth, says he, may be followed too closely in Works of Imitation; that is, the Artist, attaching himself too closely to the scrupulous Exhibition of Particulars, fails of representing the general Idea of the Kind: in which Sense it is, that Demetrius, the Statuary, is reprehended, by a very good Judge, as being *nimius in veritate*. Quintil. l. 12. c. 10. And a great Painter, Caravage, hath been also censured on the same Account. The same holds in Poetry, for—in deviating from particular and partial, the Poet faithfully imitates universal Truth.

319. *Speciosa locis.*] Sentiments; common place Thoughts of moral Philosophy. A Comedy with fine Sentiments, and in which the Manners are justly marked, will succeed better than one, in which the Conduct is faultless and the Verse is beautiful. But in Tragedy, the Manners and Sentiments are not so necessary, as the Disposition of the Fable. It may subsist without the Manners, but not without Action. DAC.

320. *Fabula, &c.*] *Fabula* does not mean the Fable, but the Play in general. *Arte* is the Art of expressing the Thoughts properly, gracefully and harmoniously. *Pondus* is the Force and Energy of good Versification.

323. *Ore rotundo.*] Among the Greeks there are many Instances of

Romani pueri longis rationibus affem 325  
 Discunt in partes centum diducere. Dicat  
 Filius Albini, si de quincunce remota est  
 Uncia, quid superet? Poterat dixisse, triens. Eu!  
 Rem poteris servare tuam. Redit uncia: quid fit?  
 Semis. An, hæc animos ærugo & cura peculi 330  
 Quum semel imbuerit, speramus carmina fingi  
 Posse linenda cedro, & levi servanda cupressu?  
 Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ;  
 Aut simul & jucunda & idonea dicere vitæ.  
 Quidquid præcipies, esto brevis; ut citò dicta 335  
 Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles.  
 Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.  
 Ficta voluptatis causâ sint proxima veris;  
 Ne, quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi;  
 Neu pransæ Lamix vivum puerum extrahat alvo. 340  
 Cen-

of this Rotundity of Expression. An oratorical Period requires a round Mouth. Aristophanes says of Euripides, I enjoy the Rotundity of his Language.

327. *Filius Albini.*] Albinus was a rich Usurer. His Son is asked, if you take one from five Ounces, how many remain? Another would have answered simply four ounces; but the Boy, to shew himself a Master of Division, says, there remains the Third of a Pound, *triens*. When he was asked, if you add one to five Ounces, how many do they make? he might have said, six Ounces; but he answers more learnedly, that one added to five makes half a Pound, *semis*.

These are Terms of ancient Arithmetic, which could not be made intelligible to an English Reader, and therefore the Translator hath given the general Meaning of the Passage, by the Terms of modern Arithmetic, Subtraction and Addition. The Original has been rendered difficult by a Number of Errors in the Text, which are here corrected by the best Manuscripts and Editions.

332. *Linenda cedro.*] To preserve their Books, the Ancients rubbed them with Oil of Cedar, and kept them in Cases of Cypress, because this Wood was less liable to Corruption. NAN.

337. *Omne, &c.*] Dr. Bentley and Mr. Sanadon have thrown this Line out of the Text. It weakens, instead of adding Strength to the Thought. The Expression is not correct. There can be no Danger in

Our Youth, Proficients in a nobler Art,  
Divide a Farthing to the hundredth Part ;  
Well done, my Boy, the joyful Father cries,  
Addition and Subtraction make us wise.

But when the Rust of Wealth pollutes the Soul,  
And money'd Cares the Genius thus controul,  
How shall we dare to hope, that distant Times  
With Honour should preserve our lifeless Rhimes ?

Poets would profit or delight Mankind,  
And with the pleasing have th' instructive join'd.  
Short be the Precept, which with Ease is gain'd  
By docile Minds, and faithfully retain'd.  
If in dull Length your Moral is exprest,  
The tedious Wisdom overflows the Breast.  
Would you divert ? the Probable maintain,  
Nor force us to believe the monstrous Scene,  
That shews a Child, by a fell Witch devour'd,  
Drag'd from her Entrails, and to Life restor'd.

Grave:

in the Length of the Precept, if whatever is superfluous, *supervacuum*, be immediately forgotten.

338. *Ficta voluptatis causâ.*] Our Author speaks of comic Poets particularly. Fiction joined to Probability sometimes makes a greater Impression than Truth itself. A Poet, says Aristotle, may represent Things as they might possibly have happened ; an Historian must describe the very Facts. SAN.

339. *Ne quodcunque volet.*] *Fabula* here means Comedy, and the Poet says, that Comedy ought not to expect we should trust it with whatsoever it demands ; an Expression, by which he would say, that a Poet should not bring into a Comedy all those Incidents, the Subject might possibly supply, or seem to demand. *Ne*, instead of *nec*, is of the best Manuscripts and Editions. BENT. SAN.

340. *Lamiae*] Were Spectres, who under the Form of beautiful Women first debauched young People, and then devoured them. Such Chimæras have been invented in all Ages and Countries, which Nurses and Mothers have made use of to frighten Children. A Custom attended with most unhappy Consequences. Nothing is more capable of disordering their tender Minds, and of making Impressions of Horror on them, which they feel their whole Lives, SAN.

343. *Omne*

Centuriæ seniorum agitant expertia frugis :

Celsi prætereunt austeram poemata Ramnes.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,

Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

Hic meret æra liber Sosis, hic & mare transit, 345

Et longum noto scriptori prorogat ævum.

SUNT delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus :

Nam neque chorda sonum reddit, quem vult manus ac  
mens ;

Poscentique gravem persæpe remittit acutum :

Nec semper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus. 350

Verùm ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis

Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,

Aut humana parum cavit Natura. Quid ergo est ?

Ut scriptor si peccat idem librarius usque,

Quamvis est monitus, veniâ caret ; ut citharædus 355

Ridetur, chordâ qui semper oberrat eâdem :

Sic mihi qui multum cessat, fit Chærilus ille,

Quem bis terve bonum, cum risu miror ; & idem

Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

Verùm operi longo fas est obrepere somnum. 360

Ut

343. *Omne tulit punctum.*] Alluding to the Manner of voting at the Comitia by putting a Point over the Name of a Candidate.

352. *Quas aut incuria fudit.*] We may say of Works, as of Men, *vitiis nemo sine nascitur, optimus ille, qui minimis urgetur.* But there are Negligences, as Longinus observes, rather than Faults, which escape the best Authors, while they are in Pursuit of somewhat great, and cannot descend to a Care or Concern for Trifles.

359. *Indignor quandoque, &c.*] Faults are as rare in Homer, as Beauties in Chærilus. We laugh at the accidental Beauties of a bad Poet, and wonder by what strange Chance he happened to write so many good Lines ; but we are angry, when a good Poet happens to slumber over his Work.

It were to be wished, when a bad Author has any lucky Verses, that the next good Writer on the same Subject would take them



Grave Age approves the solid and the wife ;  
 Gay Youth from too austere a Drama flies ;  
 Profit and Pleasure, then, to mix with Art,  
 To inform the Judgement, nor offend the Heart,  
 Shall gain all Votes; to Bookfellers shall raise  
 No trivial Fortune, and across the Seas  
 To distant Nations spread the Writer's Fame,  
 And with immortal Honours crown his Name.

Yet there are Faults, that we may well excuse,  
 For oft the Strings th' intended Sound refuse ;  
 In vain his tuneful Hand the Master tries,  
 He asks a Flat, and hears a Sharp arise ;  
 Nor always will the Bow, though fam'd for Art,  
 With Speed unerring wing the threatening Dart.

But where the Beauties more in Number shine,  
 I am not angry, when a casual Line  
 (That with some trivial Faults unequal flows)  
 A careless Hand, or human Frailty shows.  
 But as we ne'er those Scribes with Mercy treat,  
 Who, though advis'd, the same Mistakes repeat ;  
 Or as we laugh at him, who constant brings  
 The same rude Discord from the jarring Strings ;  
 So, if strange Chance a Choerilus inspire  
 With some good Lines, I laugh, while I admire ;  
 Yet hold it for a Fault I can't excuse,  
 If honest Homer slumber o'er his Muse ;  
 Although, perhaps, a kind indulgent Sleep  
 O'er Works of Length allowably may creep.

Poems

them from him. He has no Right to them ; they do not belong to him. The Public would certainly encourage so just a Scheme, since it is the only one, that can possibly preserve these Lines of good Luck to Posterity.

360. *Verum operi longo,*] Is authorised by the first Editions and  
 by

UT pictura, poesis; erit quæ, si propius stes,  
 Te capiat magis; & quædam, si longius abstes.  
 Hæc amat obscurum; volet hæc sub luce videri,  
 Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen:  
 Hæc placuit semel; hæc decies repêta placebit. 365  
 O MAJOR juvenum, quamvis & voce paternâ  
 Fingeris ad rectum, & per te sapiis; hoc tibi dictum  
 Tolle memor: certis medium ac tolerabile rebus  
 Rectè concedi: consultus juris, & actor  
 Causarum mediocris abest virtute disertis 370  
 Messalæ, nec scit quantum Cascellius Aulus,  
 Sed tamen in pretio est: mediocribus esse poetis  
 Non homines, non Dî, non concessere columnæ.  
 Ut gratas inter mensas symphonia discors,  
 Et crassum unguentum, & Sardo cum melle papaver 375  
 Offendunt; poterat duci quia cœna sine istis:  
 Sic animis natum inventumque poema juvandis,  
 Si paulum summo decessit, vergit ad imum.  
 Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis;

In-

by a greater Number of Manuscripts, than *opere in longo*. It is in itself more elegant.

361. *Ut pictura, poesis; erit, &c.*] Poetry, as well as Painting, hath its proper Light, and Point of View, in which alone its Effects can be distinguished; and as judicious Painters do not finish all the Figures of a Picture with equal Care, so Poets leave some Parts of a Poem less richly coloured, that the Reader may unbend his Attention, and be better prepared for Beauties more interesting, and more highly finished. One equal Brightness in a Picture, or one uninterrupted Shine of Thoughts in a Poem, would fatigue the strongest Admirer.

371. *Disertis Messalæ.*] Messala Corvinus, who inherited the Eloquence, as well as Courage of his Ancestors. A little before his Death he so lost his Memory, as to forget his own Name.

Cascellius Aulus was a Roman Knight, one of the greatest Lawyers of his Time. But his having Courage to preserve his Liberty in an Age of universal Slavery, raises his Character with greater Honour,

Poems like Pictures are ; some charm when nigh,  
 Others at Distance more delight your Eye ;  
 That loves the Shade, this tempts a stronger Light,  
 And challenges the Critic's piercing Sight :  
 That gives us Pleasure for a single View ;  
 And this, ten Times repeated, still is new.

Although your Father's Precepts form your Youth,  
 And add Experience to your Taste of Truth,  
 Of this one Maxim, Piso, be assur'd,  
 In certain Things a Medium is endur'd.  
 Who tries Messala's Eloquence in vain,  
 Nor can a knotty Point of Law explain  
 Like learn'd Cascellius, yet may justly claim,  
 For Pleading or Advice, some Right to Fame ;  
 But God, and Man, and letter'd Post denies,  
 That Poets ever are of midling Size.  
 As jarring Music at a jovial Feast,  
 Or muddy Essence, or th' ungrateful Taste  
 Of bitter Honey, shall the Guests displease,  
 Because they want not Luxuries like these ;  
 So Poems, form'd alone to yield Delight,  
 Give deep Disgust, or Pleasure to the Height.

The Man, who knows not how with Art to wield  
 The sportive Weapons of the martial Field,

The

nour, than all his Wit and Learning. The Triumvirs, Lepidus, Antony and Augustus, could not compel him to draw up their Edict of Proscription ; nor is it less glorious to Augustus, as Mr. Dacier well remarks, that a Man of such a Spirit of Freedom should be mentioned with Applause by a Poet of his Court.

373. *Non Di, non concessere columnæ.*] No one knows an indifferent Poet, says an ancient Author, and we know very few good. These Gods are Apollo, Bacchus and the Muses, who presided over Poetry, and these Columns are Pillars, round which the Booksellers placed their Books intended for Sale. *Meos habeat neque pila libellos.*

375. *Sardæ cum melle.*] Sardinia was full of bitter Herbs, from whence

258 Q. HORATII FLACCI ARS POETICA.

Indoctusque pilæ, discive, trochive, quiescit ; 380  
 Ne spissæ risum tollant impune coronæ :  
 Qui nescit versus, tamen audet fingere. Quid nî ?  
 Liber & ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem  
 Summam nummorum, vitioque remotus ab omni.  
 Tu nihil invitâ dices faciesve Minervâ : 385  
 Id tibi judicium est, ea mens. Si quid tamen olim  
 Scripseris, in Metî descendat judicis aures,  
 Et patris, & nostras ; nonumque prematur in annum,  
 Membranis intus positis. Delere licebit  
 Quod non edideris : nescit vox missa reverti. 390  
 SYLVESTRES homines sacer interpretque Deorum  
 Cædibus ac victu fœdo deterruit Orpheus ;  
 Dictus ob hoc lenire tigres rabidosque leones.  
 Dictus & Amphion, Thebanæ conditor arcis,  
 Saxa movere sono testudinis, & prece blandâ 395  
 Ducere quò vellet. Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,  
 Publica privatis fecernere, sacra profanis ;  
 Concubitu prohibere vago ; dare jura maritis ;  
 Oppida

whence the Honey was bitter. White Poppey-seed roasted was mingled with Honey by the Ancients. NAN.

383. *Liber & ingenuus.*] Horace probably had in view some particular Knight, who fancied he could write Verses, because he was well-born and rich. This Opinion still prevails, but is more ridiculous now, than in the Days of Horace. The greatest Men among the Romans were not only Scholars, but Authors in all Kinds of Erudition. SAN.

385. *Tu nihil.*] From this Verse to the End of his Poem, Horace treats of the principal Assistances, necessary for our Success in Poetry ; Nature, Art, Application, and the Criticism of an intelligent Friend. SAN.

388. *Nonumque prematur in annum.*] Cinna was nine Years composing his Poem, called Smyrna ; Isocrates was ten Years correcting his Panegyric. But Horace does not positively limit the Time, which depends on the Judgement and Labour of each Author ; for too much Correction may weaken the Force, and enervate the Spirit of his Work. DAC.

391. *Sylvestres*



The bounding Ball, round Quoit, or whirling Troque;  
 Will not the Laughter of the Crowd provoke:  
 But every desperate Blockhead dares to write——  
 Why not? his Fortune's large to make a Knight;  
 The Man's free-born; perhaps, of gentle Strain;  
 His Character and Manners pure from Stain.  
 But Thou, dear Piso, never tempt the Muse,  
 If Wisdom's Goddess shall her Aid refuse;  
 And when you write, let candid Metius hear,  
 Or try your Labours on your Father's Ear,  
 Or even on mine; but let them not come forth,  
 'Till the ninth ripening Year mature their Worth.  
 You may correct what in your Closet lies:  
 If publish'd, it irrevocably flies.

The Wood-born Race of Men when Orpheus tam'd;  
 From Acorns and from mutual Blood reclaim'd,  
 This Priest divine was fabled to assuage  
 The Tiger's Fierceness, and the Lion's Rage.  
 Thus rose the Theban Wall; Amphion's Lyre,  
 And soothing Voice the listening Stones inspire.  
 Poetic Wisdom mark'd, with happy Mean,  
 Public and private; sacred and profane;  
 The wandering Joys of lawless Love suppress;  
 With equal Rites the wedded Couple blest:

Plan'd

391. *Sylvestres homines.*] Poets were the first Priests, Philosophers, and Legislators. Orpheus is called the sacred Interpreter of the Gods, because he composed Hymns in Honour of them, and instructed Mankind in the Ceremonies of Religion.

398. *Maritis.*] Husbands and Wives, who were equally obliged by the Laws to preserve their Chastity inviolable.

399. *Leges*

Oppida moliri ; leges incidere ligno ;  
 Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque 400  
 Carminibus venit. Post hos insignis Homerus  
 Tyrtæusque mares animos in Martia bella  
 Versibus exacuit. Dictæ per carmina fortes,  
 Et vitæ monstrata via est ; & gratia regum  
 Pieriis tentata modis ; ludusque repertus, 405  
 Et longorum operum finis ; ne fortè pudori  
 Sit tibi Musa lyræ solers, & cantor Apollo.  
 NATURA fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,  
 Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite venâ,  
 Nec rude quid profit video ingenium : alterius sic 410  
 Altera poscit opem res, & conjurat amicè.  
 Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,  
 Multa tulit fecitque puer ; sudavit & alfit ;  
 Abstinit Venere & Baccho. Qui Pythia cantat  
 Tibicen, didicit priùs, extimuitque magistrum. 415  
 Nunc fatis est dixisse : Ego mira poemata pango :  
 Occupet extremum scabies : mihi turpe relinqui est,  
 Et quod non didici, sanè nescire fateri.

UT

399. *Leges incidere ligno.*] Solon wrote his Laws in Verse, and began them with a Prayer to Jupiter to bless and make them obeyed. The First Laws among the Greeks were engraved on Wood ; those of the Romans on Copper.

403. *Dictæ per carmina fortes.*] Horace places Oracles in the first, but Aristophanes, with more Justice, in the second Age of Poetry ; for they were earlier than Homer and the Trojan War. Perhaps he means, that at first Oracles were delivered in Prose, and afterwards in Verse, which is true in Fact. DAC.

404. *Et vitæ monstrata via est.*] If this be not understood of Physics, Horace idly repeats what he said a little before. *Vita for Natura.* Empedocles wrote natural Philosophy in Greek, as Lucretius did in Latin Verse. DAC. SAN.

408. *Naturâ fieret laudabile carmen.*] Horace does not forget the grand Question, but determines, that Nature and Art should be joined together. Nature gives Facility ; Art gives Method, and Safety,

Plan'd future Towns, and instituted Laws :  
So Verse became divine, and Poets gain'd Applause.

Homer, Tyrtæus, by the Muse inspir'd,  
To Deeds of Arms the martial Spirit fir'd.  
In Verse the Oracles divine were heard,  
And Nature's secret Laws in Verse declar'd ;  
Monarchs were courted in Pierian Strain,  
And comic Sports reliev'd the wearied Swain ;  
Apollo sings, the Muses tune the Lyre,  
Then blush not for an Art, which they inspire.

'Tis long disputed, whether Poets claim  
From Art or Nature their best Right to Fame ;  
But Art, if not enrich'd by Nature's Vein,  
And a rude Genius, of uncultur'd Strain,  
Are useless both ; but when in Friendship join'd,  
A mutual Succour in each other find.

A Youth, who hopes, th' Olympic Prize to gain,  
All Arts must try, and every Toil sustain ;  
Th' Extremes of Heat and Cold must often prove,  
And shun the weakening Joys of Wine and Love.  
Who sings the Pythic Song, first learn'd to raise  
Each Note distinct, and a stern Master please ;  
But now—" Since I can write the true Sublime,  
" Curse catch the hindmost, cries the Man of Rhime.  
" What ! in a Science own myself a Fool,  
" Because, forsooth, I learn'd it not by Rule ?"

As

Safety, or, as Tully expresses it, Art is more certain than Nature.  
Art is never so perfect, as when it imitates Nature ; and Nature  
never succeeds so well, as when it conceals Art. Dac.

414. *Pythia cantat tibicen.*] *Pythia cantica*, Songs like the  
Hymns, which were sung in Honour of Apollo, by the Chorus in  
some Comedies. A Player, called Pythaulæ, played in the Interval,  
when the Chorus left off singing.

*Baccho* in this Line is of Manuscript-Authority. It has more  
Elegance, and better agrees with *Venere*, than *vino*.

UT præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas ;  
 Adsentatores jubet ad lucrum ire poeta 420  
 Dives agris, dives positus in fœnore nummis.  
 Si verò est, unctum qui rectè ponere possit,  
 Et spondere levi pro paupere, & eripere atris  
 Litibus implicitum ; mirabor, si sciet inter-  
 noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum. 425  
 Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare voles cui,  
 Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum  
 Lætitiæ : clamabit enim : Pulchrè, bene, rectè !  
 Pallescet ; super his etiam stillabit amicis  
 Ex oculis rorem ; saliet, tundet pede terram. 430  
 Ut qui conducti plorant in funere, dicunt  
 Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo ; sic  
 Derisor vero plus laudatore movetur.  
 Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,  
 Ac torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborent 435  
 An sit amicitia dignus. Si carmina condes,  
 Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.  
 Quintilio si quid recitares : Corrige, fodes,  
 Hoc, aiebat, & hoc. Meliùs te posse negares,  
 Bis terque expertum frustra : delere jubebat, 440  
 Et malè formatos incudi reddere versus.  
 Si defendere delictum, quàm vertere, malles,  
 Nil

434. *Reges dicuntur multis.*] Men are tried by Wine, says a Greek Poet, as Metals are by Fire. Tiberius made this drunken Proof of his Confidants.

438. *Quintilio.*] The Reader may find his Character in the Notes on the twenty-fourth Ode of the first Book. *Recitares jubebat, sumebat,* are Terms, which shew, that he was dead, when this Poem was written.

441. *Formatos.*] This Correction consists in an Alteration of only a single Letter, and the Scholiasts, by their Manner of explaining the Word, must certainly have found it in their Manuscripts. *Tornatos incudi reddere* has two Metaphors, that cannot agree in the same Sentence,



As artful Criers, at a public Fair,  
 Gather the passing Crowd to buy their Ware,  
 So wealthy Poets, when they deign to write,  
 To all clear Gains their Flatterers invite.  
 But if the Feast of Luxury they give,  
 Bail a poor Wretch, or from Distress relieve,  
 When the black Fangs of Law around him bend,  
 How shall they know a Flatterer from a Friend?

If e'er you make a Present, or propose  
 To grant a Favour; while his Bosom glows  
 With grateful Sentiments of Joy and Praise,  
 Never, ah! never let him hear your Lays;  
 Loud shall he cry, How elegant! how fine!  
 Turn pale with Wonder at some happier Line;  
 Distill the civil Dew from either Eye,  
 And leap, and beat the Ground in Ecstasy.

As Hirelings, paid for their funereal Tear,  
 Outweep the Sorrows of a Friend sincere,  
 So the false Raptures of a Flatterer's Art  
 Exceed the Praises of an honest Heart.

Monarchs, 'tis said, with many a flowing Bowl  
 Search through the deep Recesses of his Soul,  
 Whom for their future Friendship they design,  
 And put him to the Torture in his Wine;  
 So try, when-e'er you write, the deep Disguise,  
 Beneath whose flattering Smiles false Renard lies.

Read to Quintilius, and at every Line—  
 "Correct this Passage, Friend, and that refine."  
 Tell him, you tried it twice or thrice in vain—

"Haste to an Anvil with your ill-form'd Strain,  
 "Or blot it out." But if you still defend

The favourite Folly, rather than amend, He'll

tence, nor was a Work ever sent to an Anvil, because it was not perfectly finished by a Turner's Wheel.

264 Q. HORATII FLACCI ARS POETICA.

Nil ultra verbi, aut operæ insumebat inanis,  
 Quin sine rivali teque & tua solus amares.  
 Vir bonus ac prudens versus reprehendet inertes; 445  
 Culpabit duros; incomptis adlinet atrum  
 Transverso calamo signum; ambitiosa recidet  
 Ornamenta; parum claris lucem dare coget;  
 Arguet ambiguè dictum; mutanda notabit;  
 Fiet Aristarchus; nec dicet, Cur ego amicum 450  
 Offendam in nugis? Hæ nugæ seria ducent  
 In mala derisum semel, exceptumque finistrè.  
 Ut mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,  
 Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana;  
 Vesanum tetigisse timent fugiuntque poetam, 455  
 Qui sapiunt: agitant pueri, incautique sequuntur.  
 Hic dum sublimes versus ructatur, & errat,  
 Si veluti merulis intentus decedit auceps  
 In puteum, foveamve; licet, Succurrite, longum  
 Clamet, Io cives; non fit qui tollere curet. 460  
 Si quis curet opem ferre, & demittere funem;  
 Quî scis, an prudens huc se projecerit, atque

Servari

443. *Nil ultra verbi.*] Mr. Cuningham found *nîl* in a Manuscript, which must necessarily require *verbi* and *operæ inanis*. It is here received as more elegant, than the usual *nullum ultra verbum* aut *operam insumebat inanem*. We have another Instance of this Expression, *nîl verbi, pereas quin fortiter, addam*.

450. *Aristarchus*] was a Critic, who wrote above fourscore Volumes of Comments on the Greek Poets. His Criticisms on Homer were so much esteemed, that no Line was thought genuine until he had acknowledged it. He was surnamed the Prophet or Diviner, for his Sagacity.

452. *Derisum semel, exceptumque finistrè.*] This Verse will bear a double Signification; *When the Public shall once laugh at him, or when the Flatterer shall make him ridiculous*. The Poet is here only talking of the Friend, who deceives this bad Poet with false Praise, not of the Treatment he shall receive from the Public. DAC. SAN.

453. *Mala quem scabies.*] A Leprosy. *Regius morbus*, the Jaundice,

He'll say no more, no idle Toil employ—  
 " Yourself unrival'd, and your Works enjoy."  
 An honest Critic, when dull Lines move slow,  
 Or harshly rude, will his Resentment show :  
 Mark every Fault, and with his Pen efface  
 What is not polish'd to its highest Grace :  
 Prune all ambitious Ornaments away,  
 And teach you on th' obscure to pour the Day :  
 Will mark the doubtful Phrase with Hand severe,  
 Like Aristarchus candid and sincere :  
 Nor say, for Trifles why should I displease  
 The Man I love ? for Trifles such as these  
 To serious Mischiefs lead the Man I love,  
 If once the Flatterer's Ridicule he prove.  
 From a mad Poet, whosoe'er is wise,  
 As from a Leprosy or Jaundice flies ;  
 Religious Madness in its zealous Strain,  
 Nor the wild Frenzy of a moon-struck Brain,  
 Are half so dreadful : yet the Boys pursue him,  
 And Fools, unknowing of their Danger, view him.  
 But, heedless wandering, if our Man of Rhime,  
 Bursting with Verses of the true Sublime,  
 Like Fowler, earnest at his Game, should fall  
 Into a Well or Ditch, and loudly call,  
 " Good Fellow-Citizens and Neighbours dear,  
 " Help a poor Bard"—not one of them will hear ;  
 Or if, perchance, a saving Rope they throw,  
 I will be there and—" Sirs, you do not know " But

dice, because the Patient must live delicately, and like a King.  
*Fanaticus error* ; the Priests of Bellona were properly called Fanatics,  
 and because they made a thousand extravagant Contortions in deli-  
 vering their Oracles, the Word *Fanaticus* was afterwards used for  
*furiosus*. *Iracunda Diana*. Lunatics.

462. *Huc se projecit.*] This Reading is of the most ancient Manu-  
 VOL. IV. M scripts,

Servari nolit? dicam, Siculique poetæ  
 Narrabo interitum. Deus immortalis haberi  
 Dum cupit Empedocles, ardentem frigidus Ætnam 465  
 Insiluit. Sit jus, liceatque perire poetis.  
 Invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.  
 Nec semel hoc fecit; neque si retractus erit, jam  
 Fiet homo, & ponet famosæ mortis amorem.  
 Nec satis adparet, cur versus factitet; utrum 470  
 Minxerit in patrios cineres, an triste bidental  
 Moverit incestus: certè furit, ac velut ursus  
 Objectos cavæ valuit si frangere clathros,  
 Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus.  
 Quem verò arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo, 475  
 Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.

scripts, and such is the Language of all good Authors. BENT.

CUN. SAN.

465. *Ardentem frigidus Ætnam insiluit.*] In cold Blood, deliberately. Horace by playing on the Words *ardentem frigidus* would shew, that he did not believe the Story, and told it as one of the Traditions, which Poets may use without being obliged to vouch the Truth of them. The Pleasantry continues when he says, it is Murder to hinder a Poet from killing himself.

471. *An triste bidental.*] What Crime must that Man have committed, whom the Gods in Vengeance have possessed with a Madness of writing Verses? *Bidental* was a Place struck with Lightning, which the Auspices purified and consecrated with a Sacrifice of a Sheep, *bidental*. It was an Act of Sacrilege ever to remove the Bounds of it, *movere bidental*.



" But he fell in on purpose, and, I doubt,  
" Will hardly thank you, if you pull him out."

Then will I tell Empedocles's Story,  
Who nobly fond of more than mortal Glory,  
Fond to be deem'd a God, in madding Fit  
Plung'd in cold Blood in *Ætna's* fiery Pit.  
Let Bards be licens'd then themselves to kill ;  
'Tis Murder to preserve them 'gainst their Will.  
But more than once this Frolick he hath play'd,  
Nor, taken out, will he be wiser made,  
Content to be a Man ; nor will his Pride  
Lay such a glorious Love of Death aside.

Nor is it plain for what more horrid Crime,  
The Gods have plagu'd him with this Curse of Rhime ;  
Whether his Father's Ashes he disdain'd,  
Or hallow'd Ground with Sacrilege prophan'd :  
Certain he's mad, and like a baited Bear,  
If he hath Strength enough his Den to tear,  
With all the Horrors of a desperate Muse  
The Learned and Unlearned he pursues.  
But if he seize you, then the Torture dread,  
He fastens on you 'till he read you dead,  
And like a Leech, voracious of his Food,  
Quits not his cruel Hold, 'till gorg'd with Blood.

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